

10¢



10¢

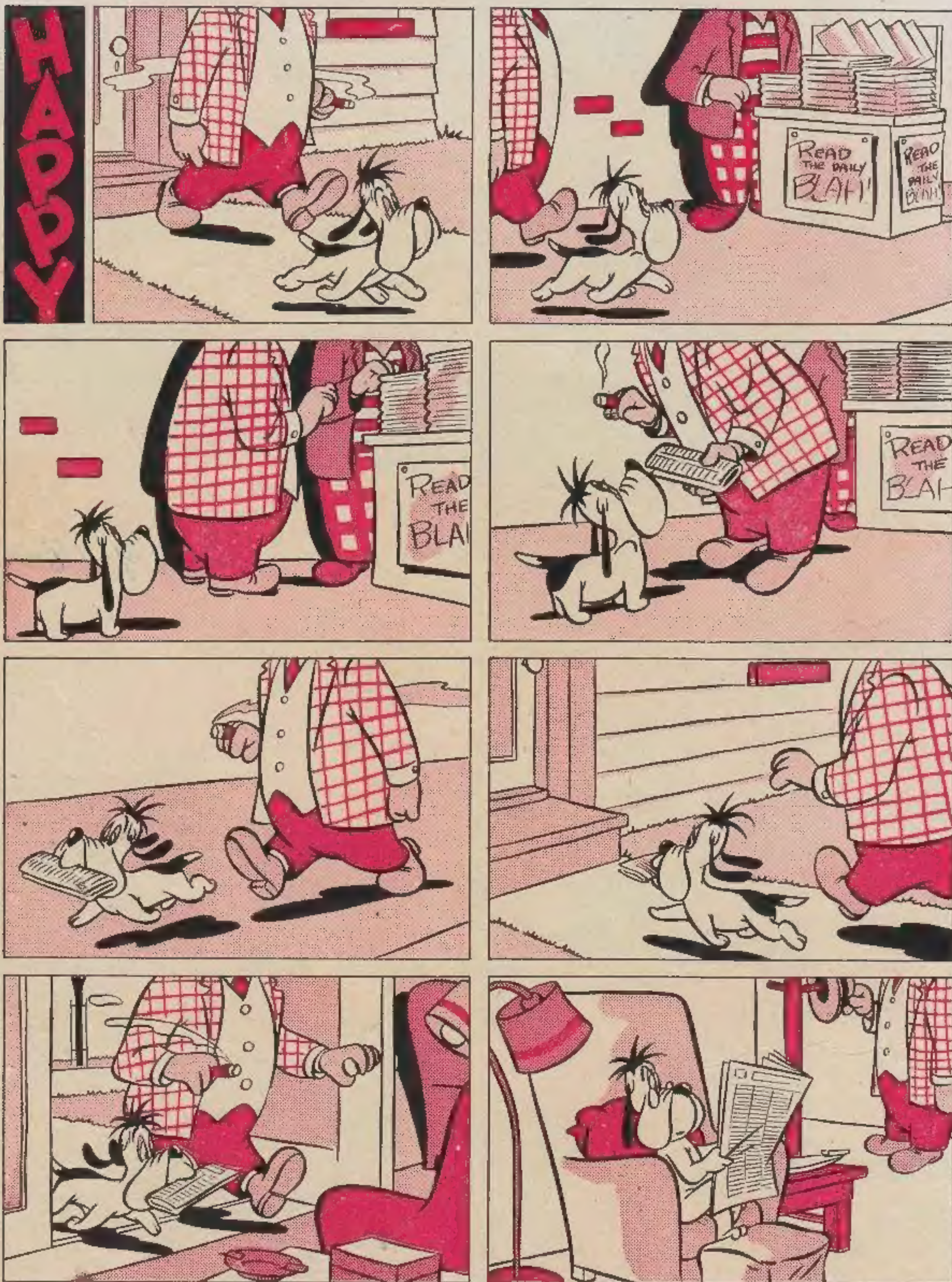


Our Gang

with

TOM & JERRY





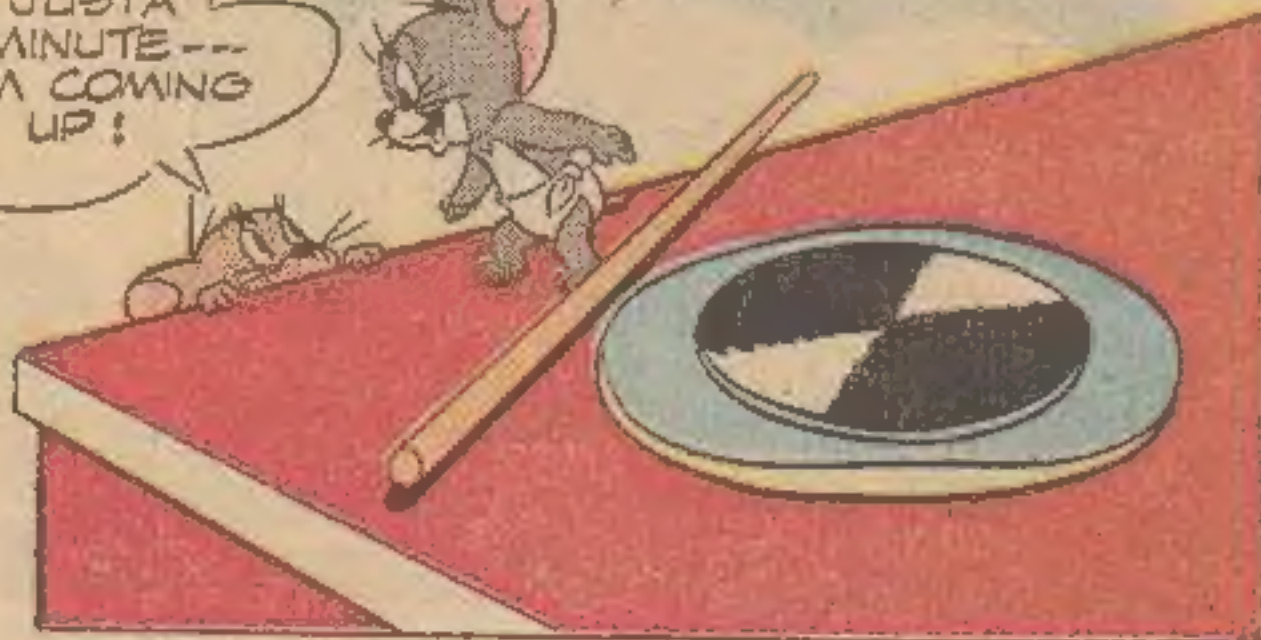
OUR GANG With TOM & JERRY, Vol. 1, No. 50, September, 1948. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, 16, N.Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter August 26, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1948 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

M-G-M presents

TOM AND JERRY

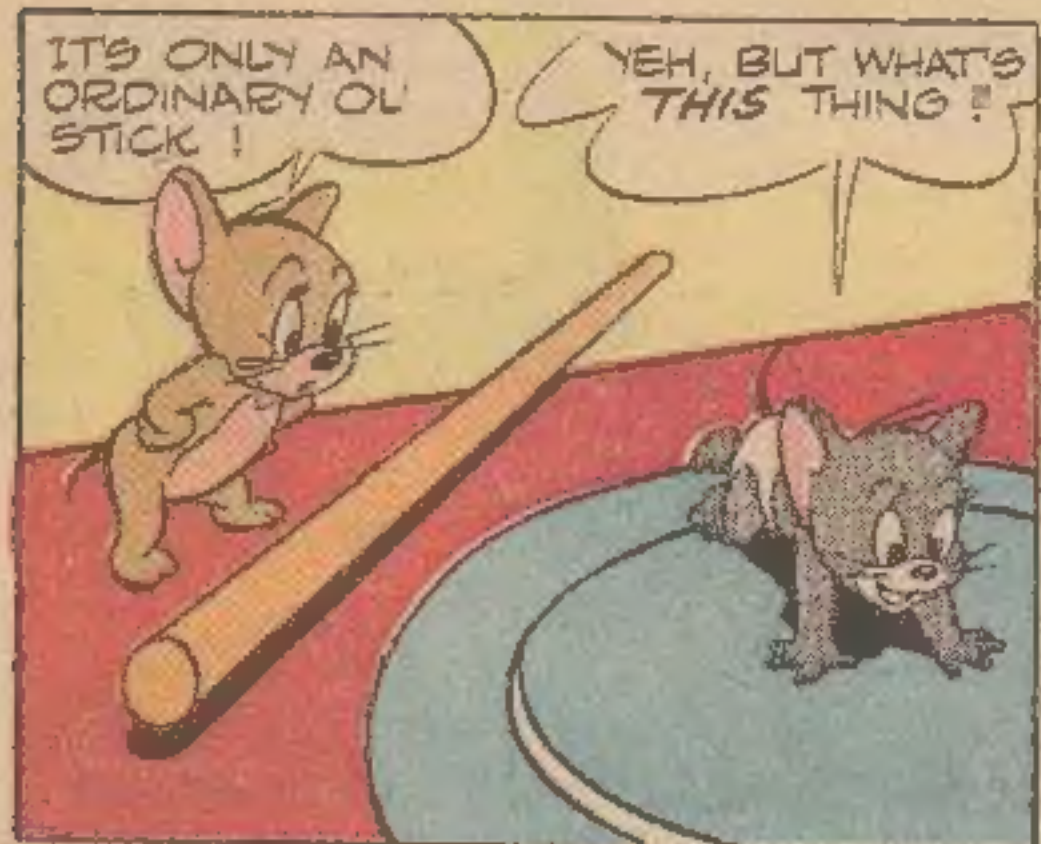
JUST A
MINUTE---
I'M COMING
UP!

HEY, JERRY, WHAT'S THIS
STUFF?



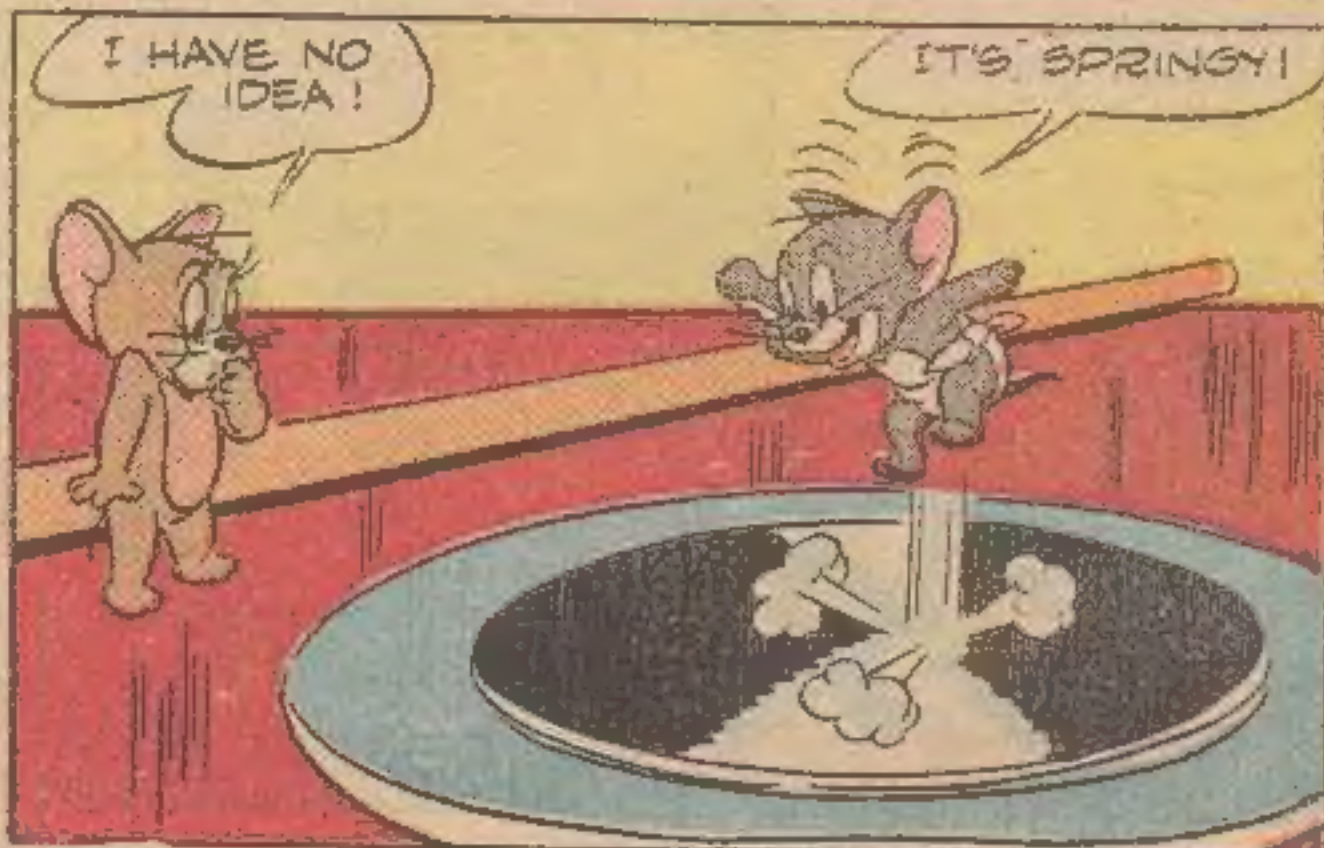
IT'S ONLY AN
ORDINARY OL'
STICK!

YEH, BUT WHAT'S
THIS THING?



I HAVE NO
IDEA!

IT'S SPRINGY!



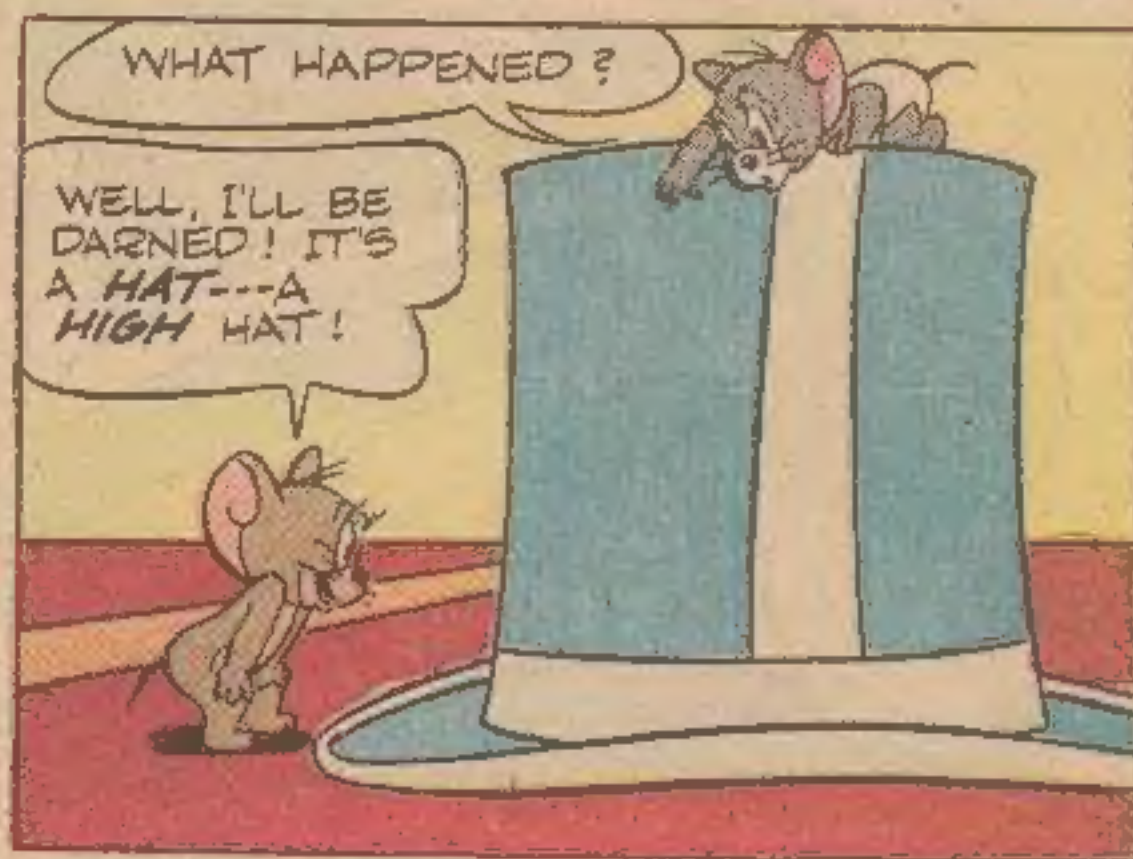
YOW!

LOOK OUT!



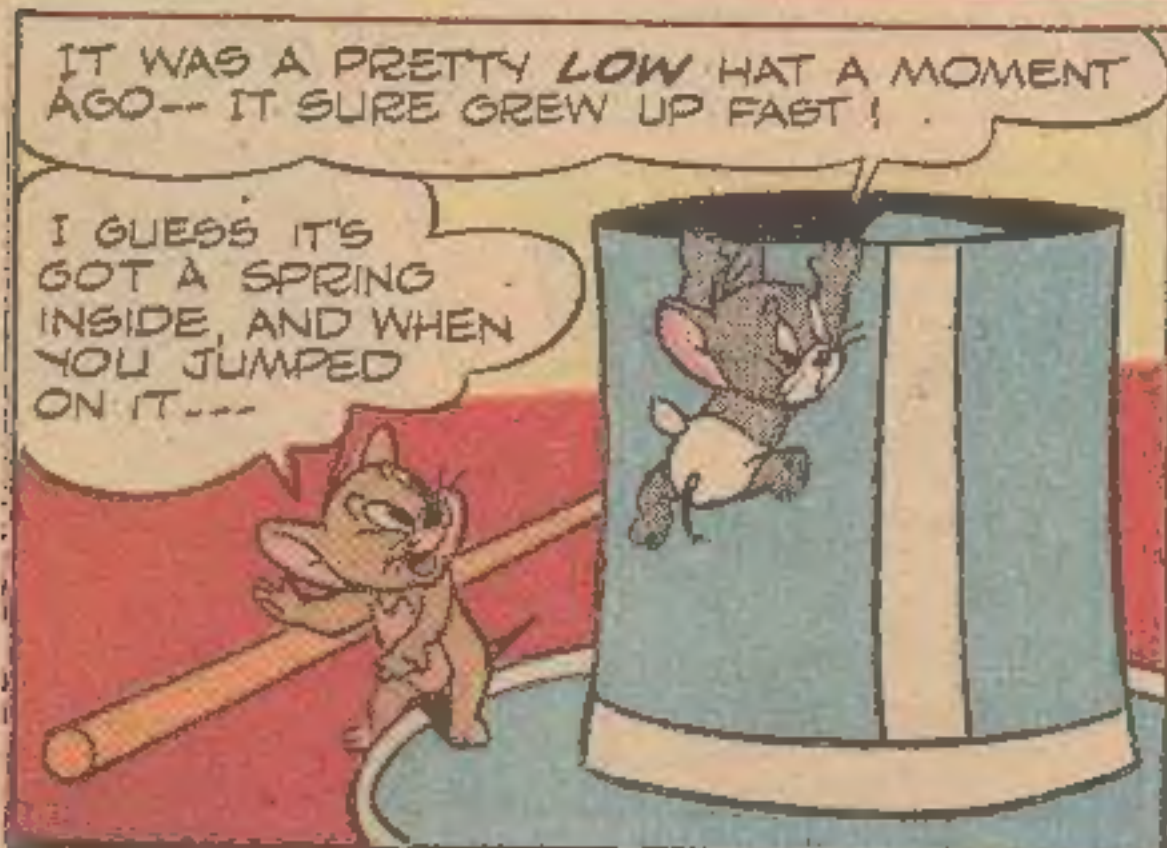
WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL, I'LL BE
DARNED! IT'S
A **HAT**---A
HIGH HAT!



IT WAS A PRETTY **LOW** HAT A MOMENT
AGO-- IT SURE GREW UP FAST!

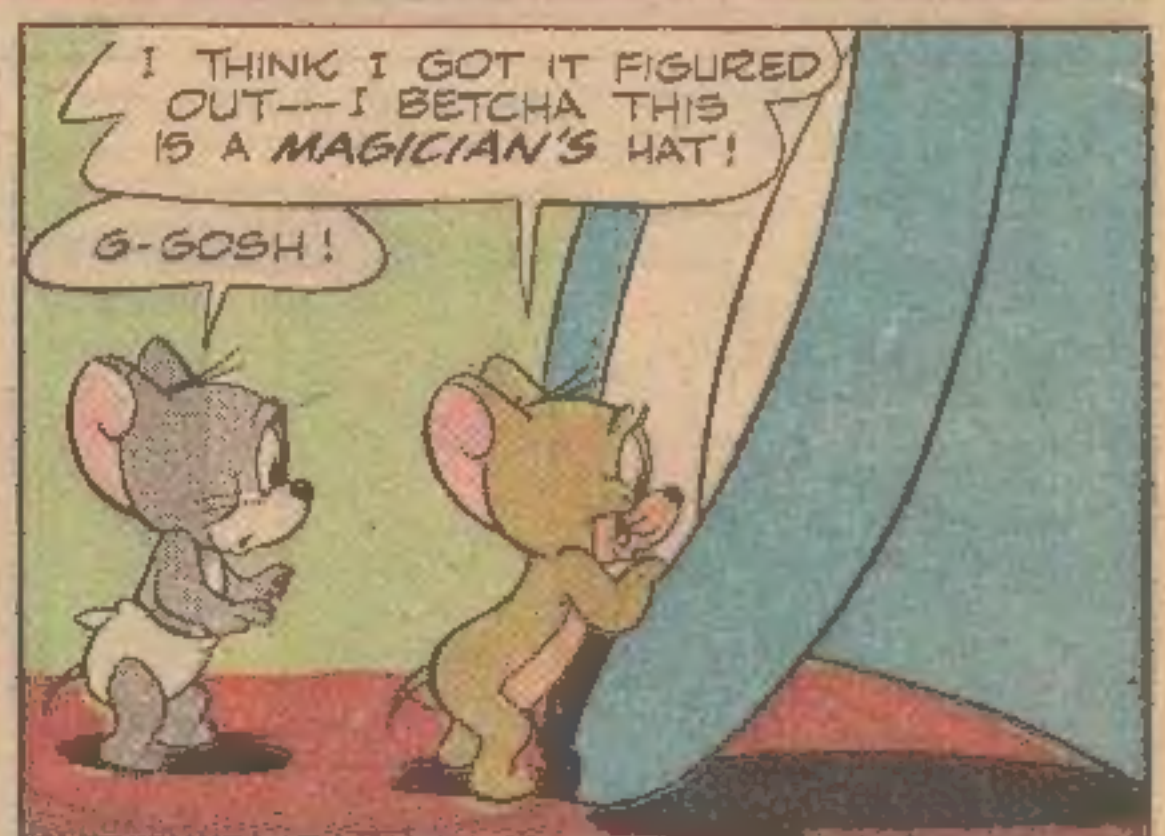
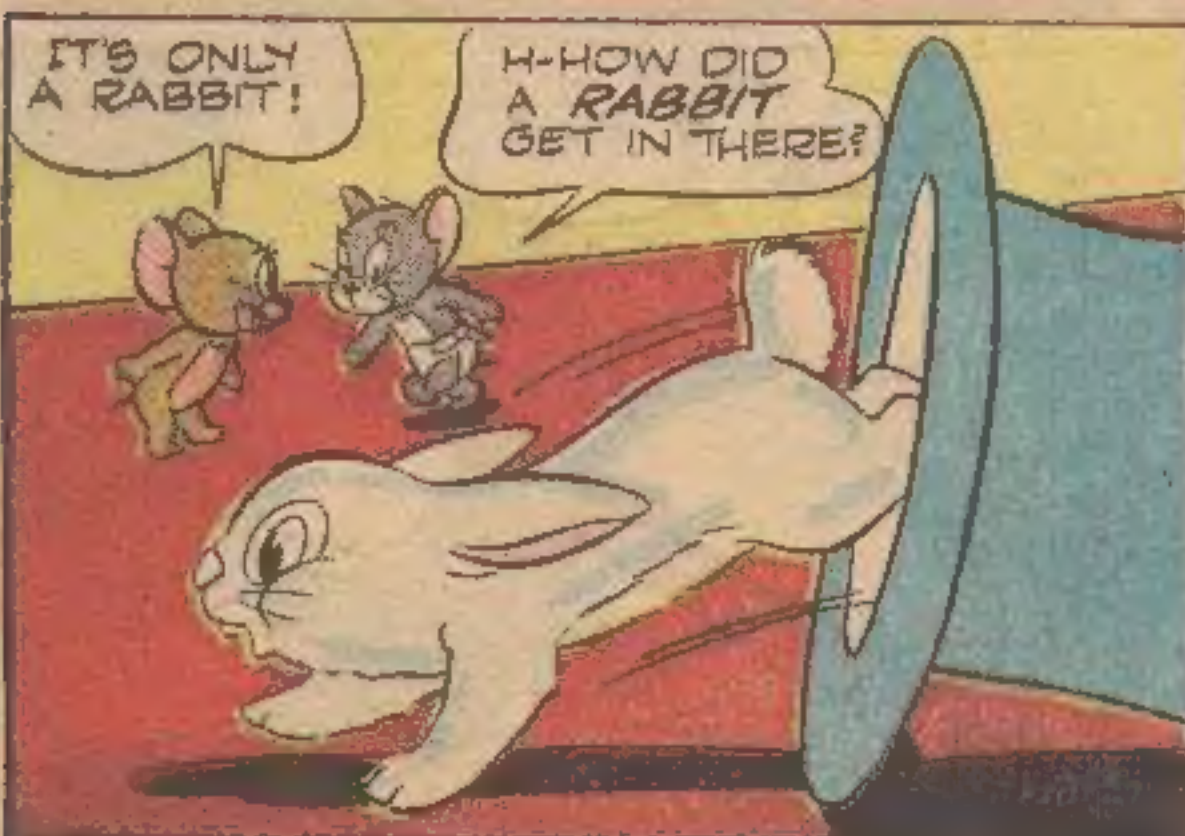
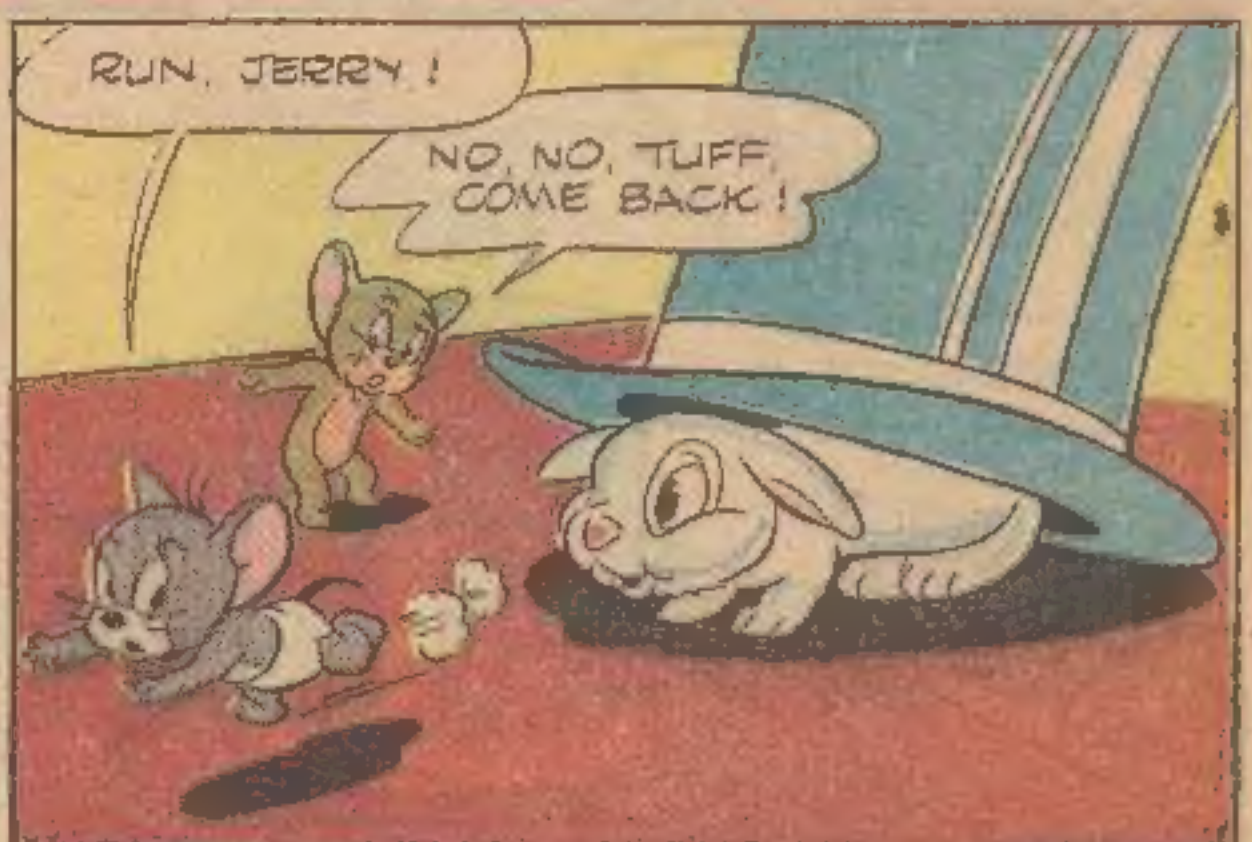
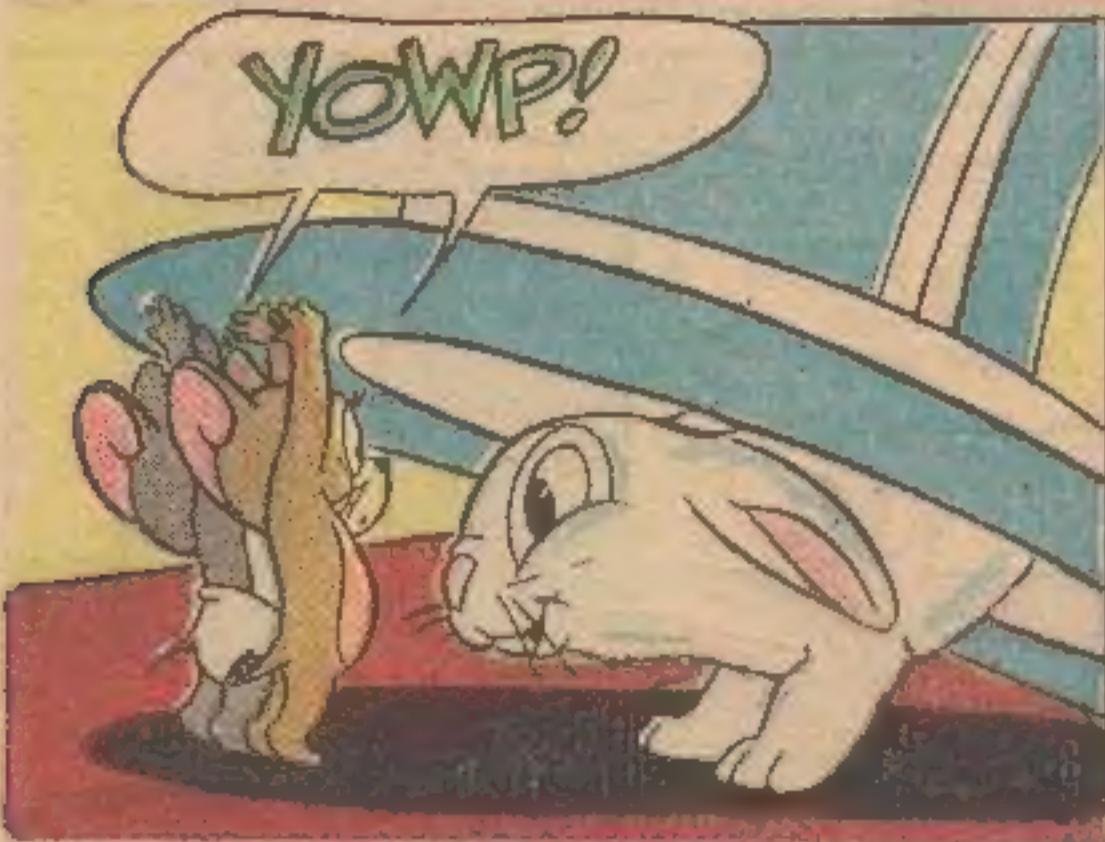
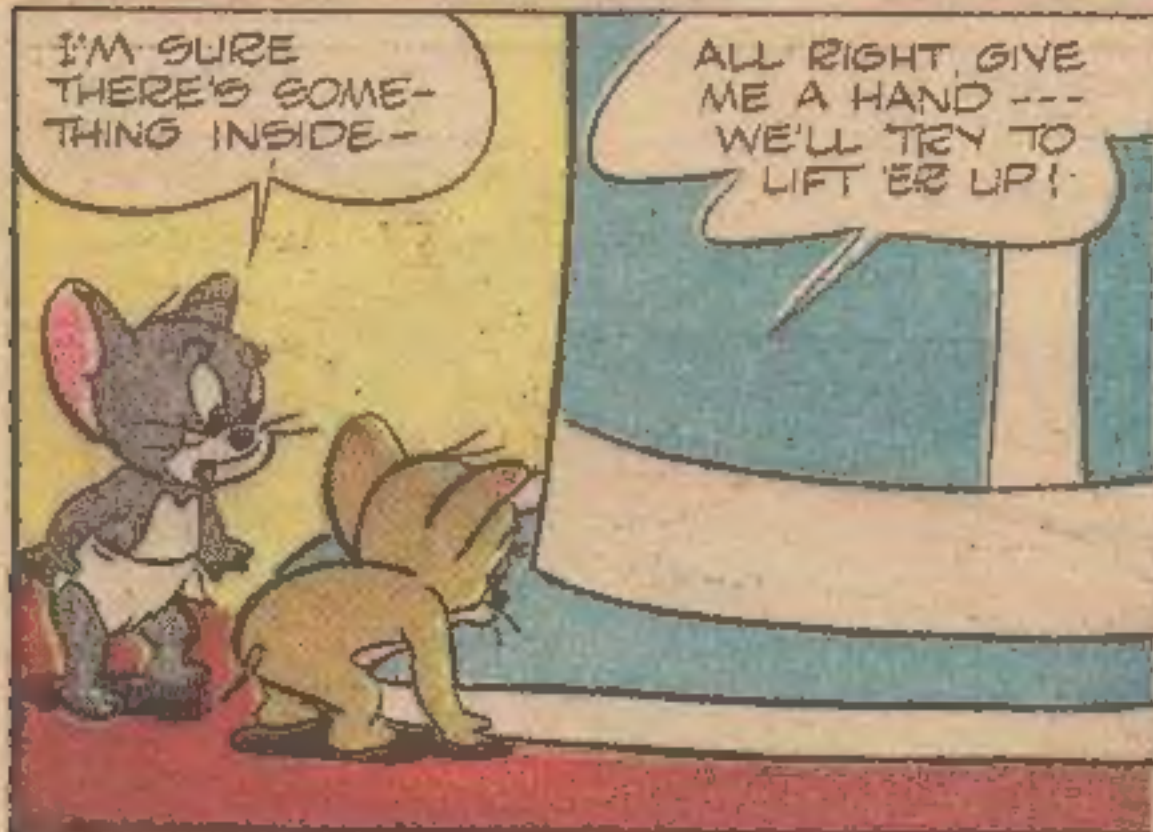
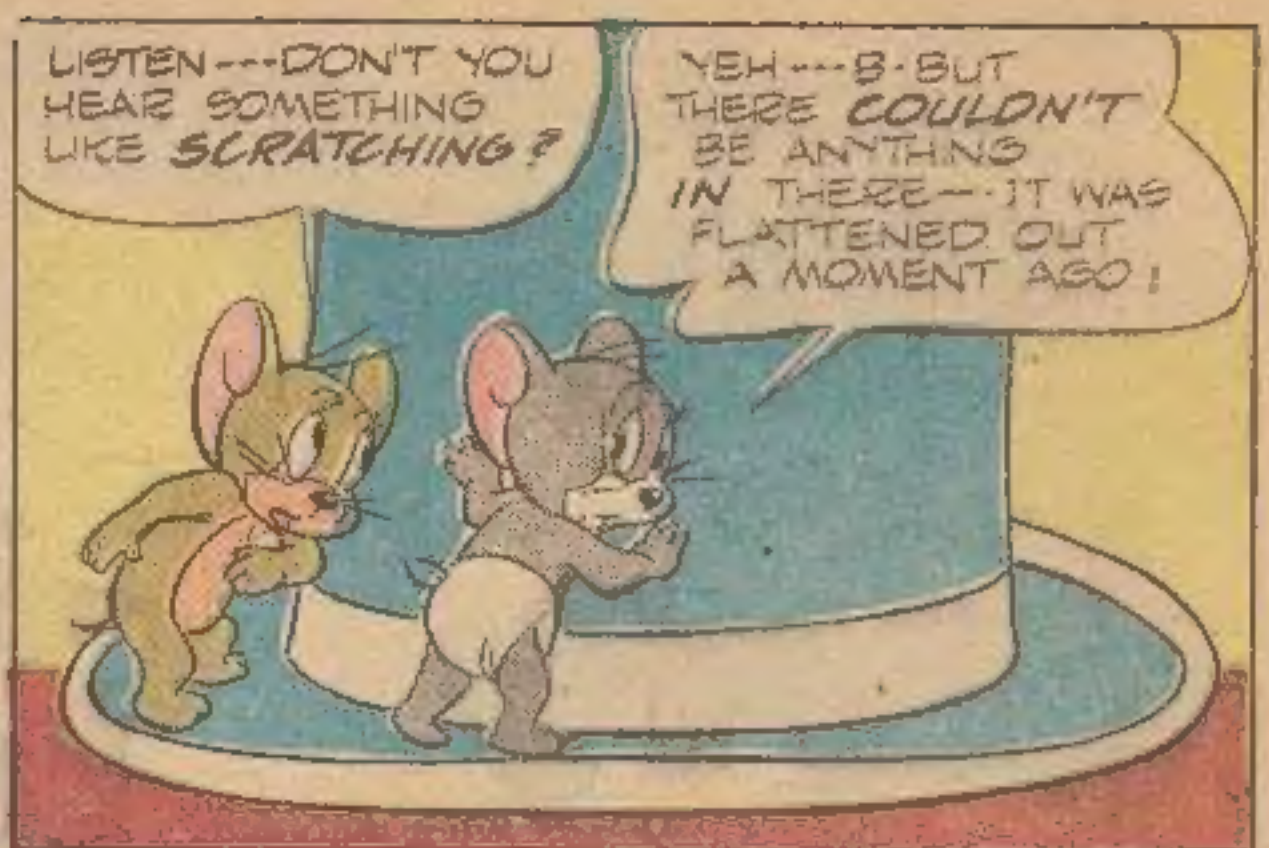
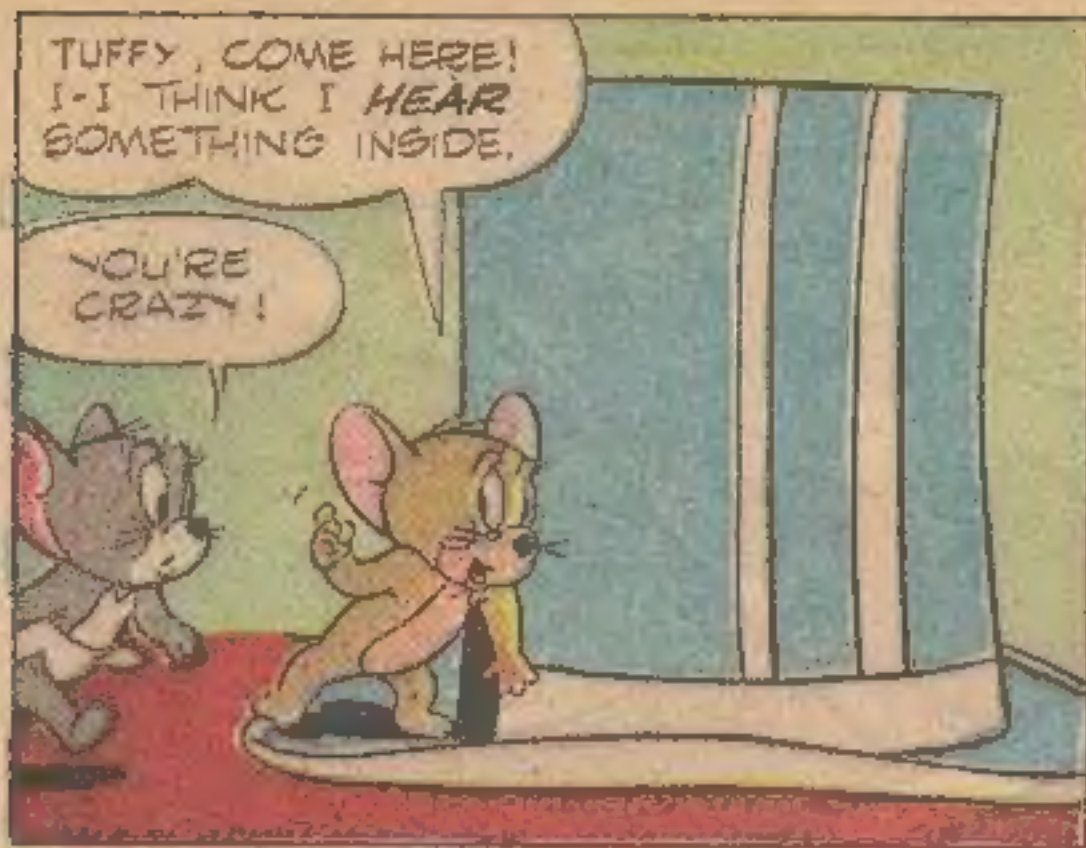
I GUESS IT'S
GOT A SPRING
INSIDE, AND WHEN
YOU JUMPED
ON IT---

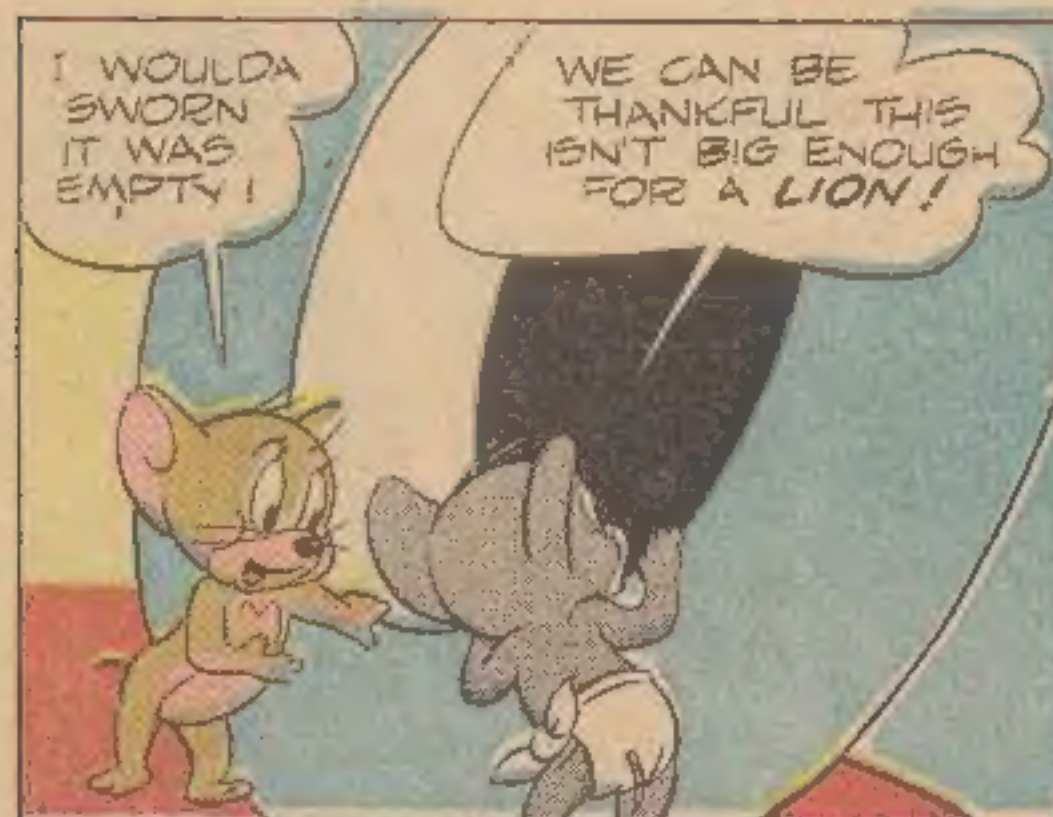
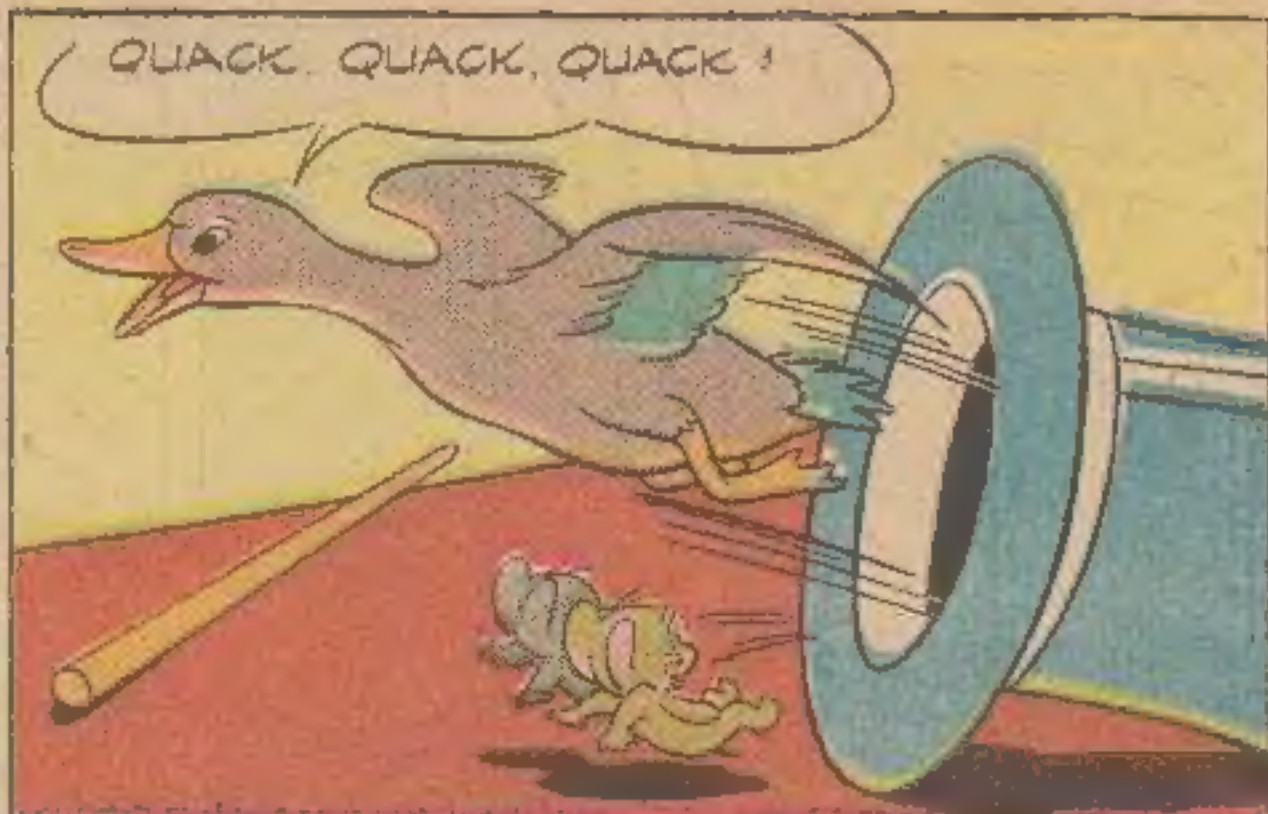
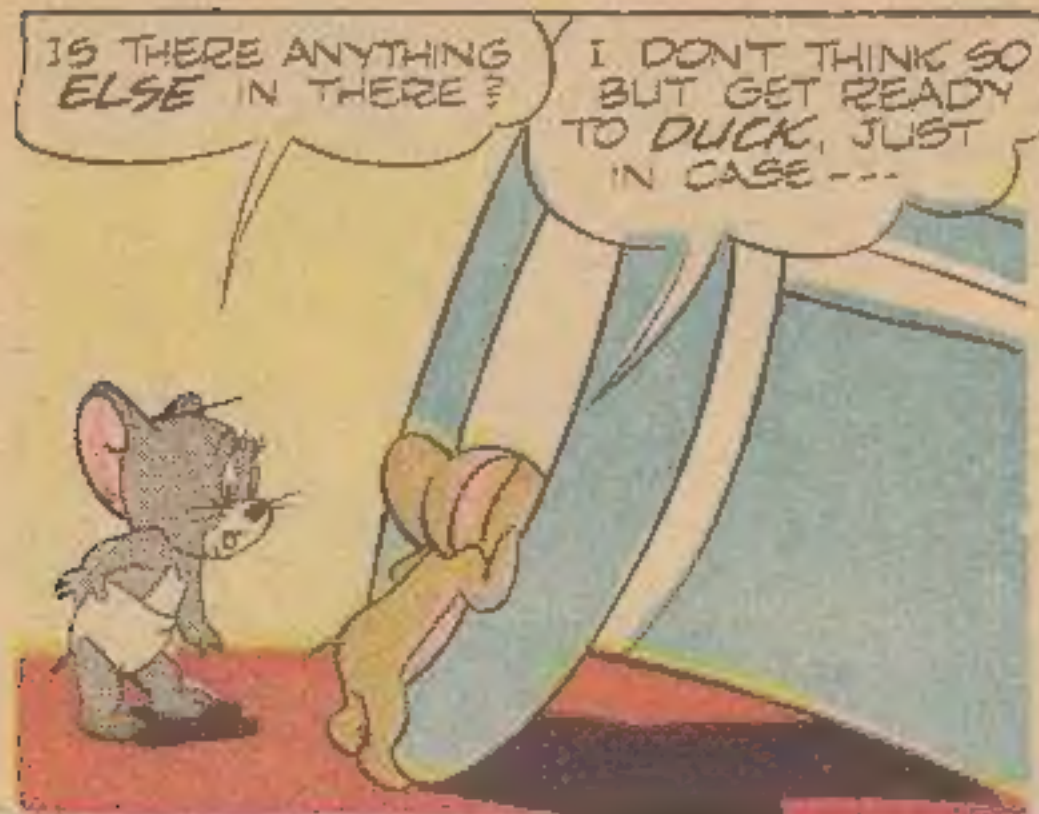


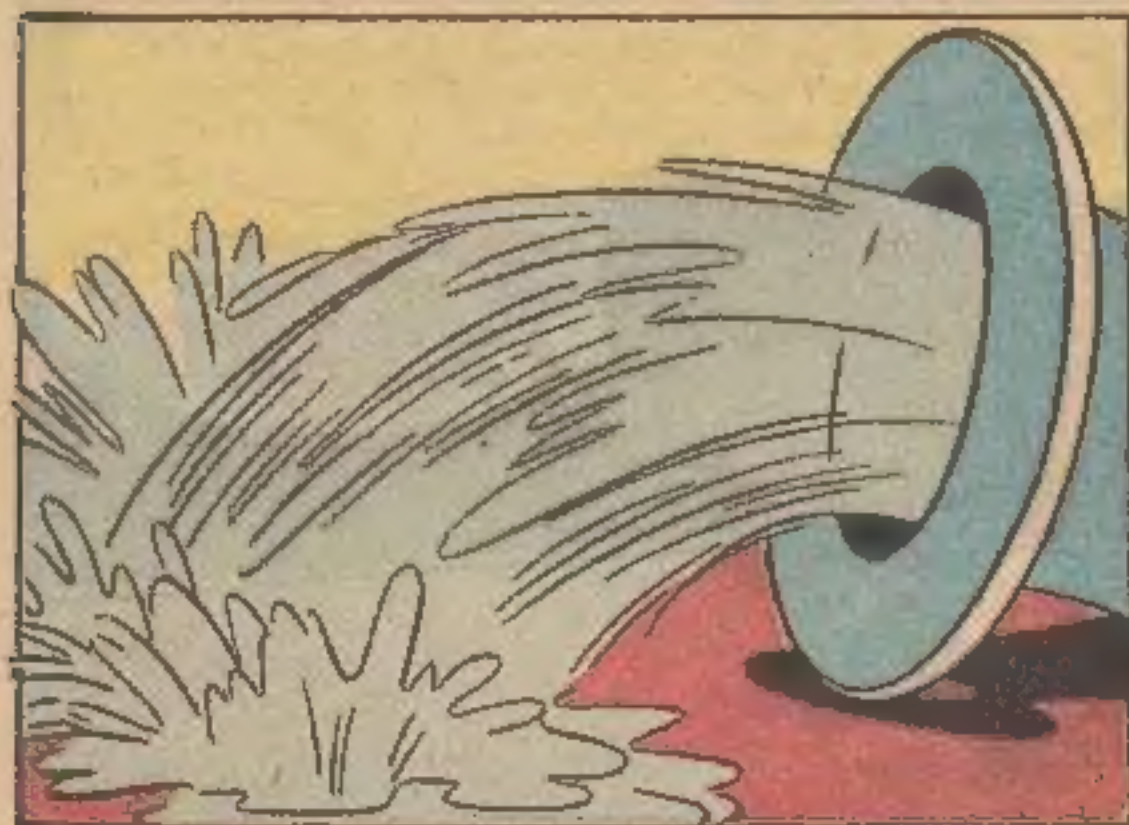
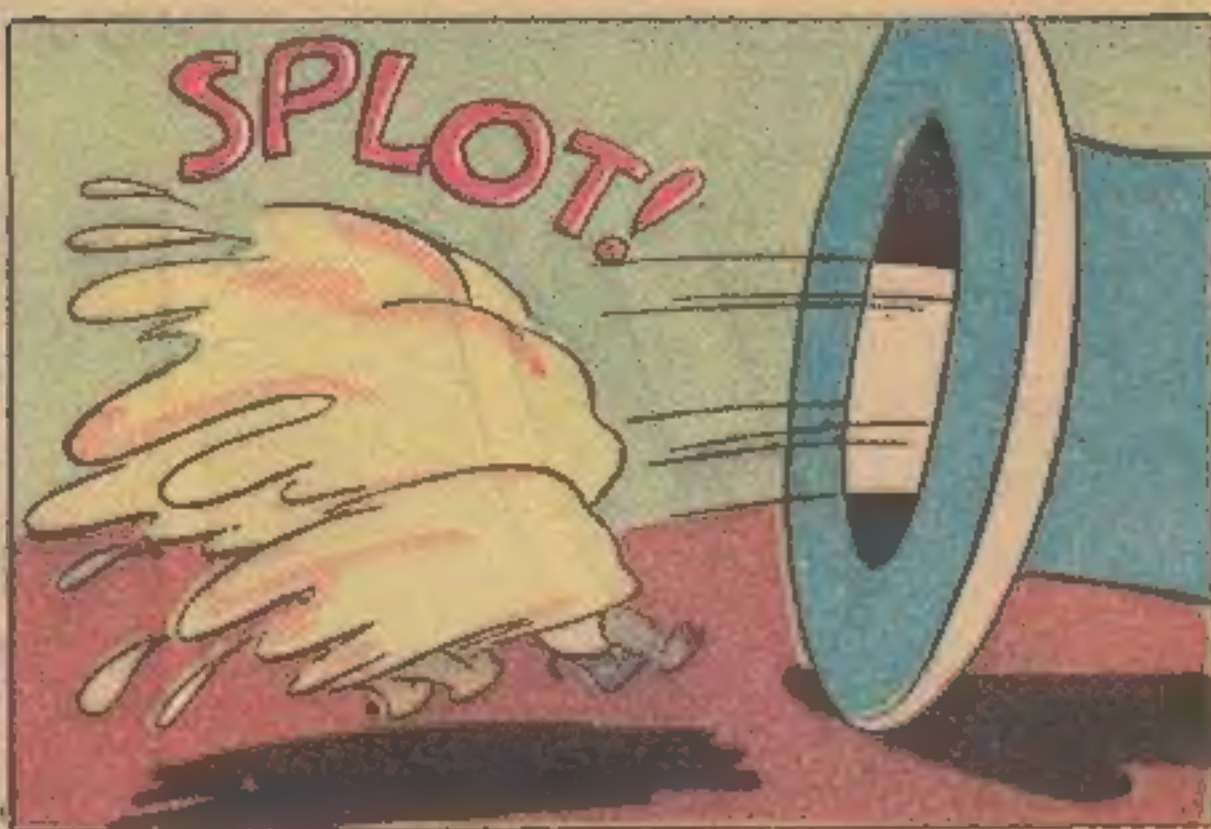
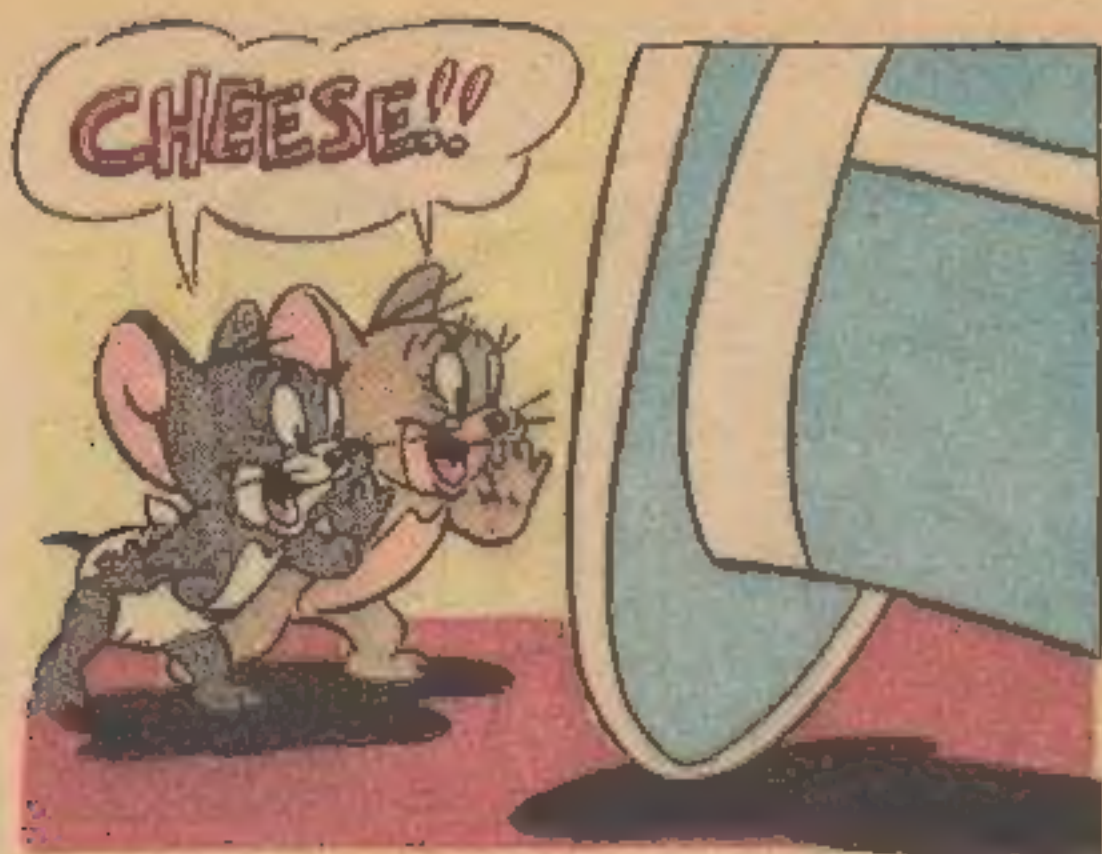
YOU HAFTA
WEAR A **WHITE
TIE** AN' **TAILS**
WITH A **HAT**
LIKE **THAT**!

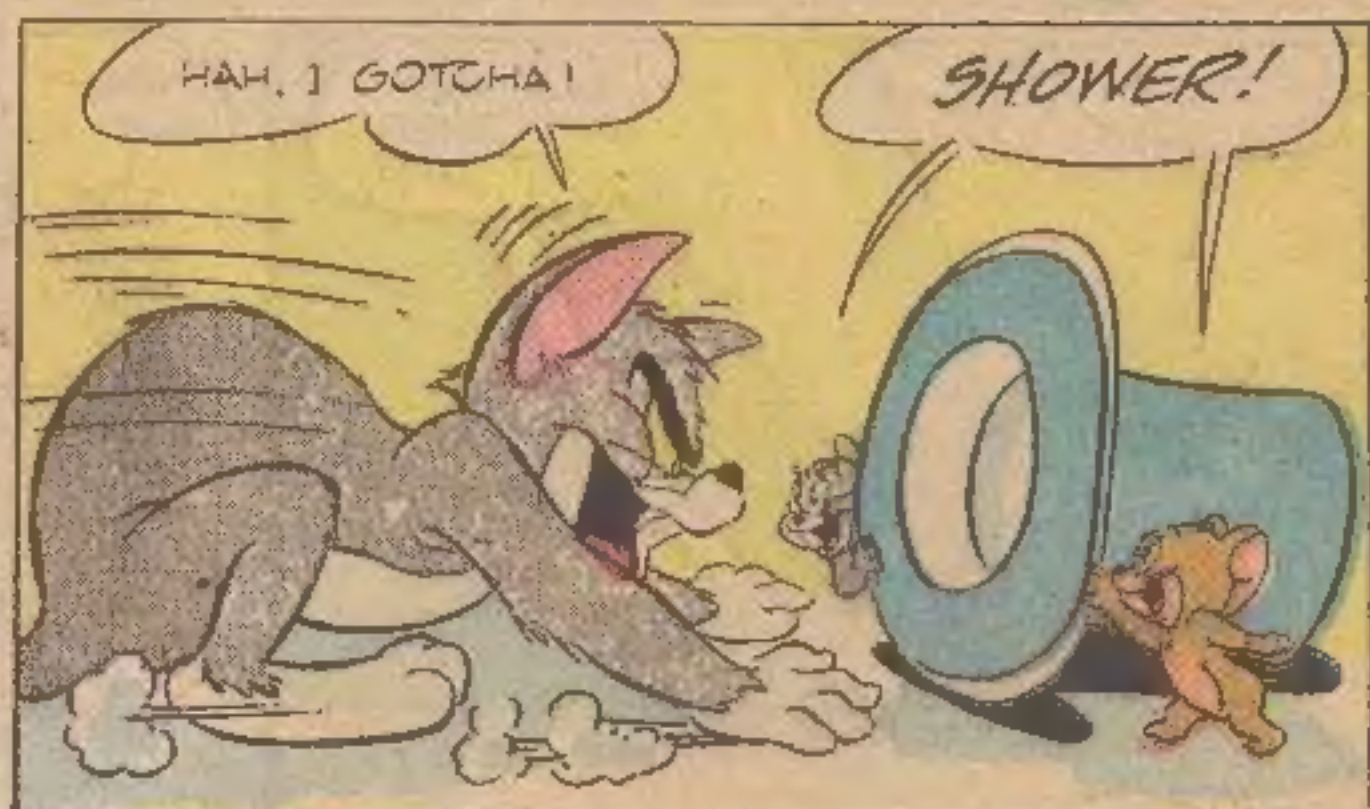
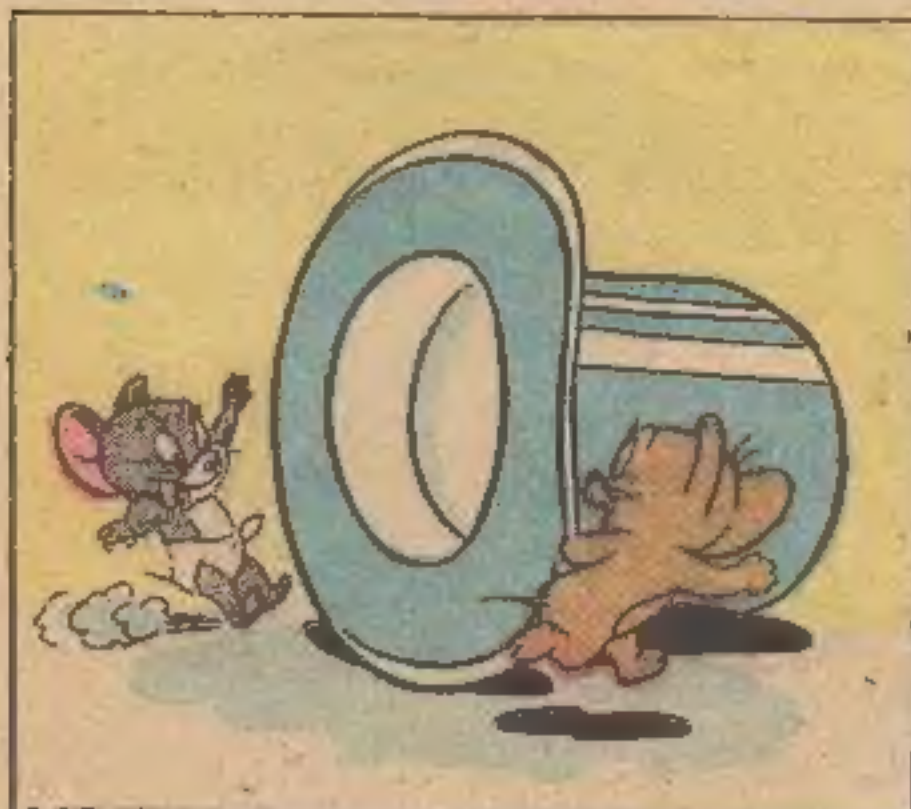
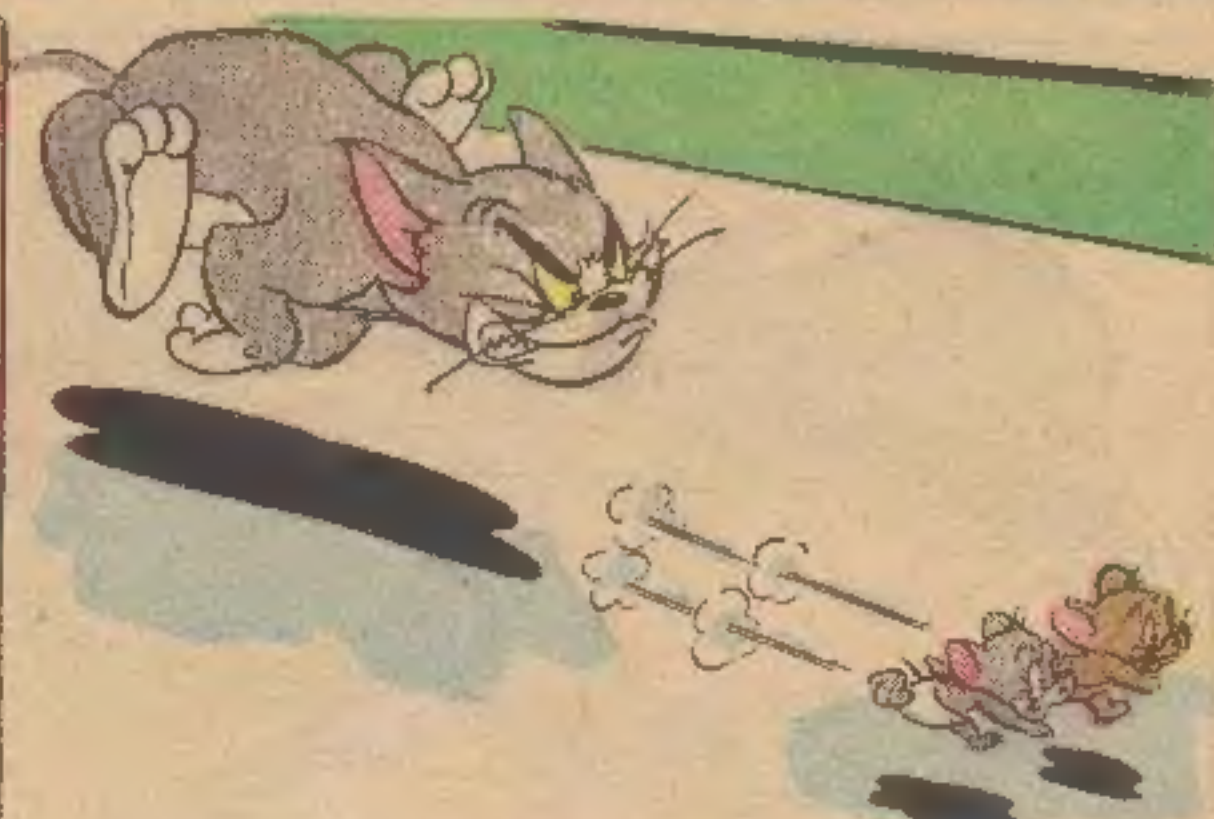
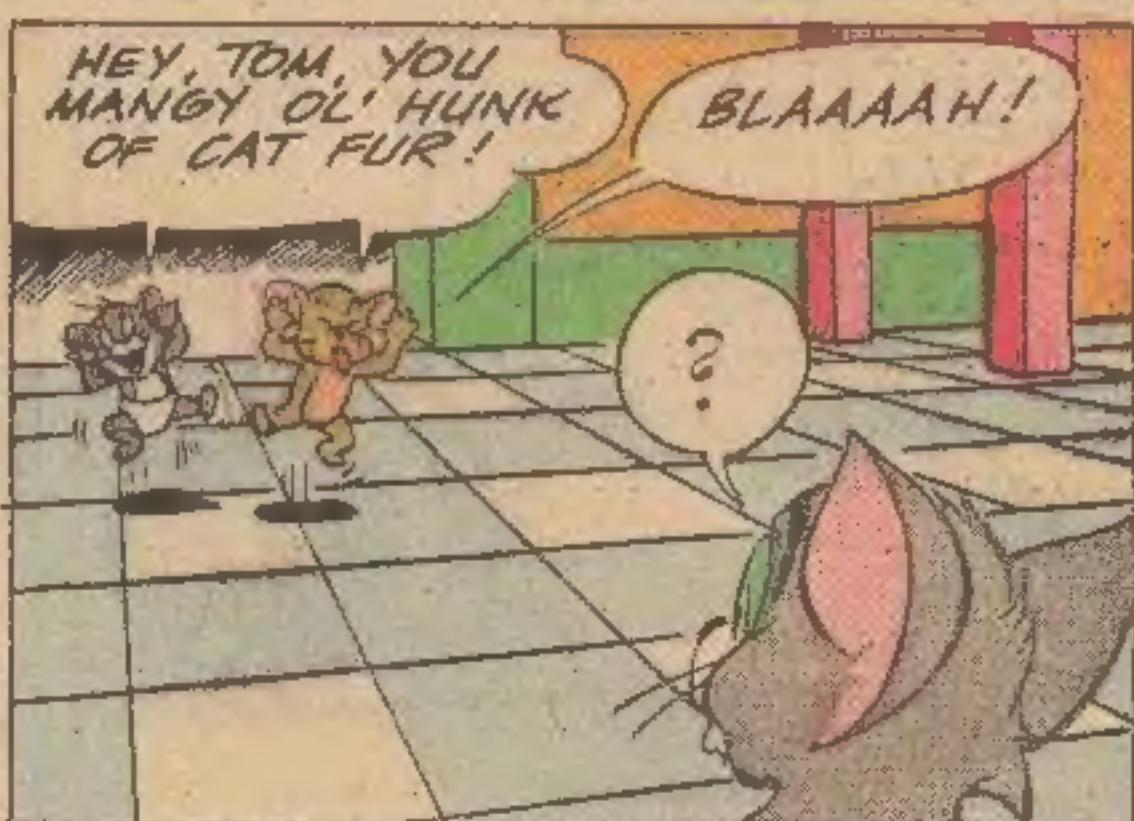
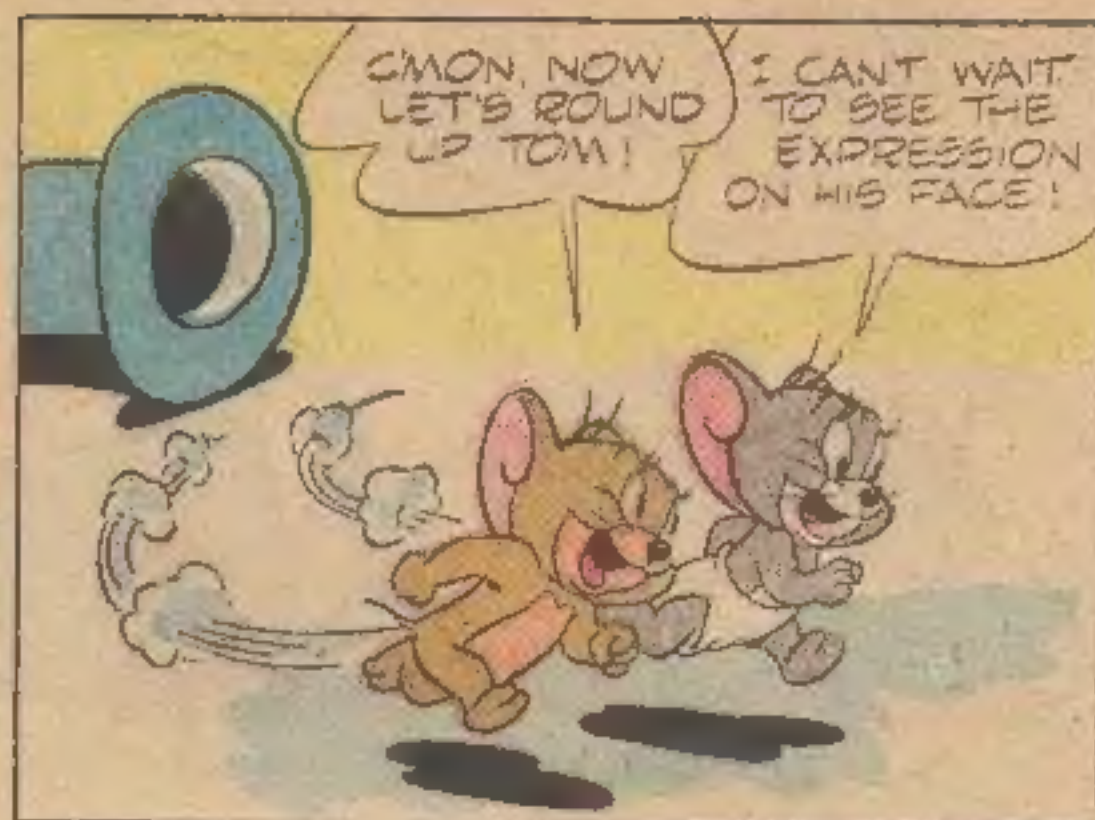
TAILS?
TWO OF 'EM?

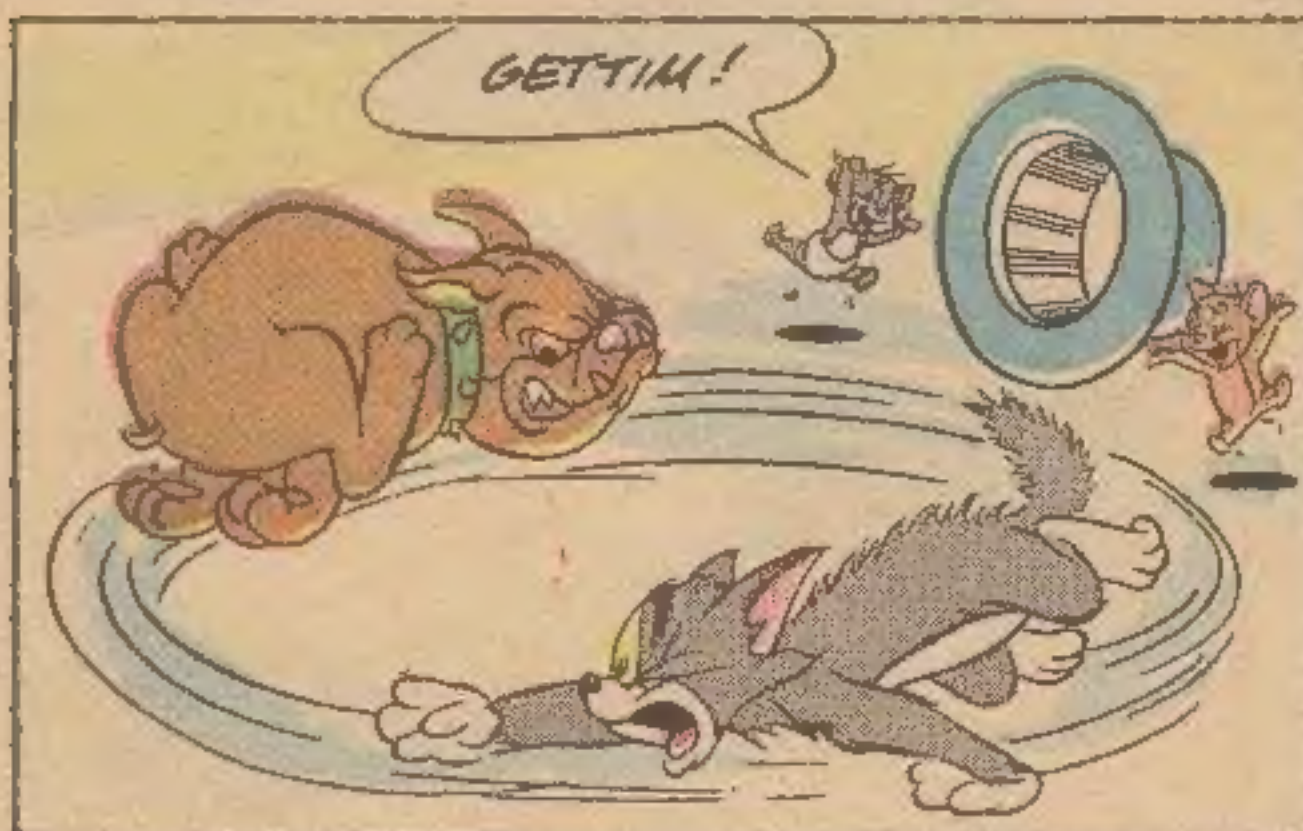
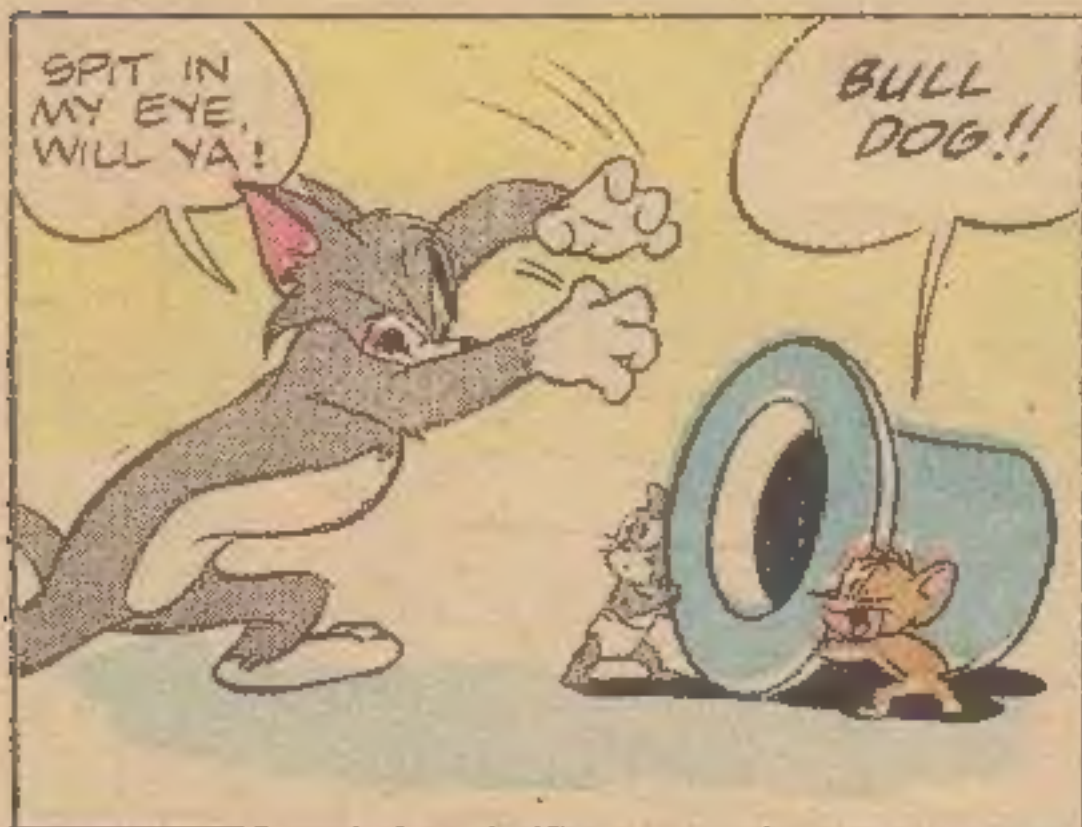
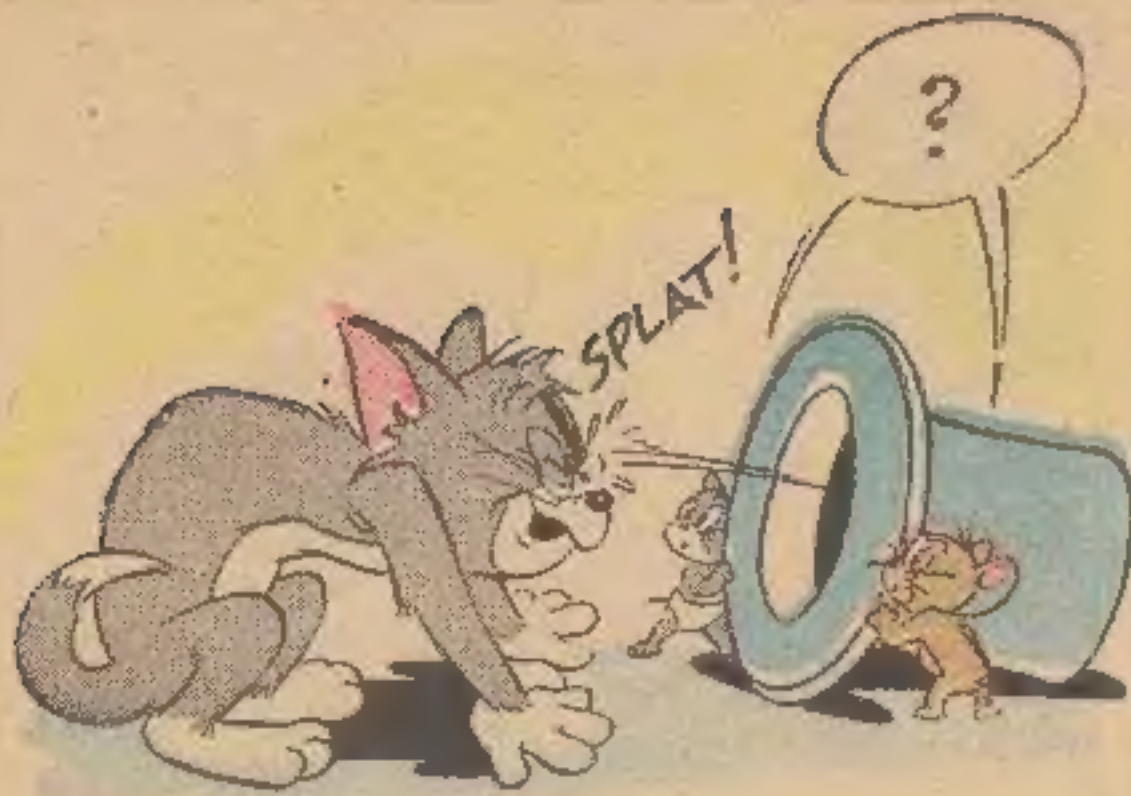


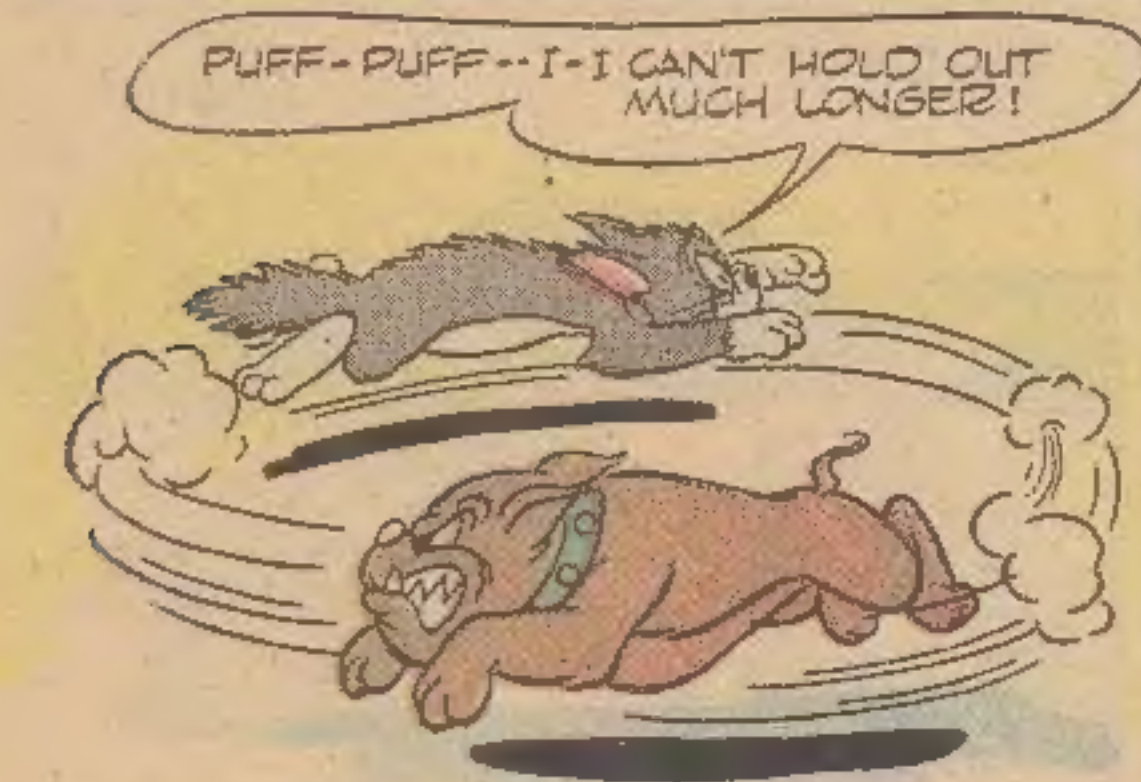
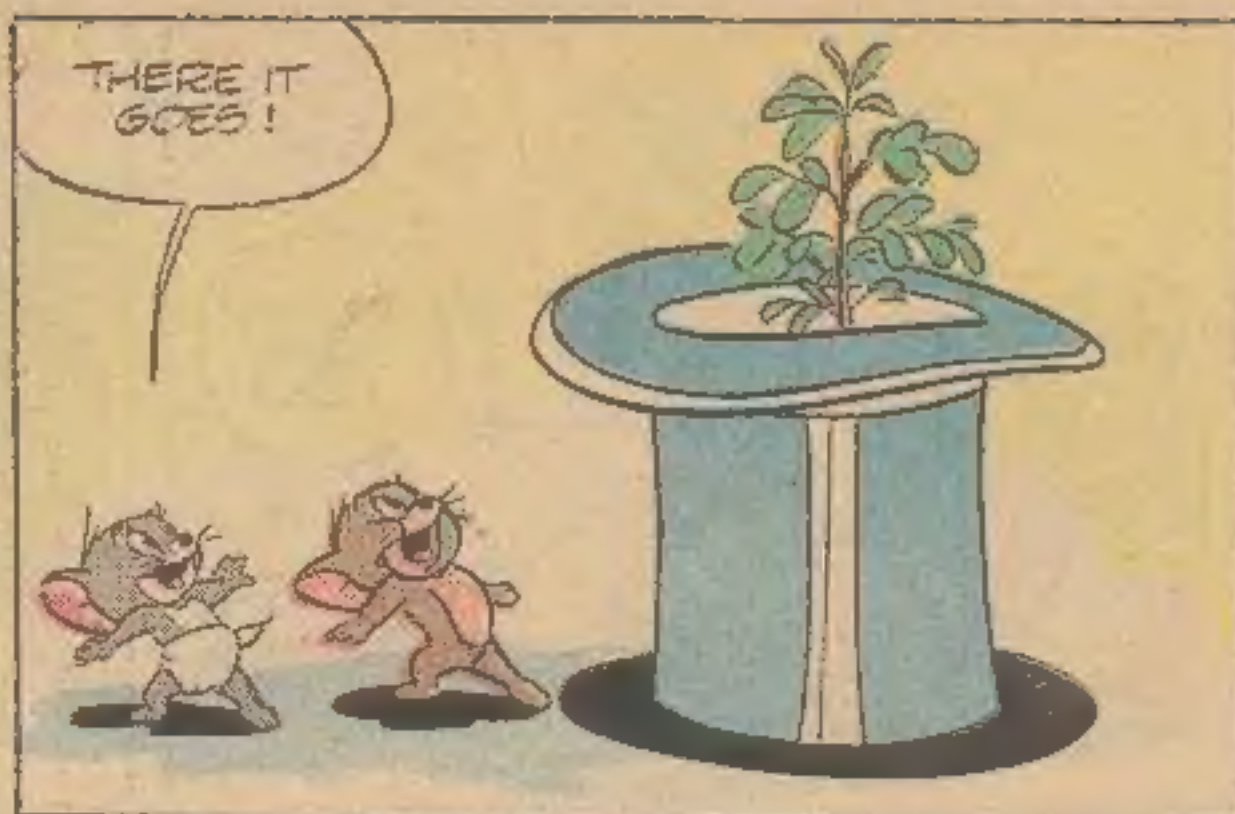


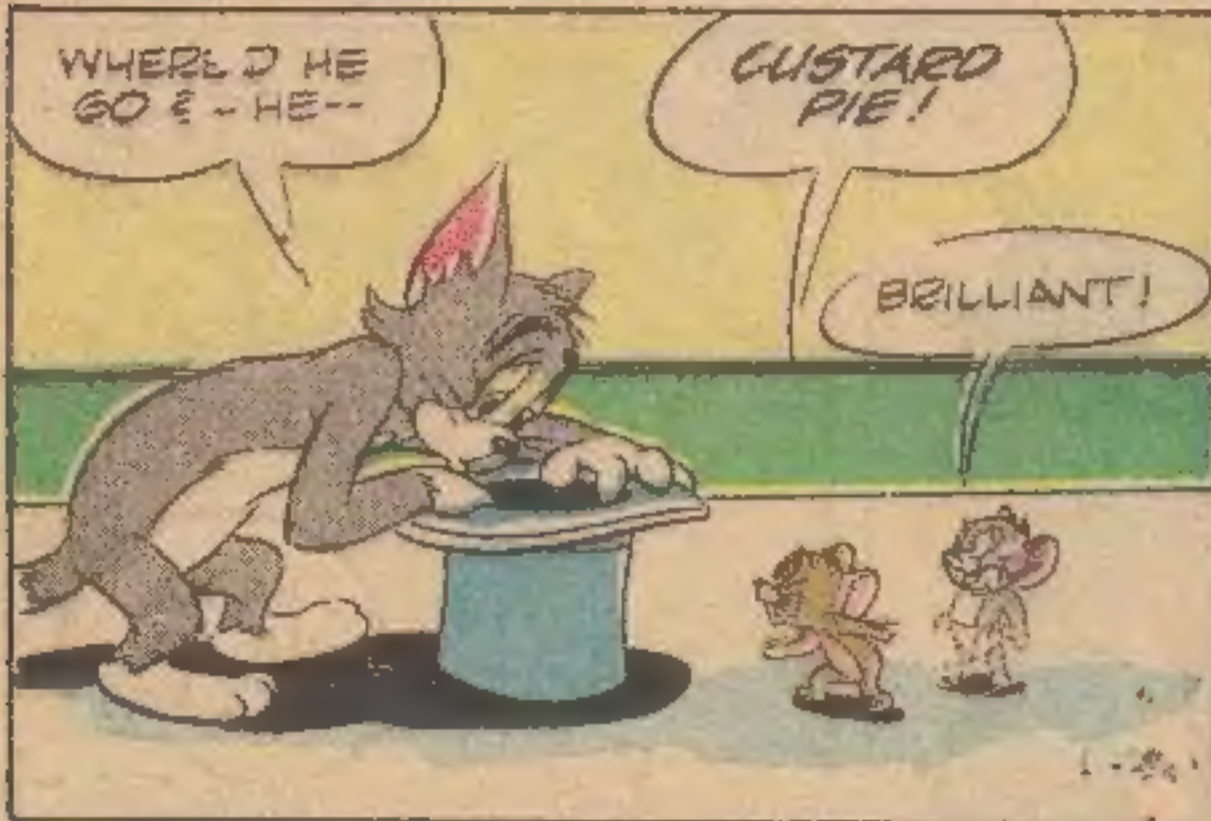
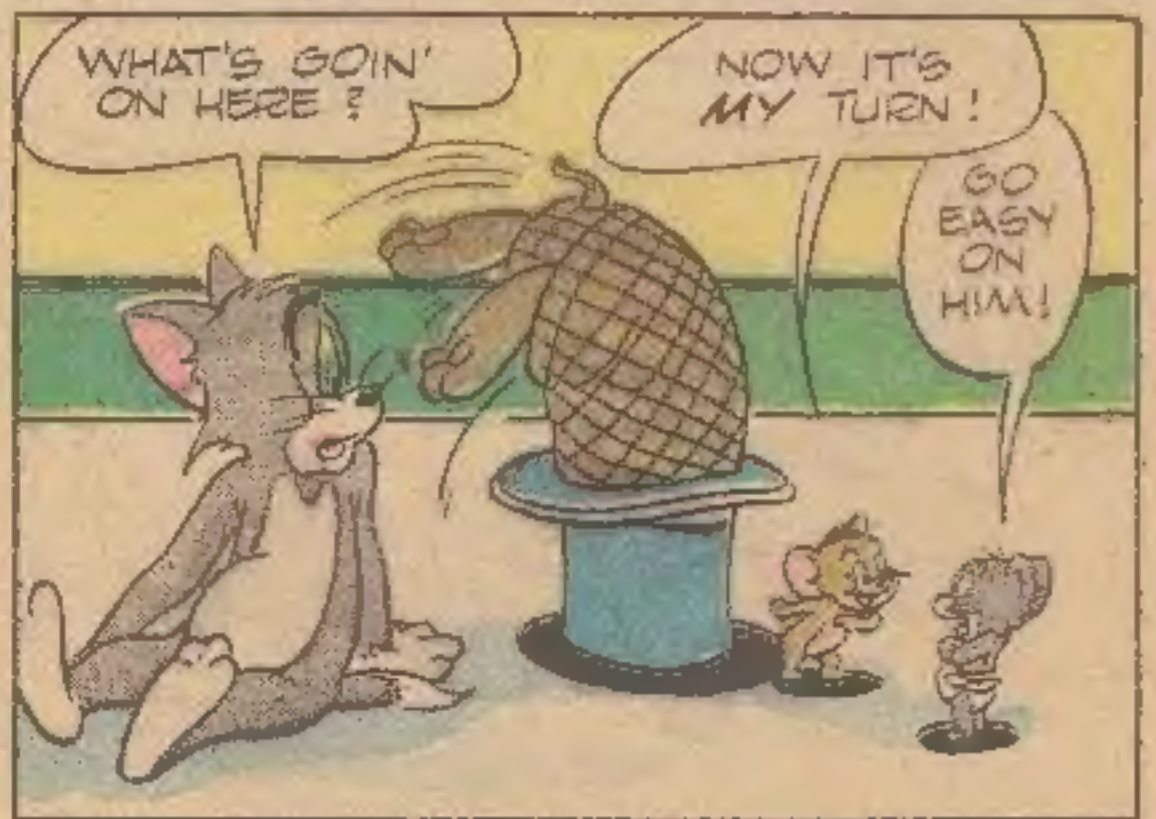


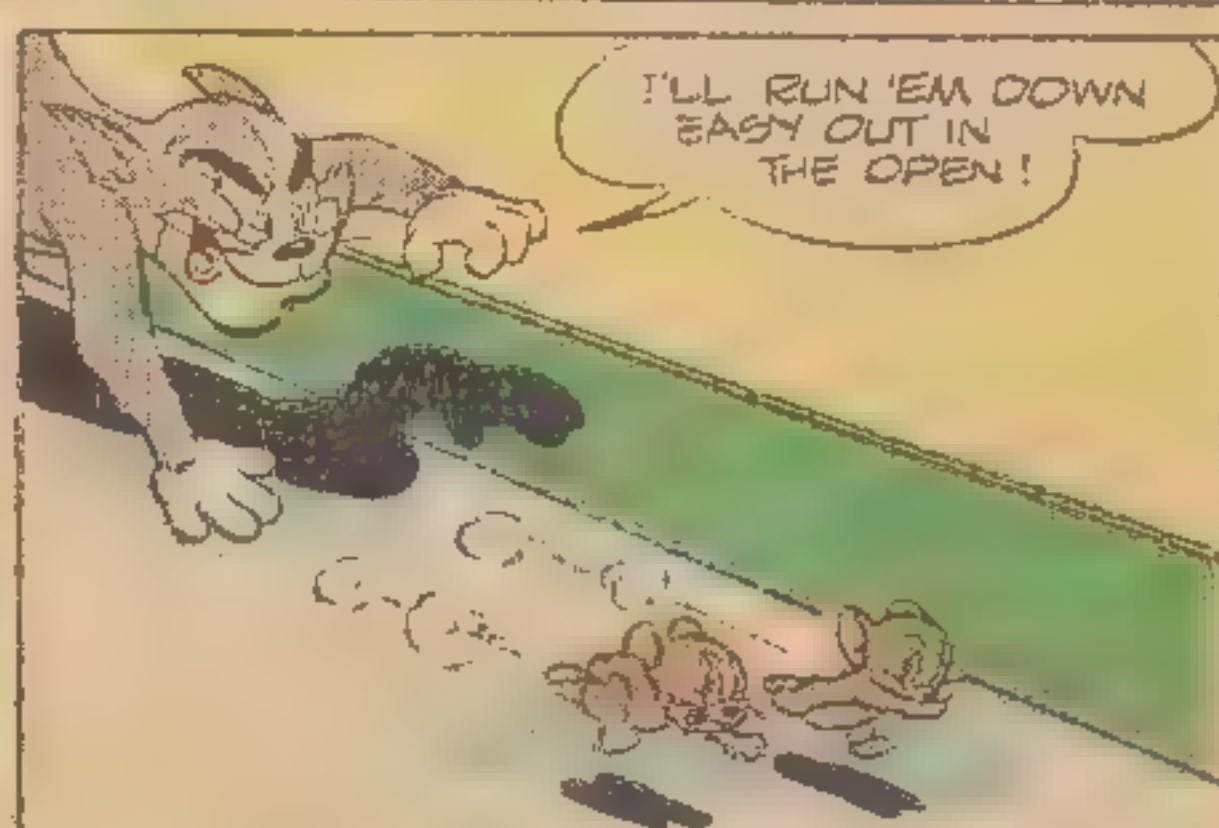
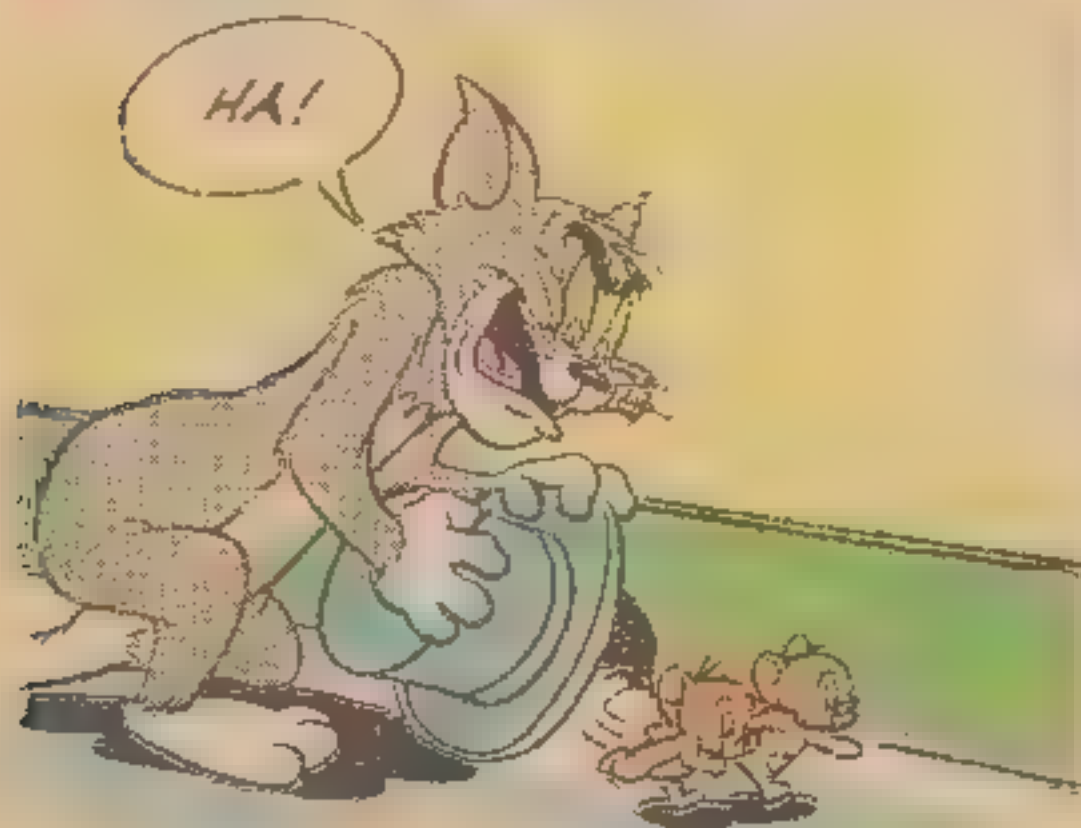
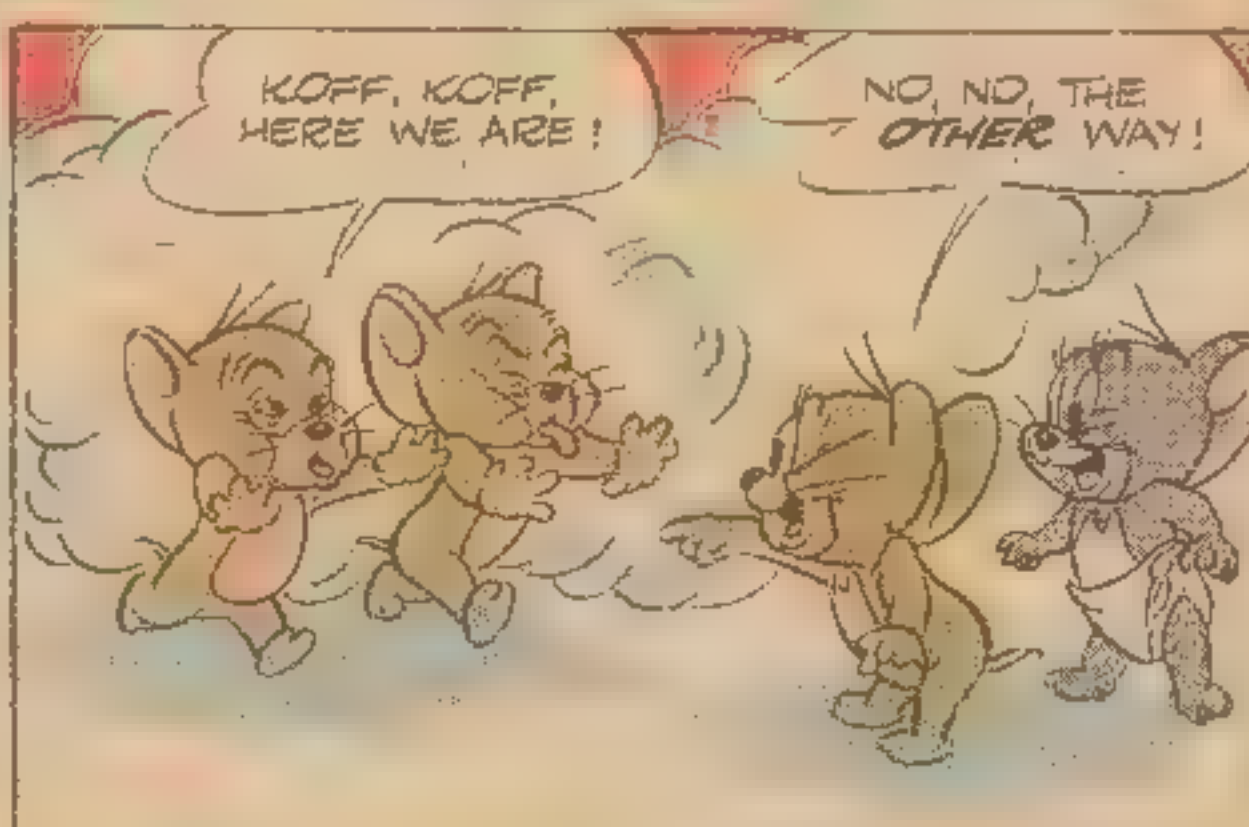
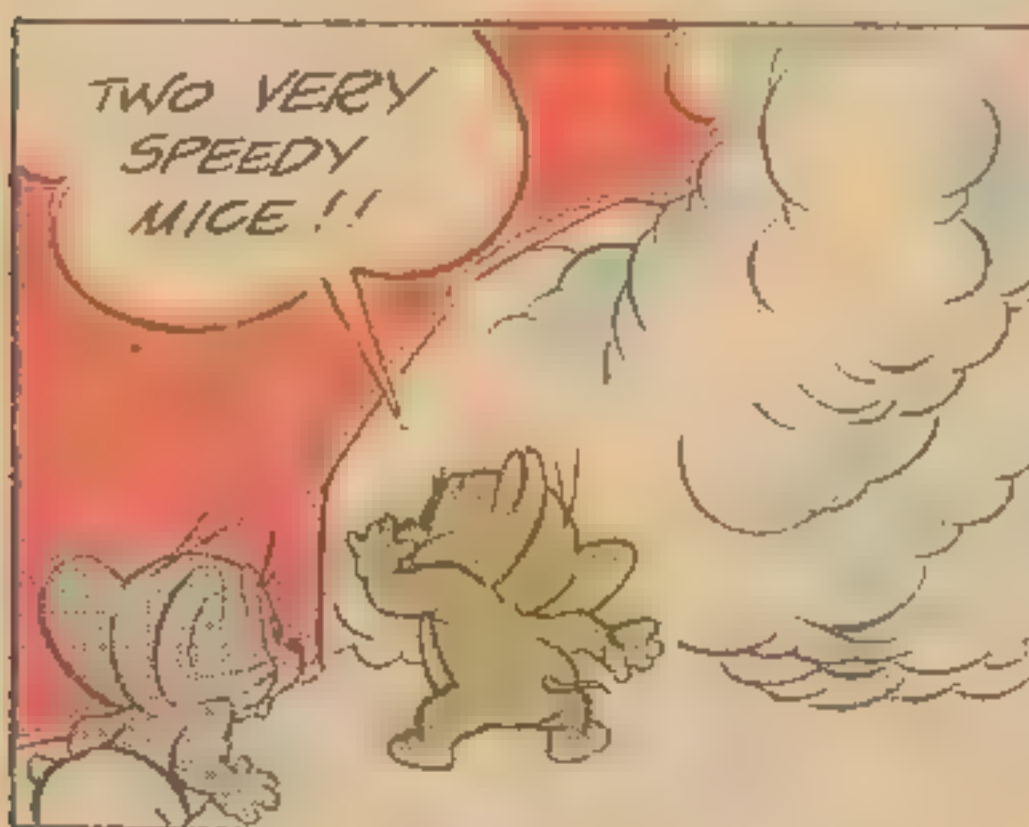
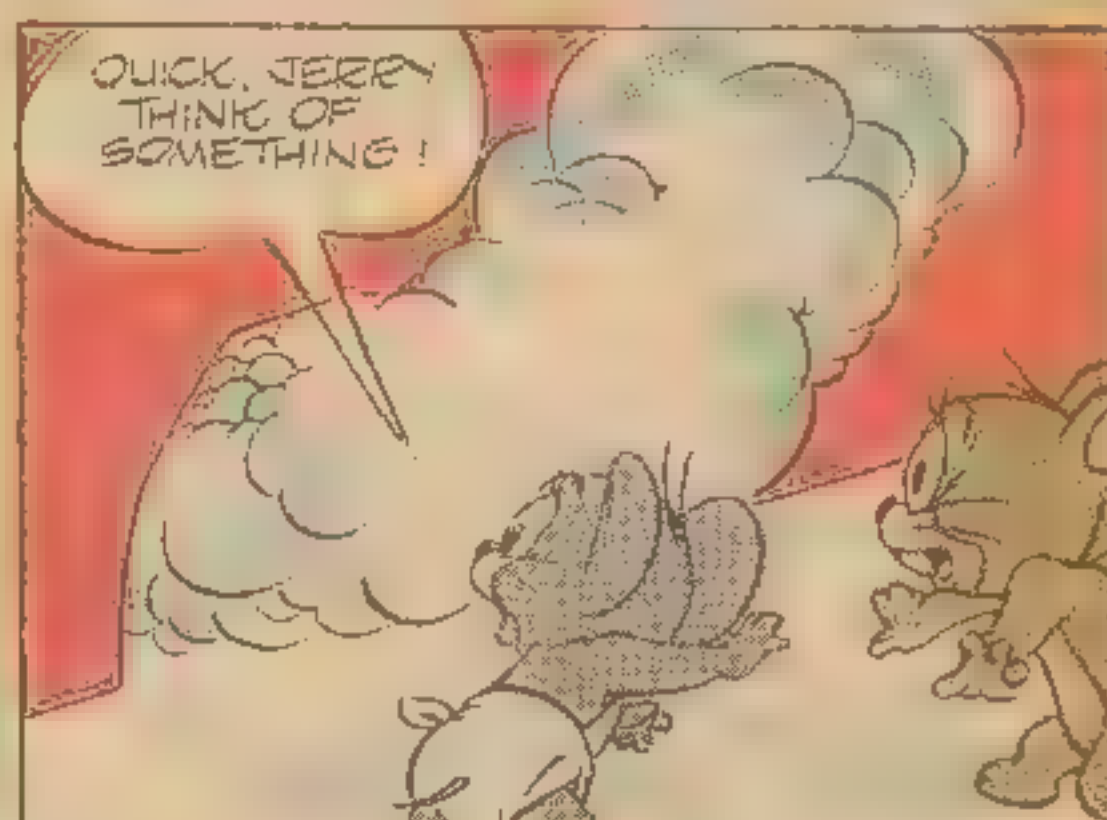
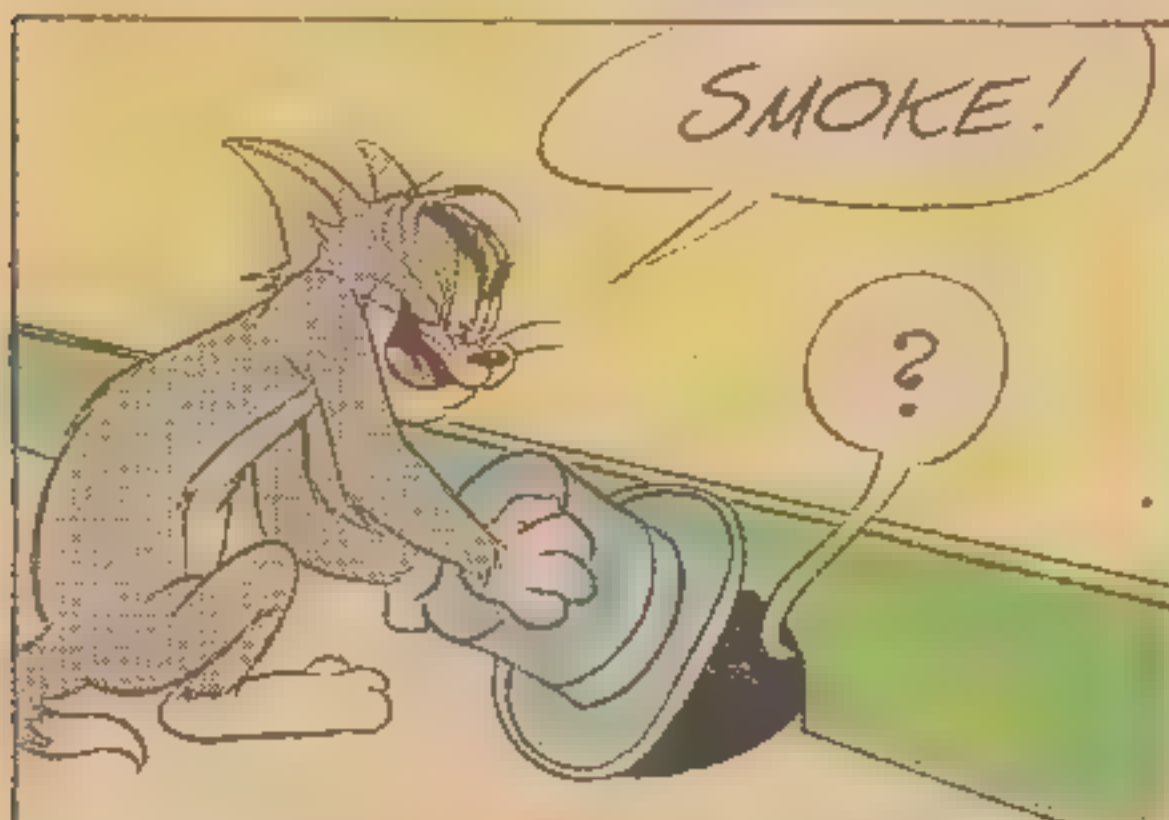
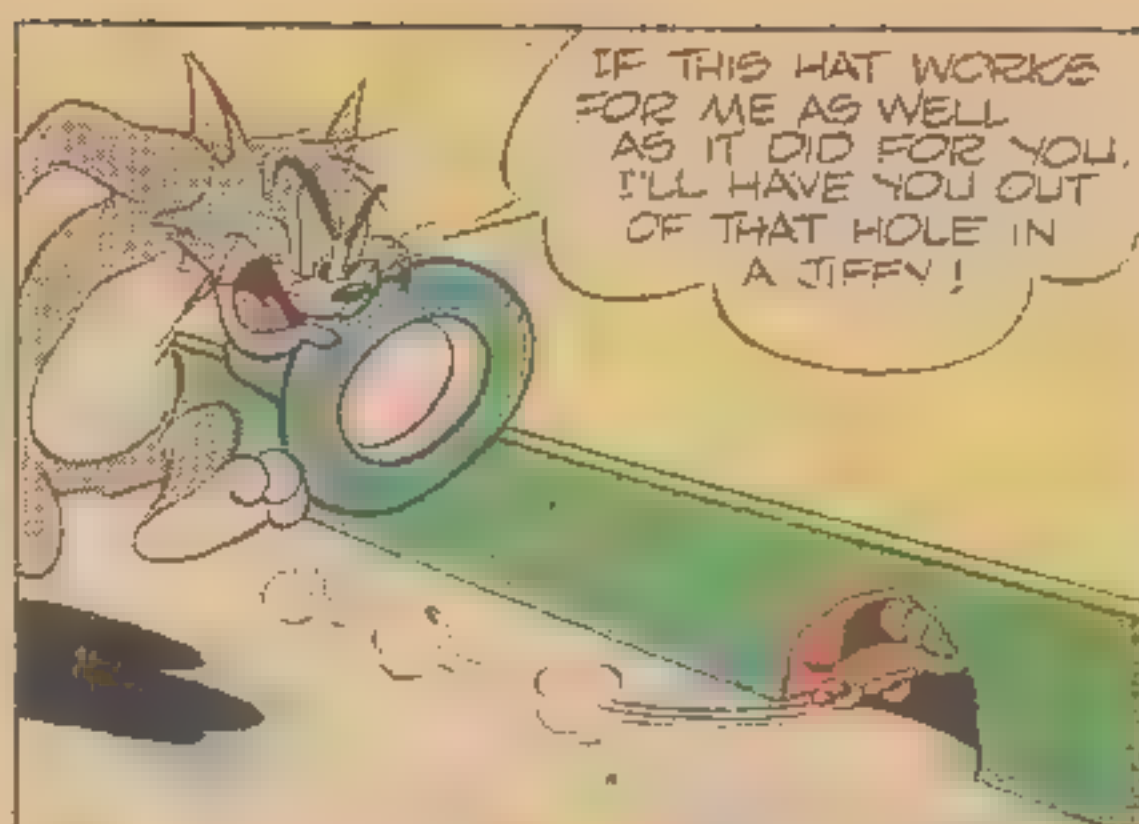
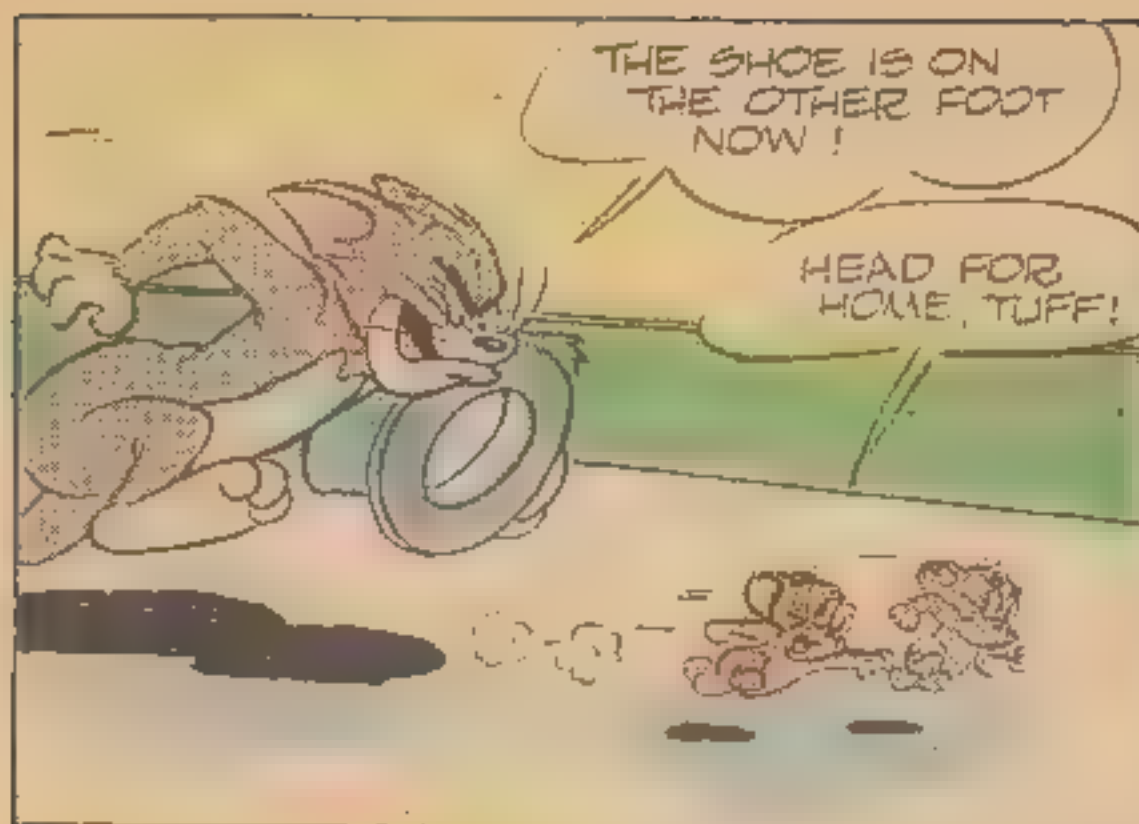


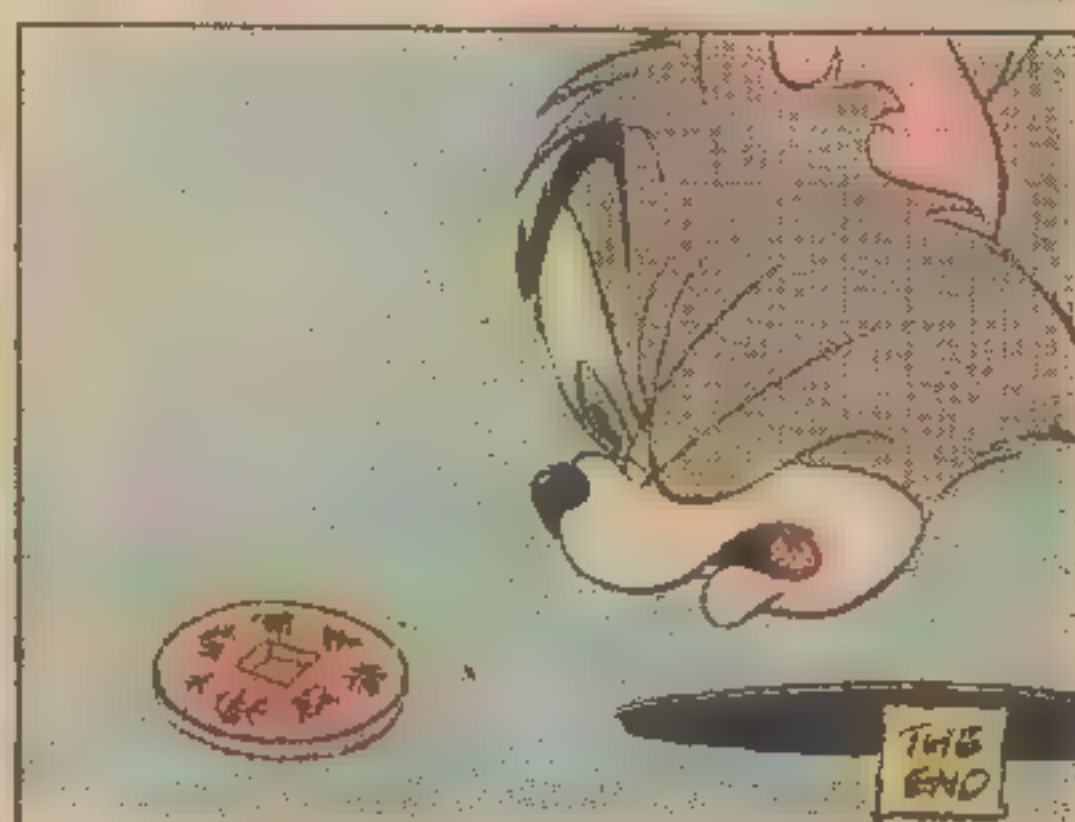
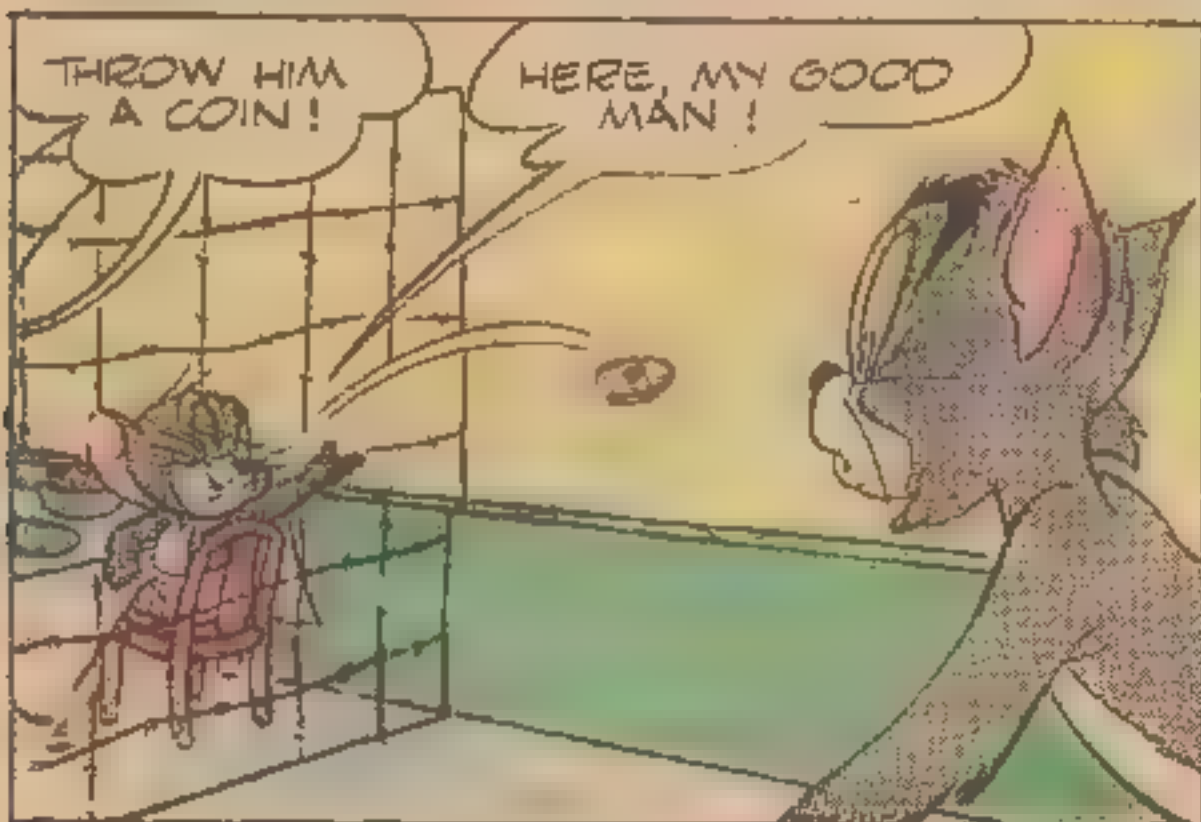
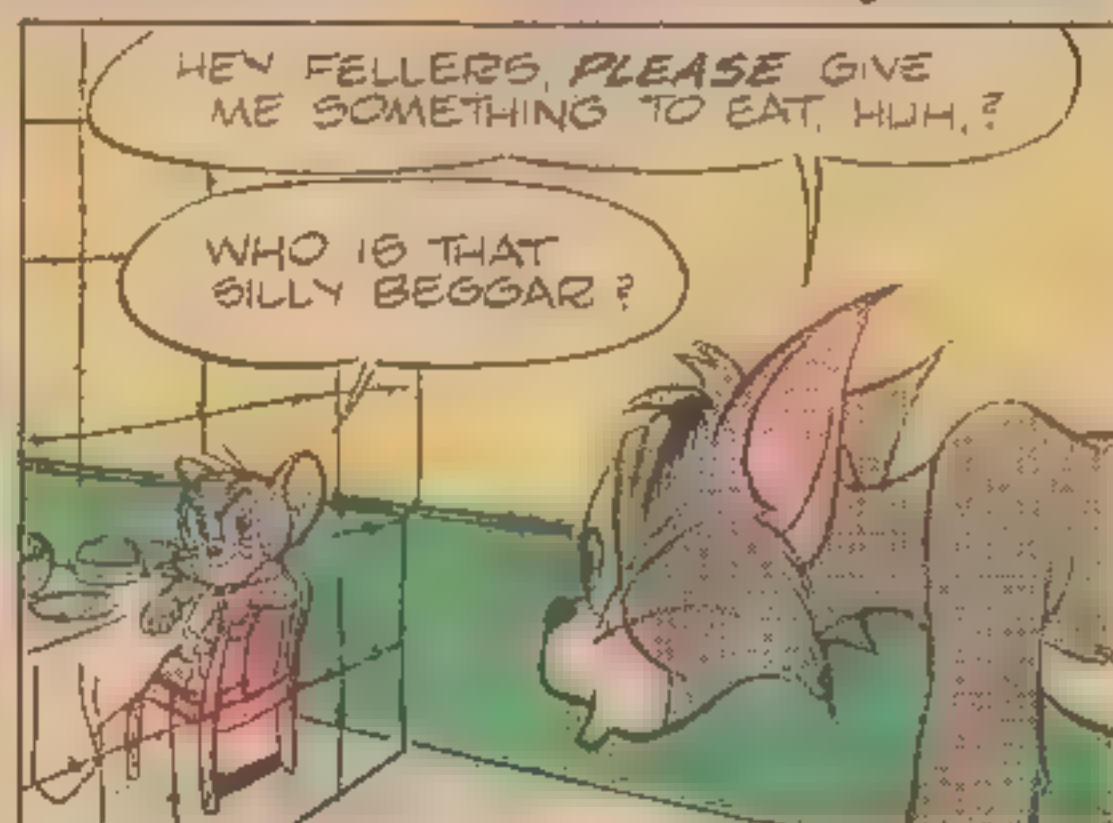
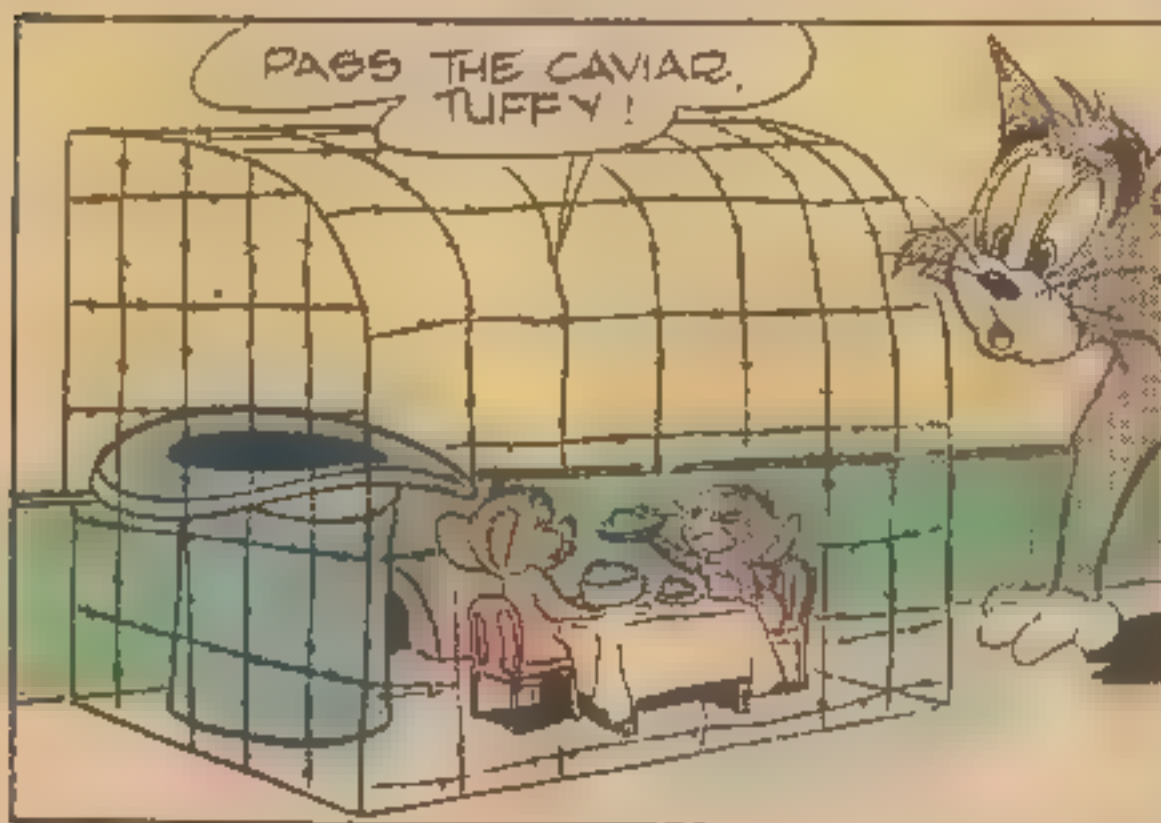
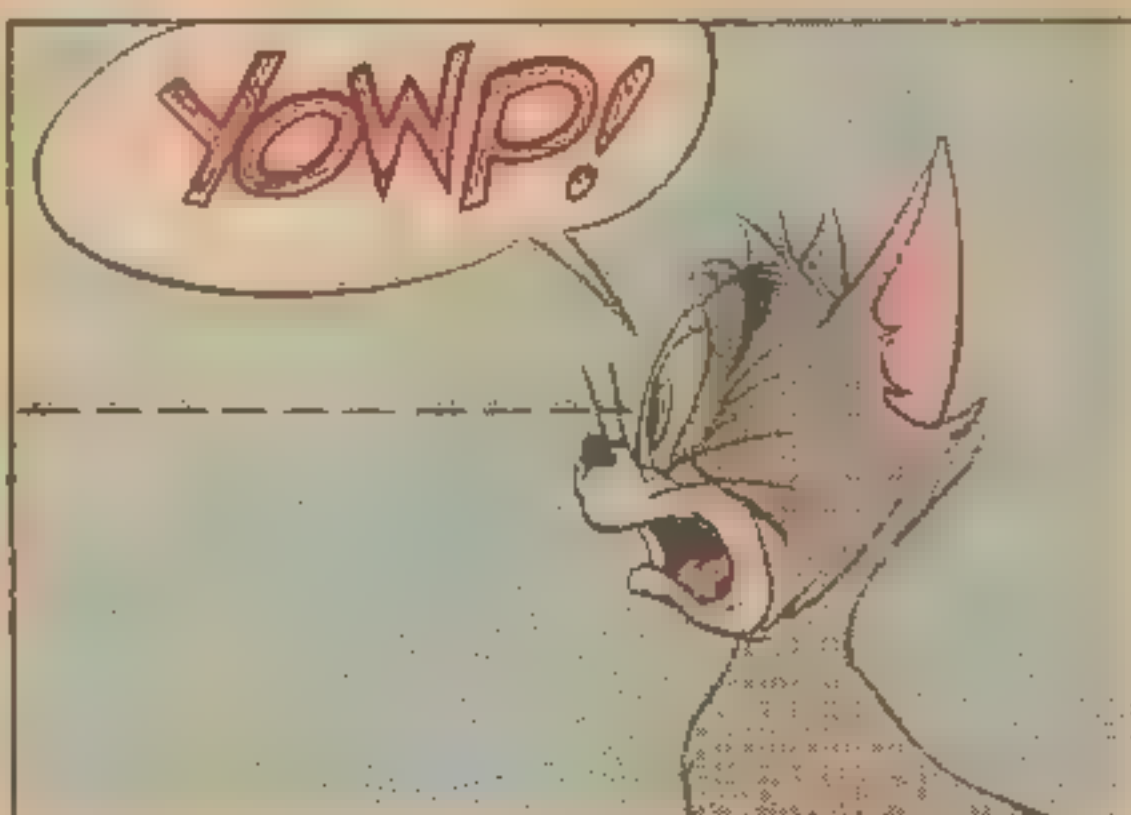
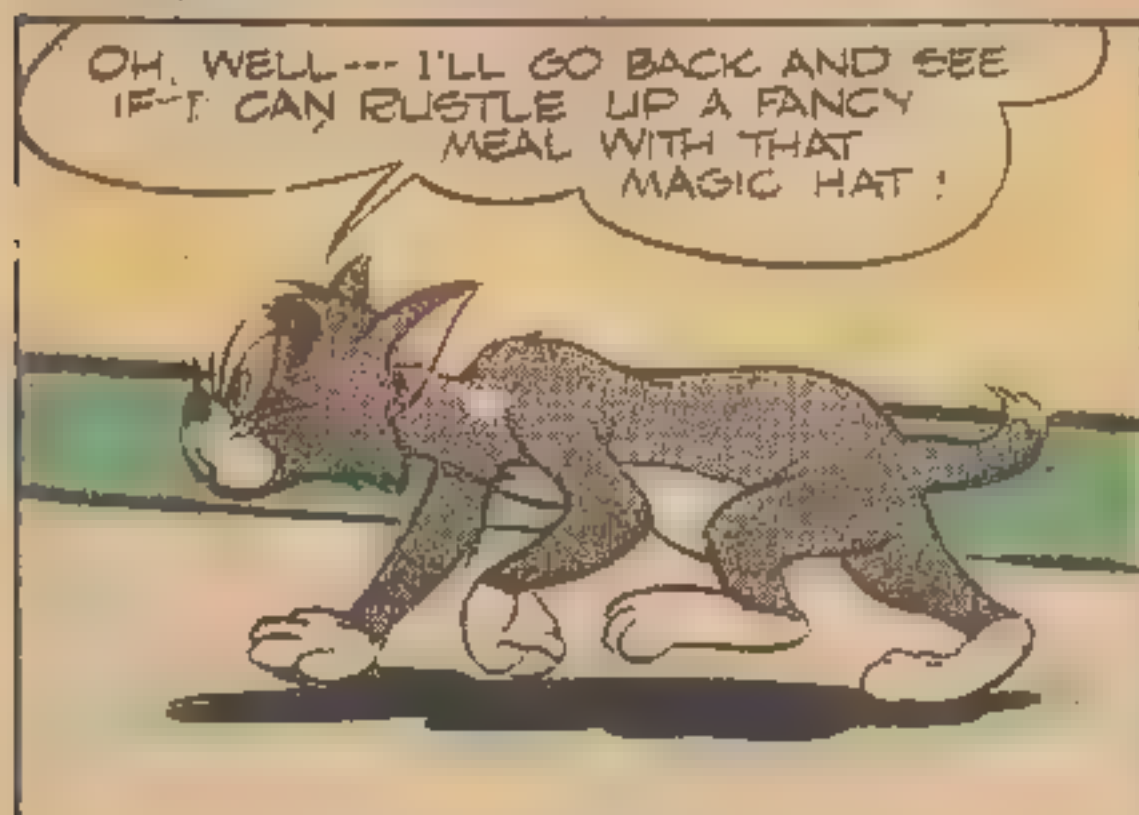
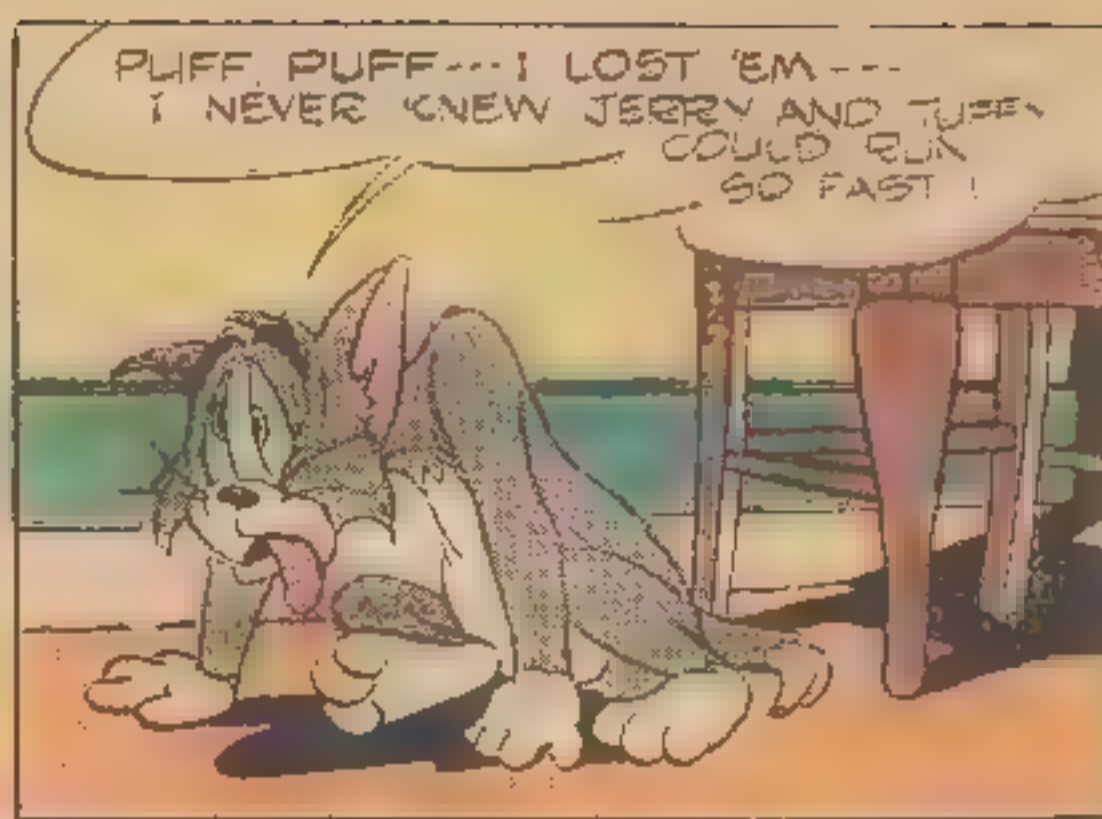
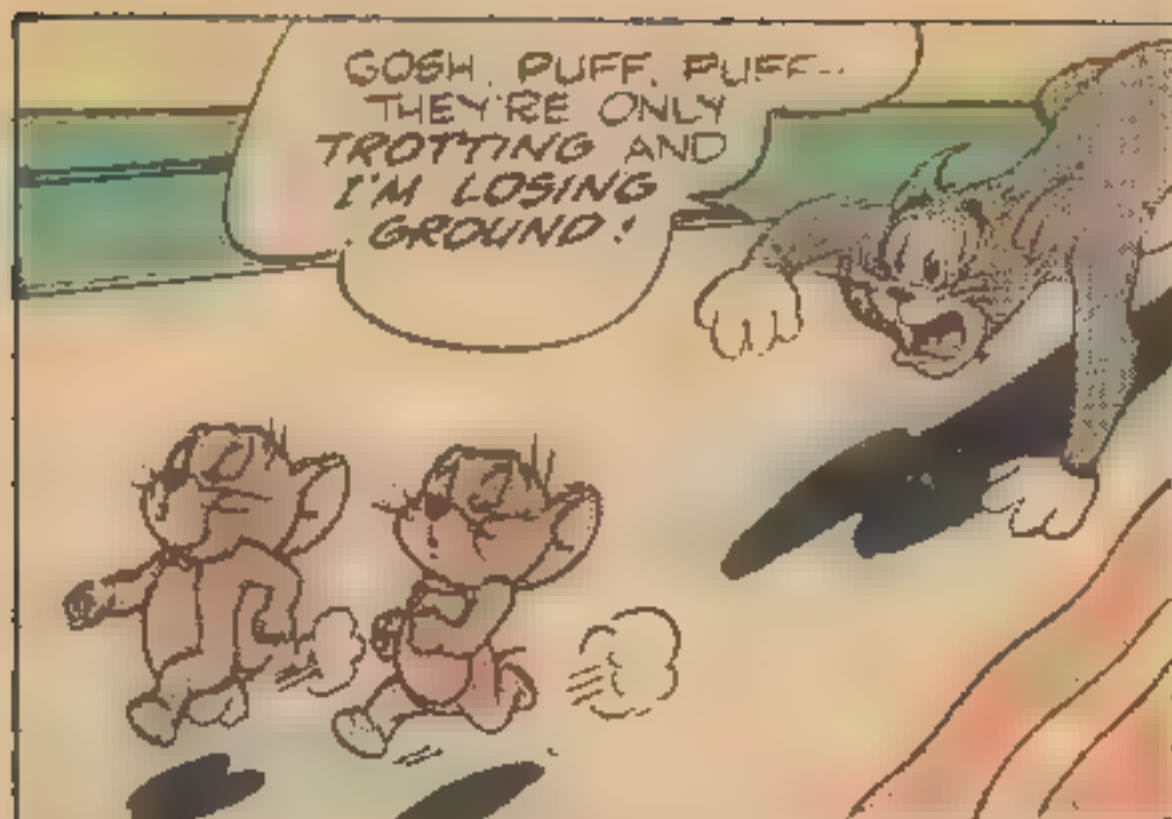




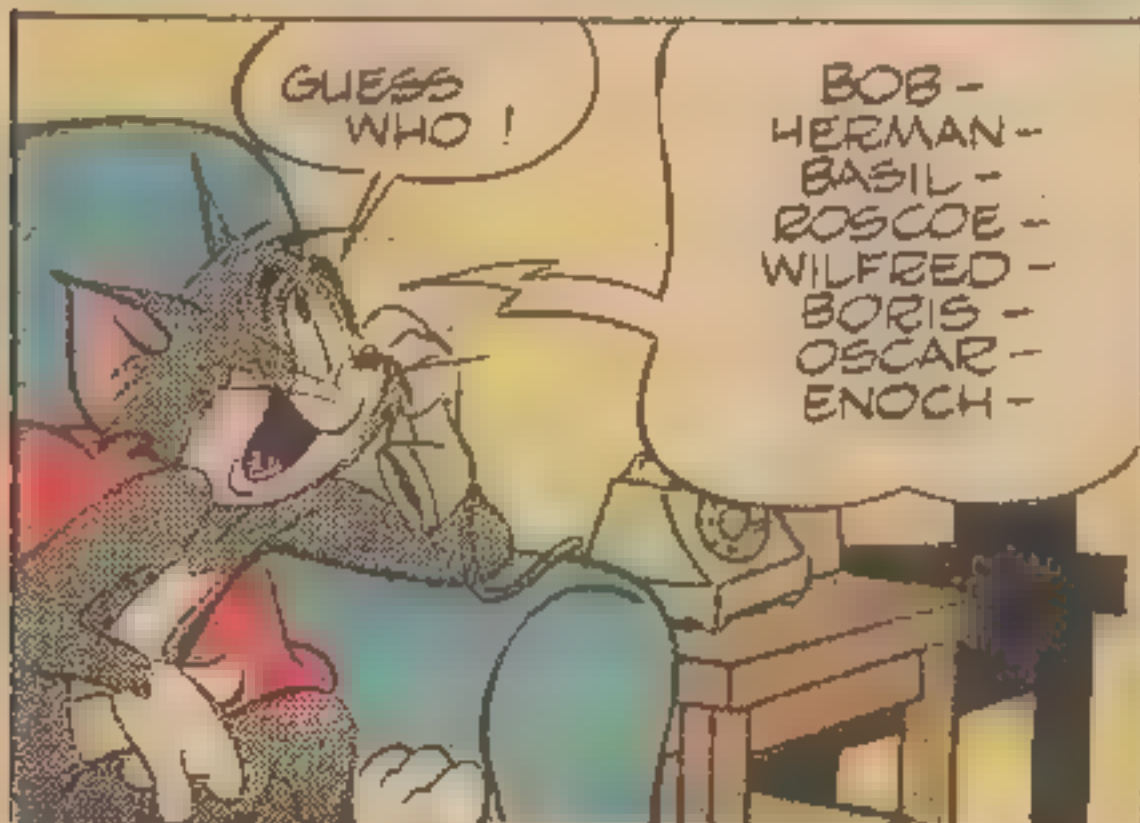
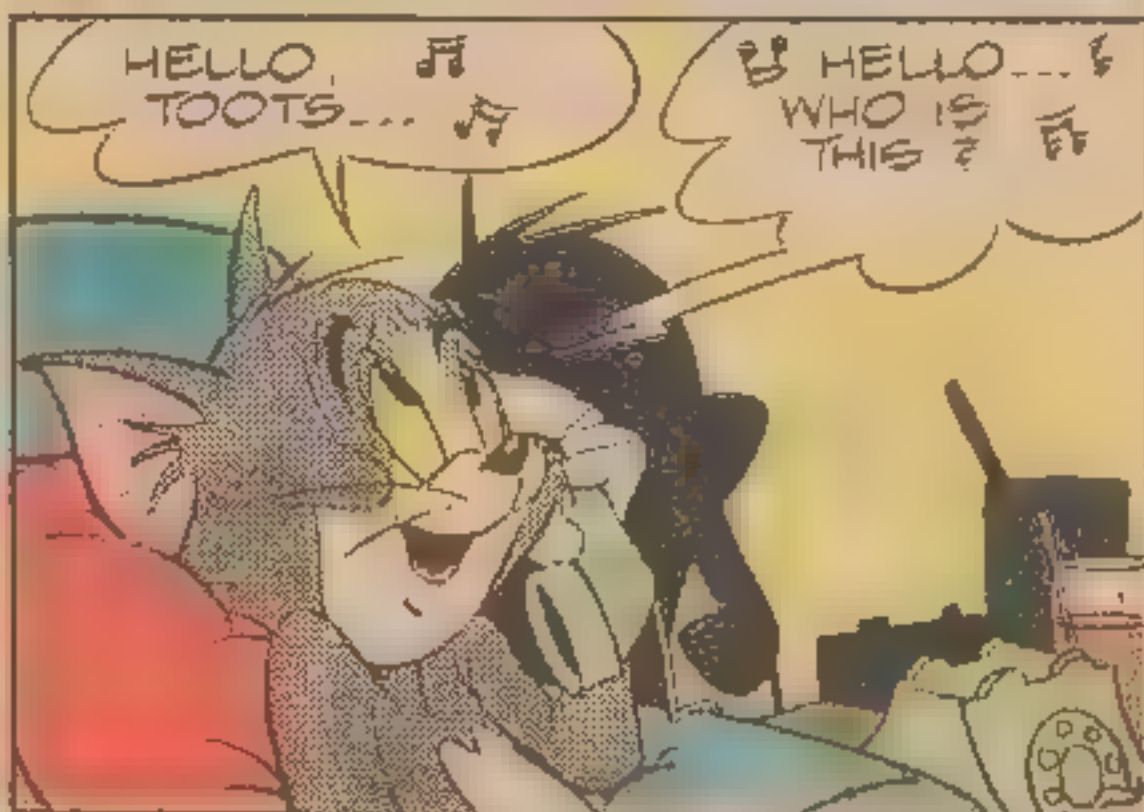
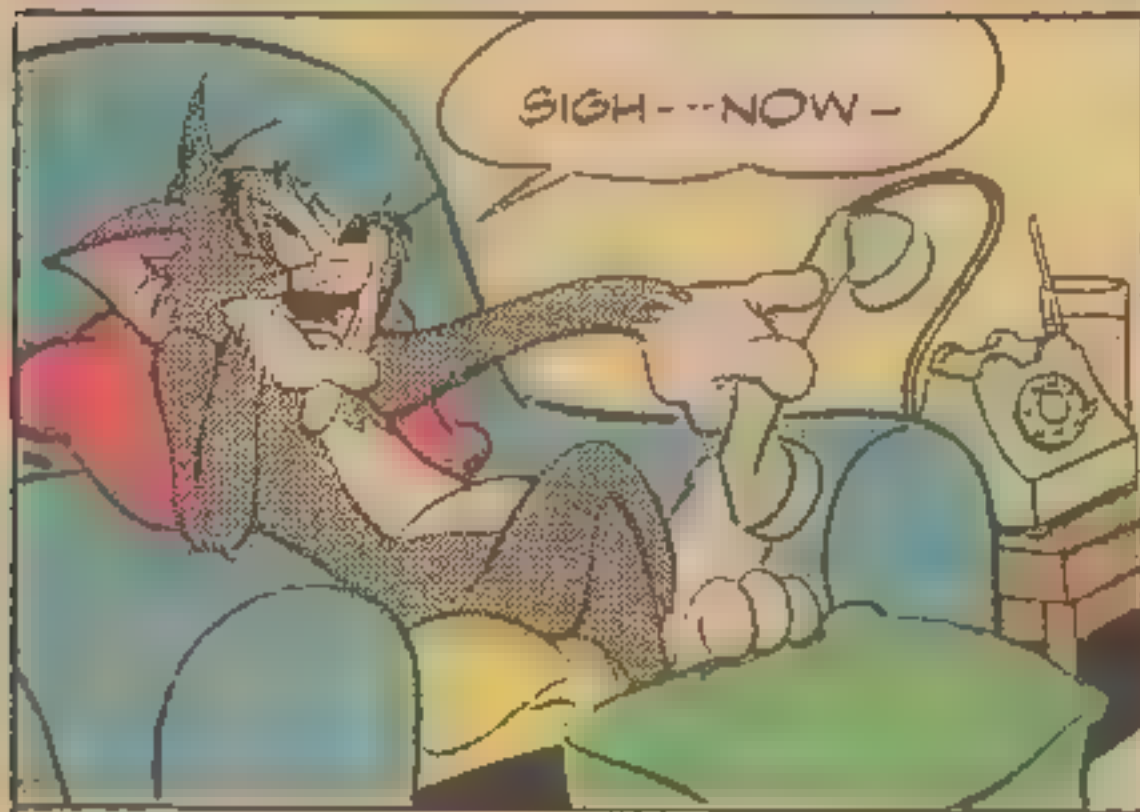
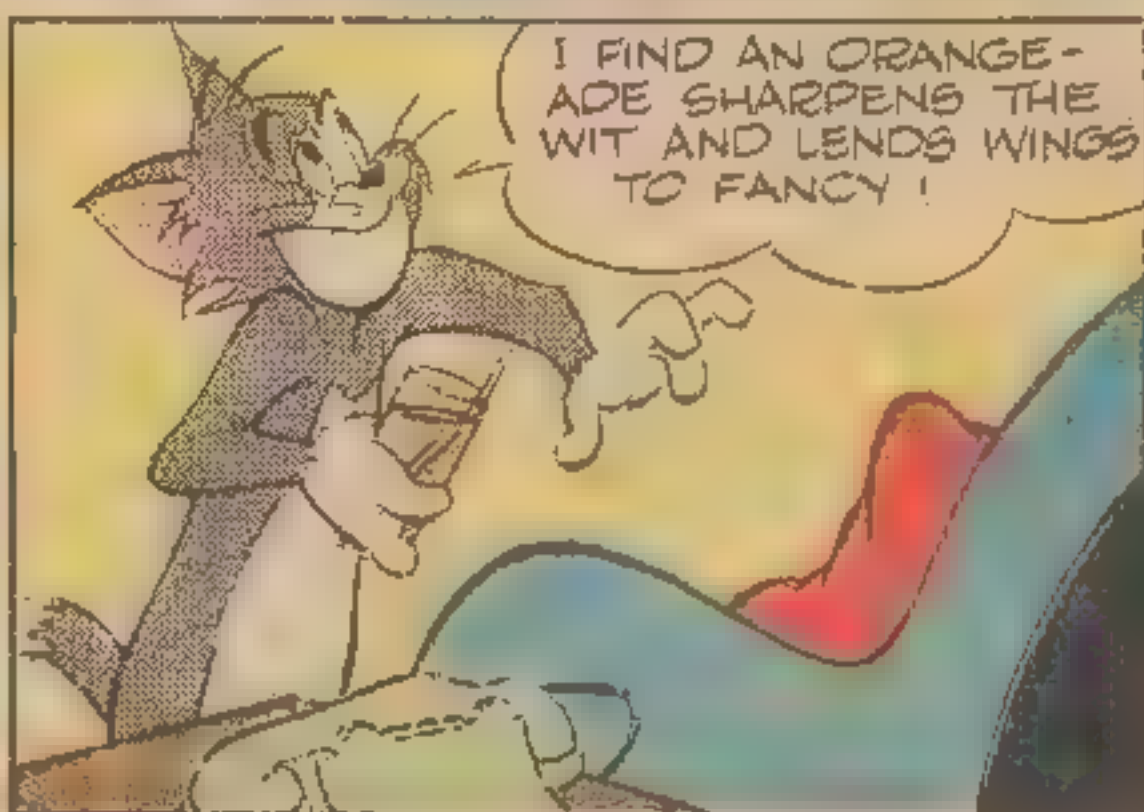
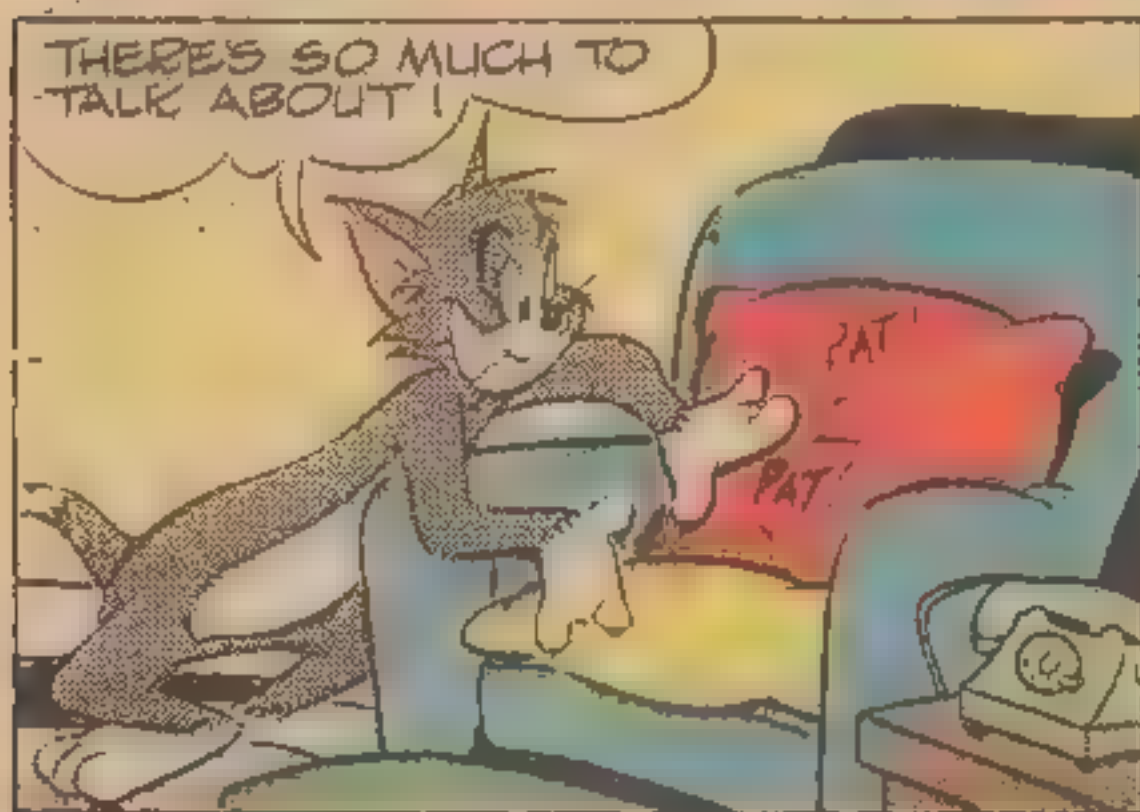
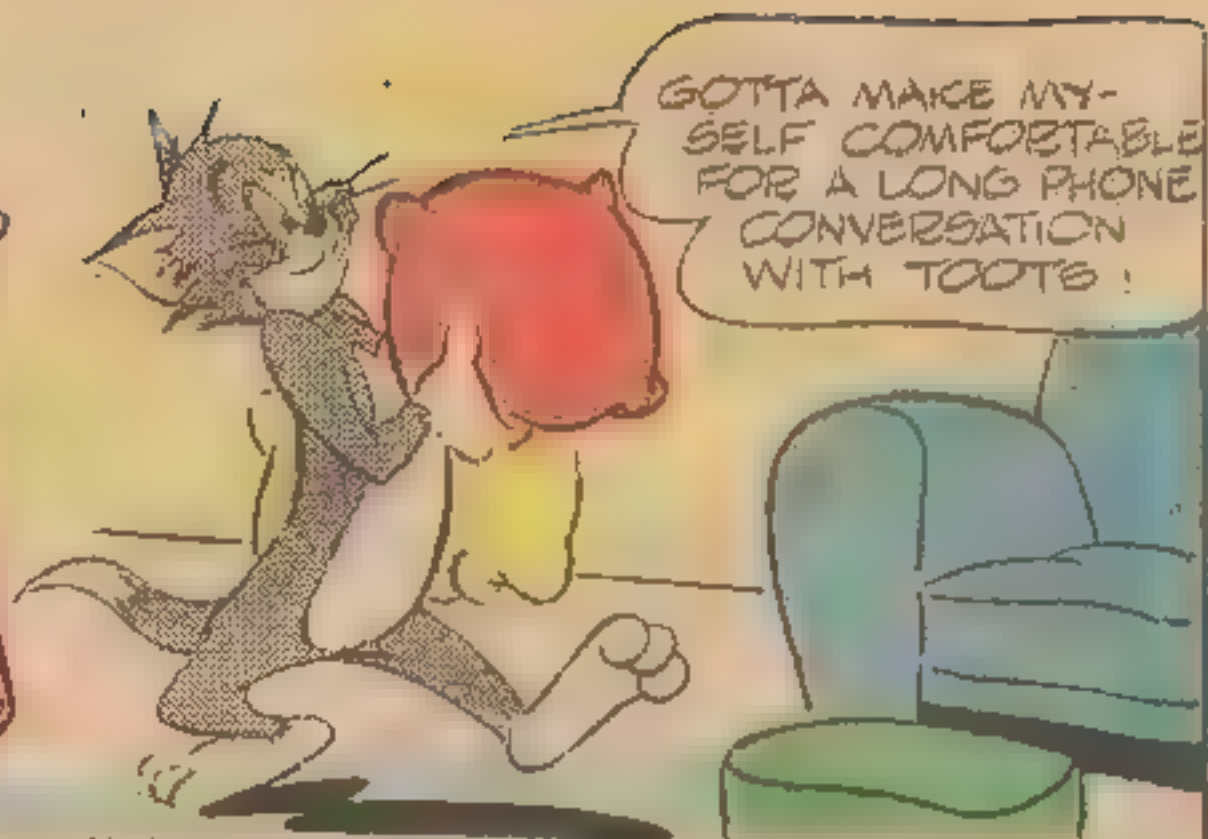


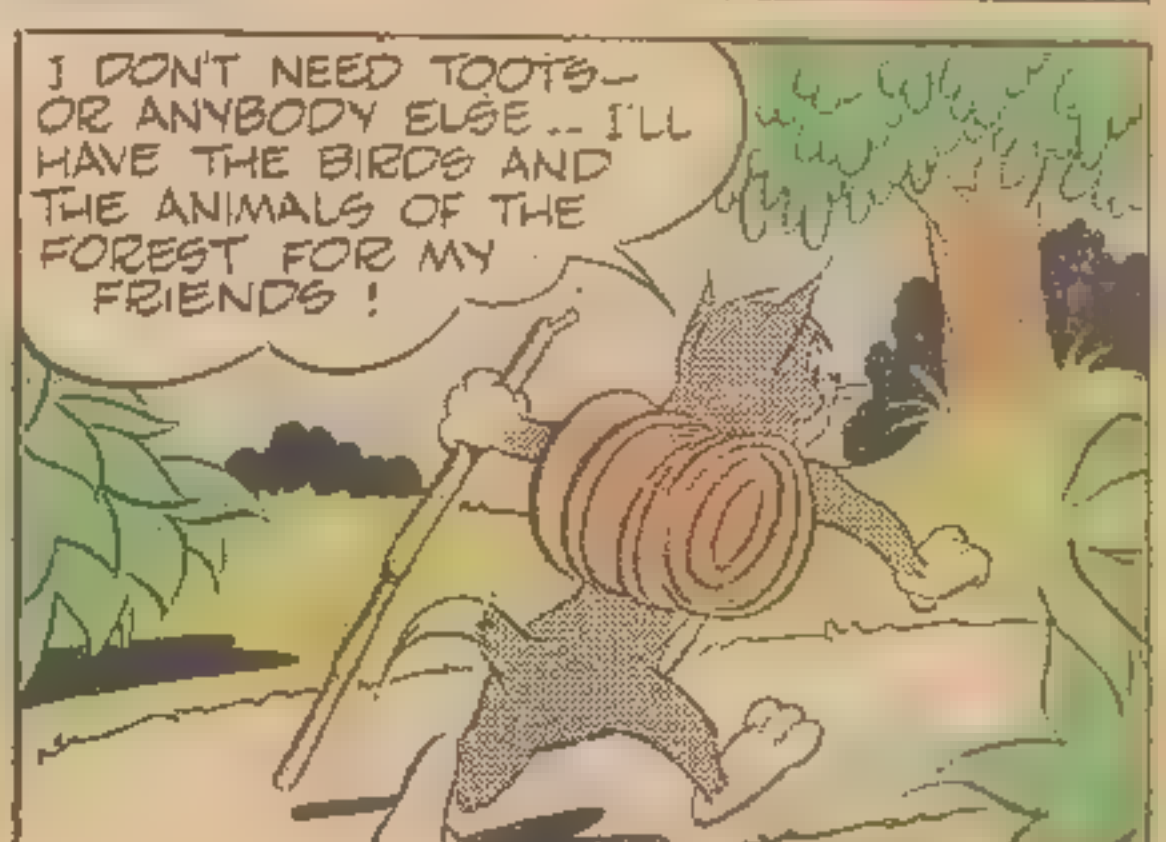
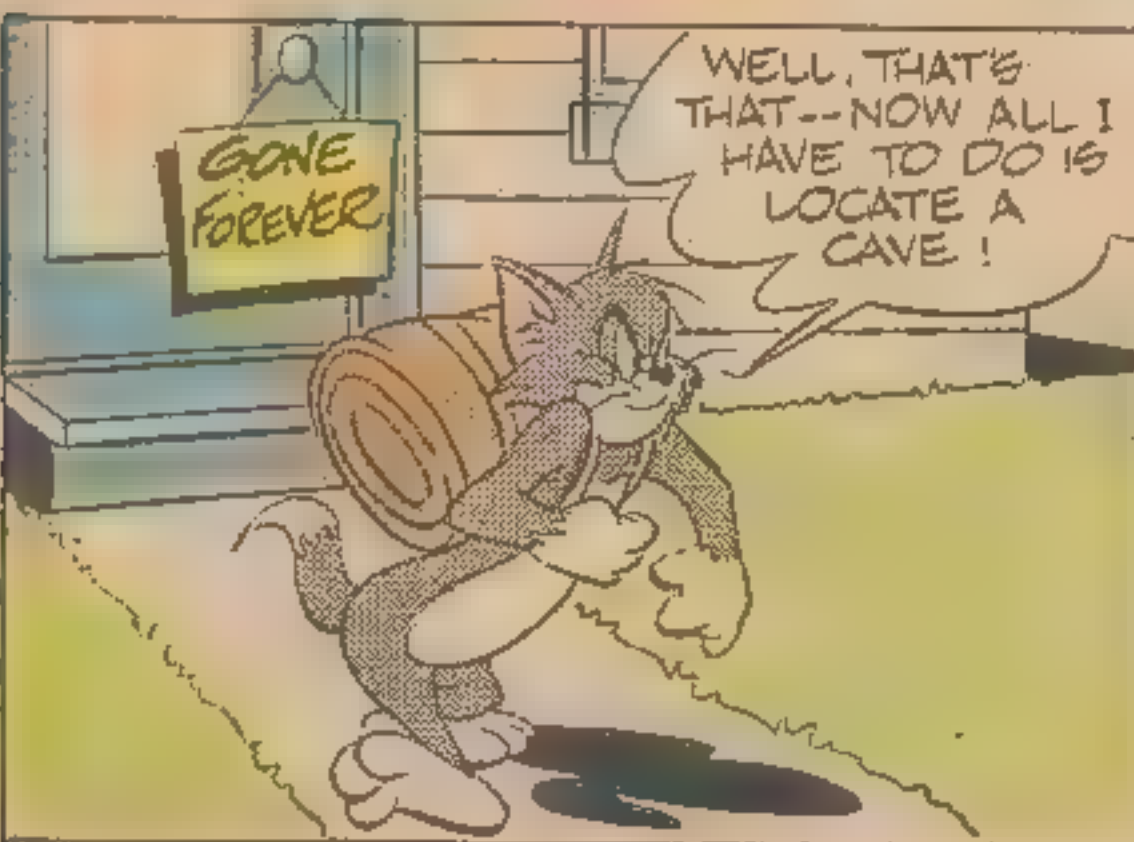
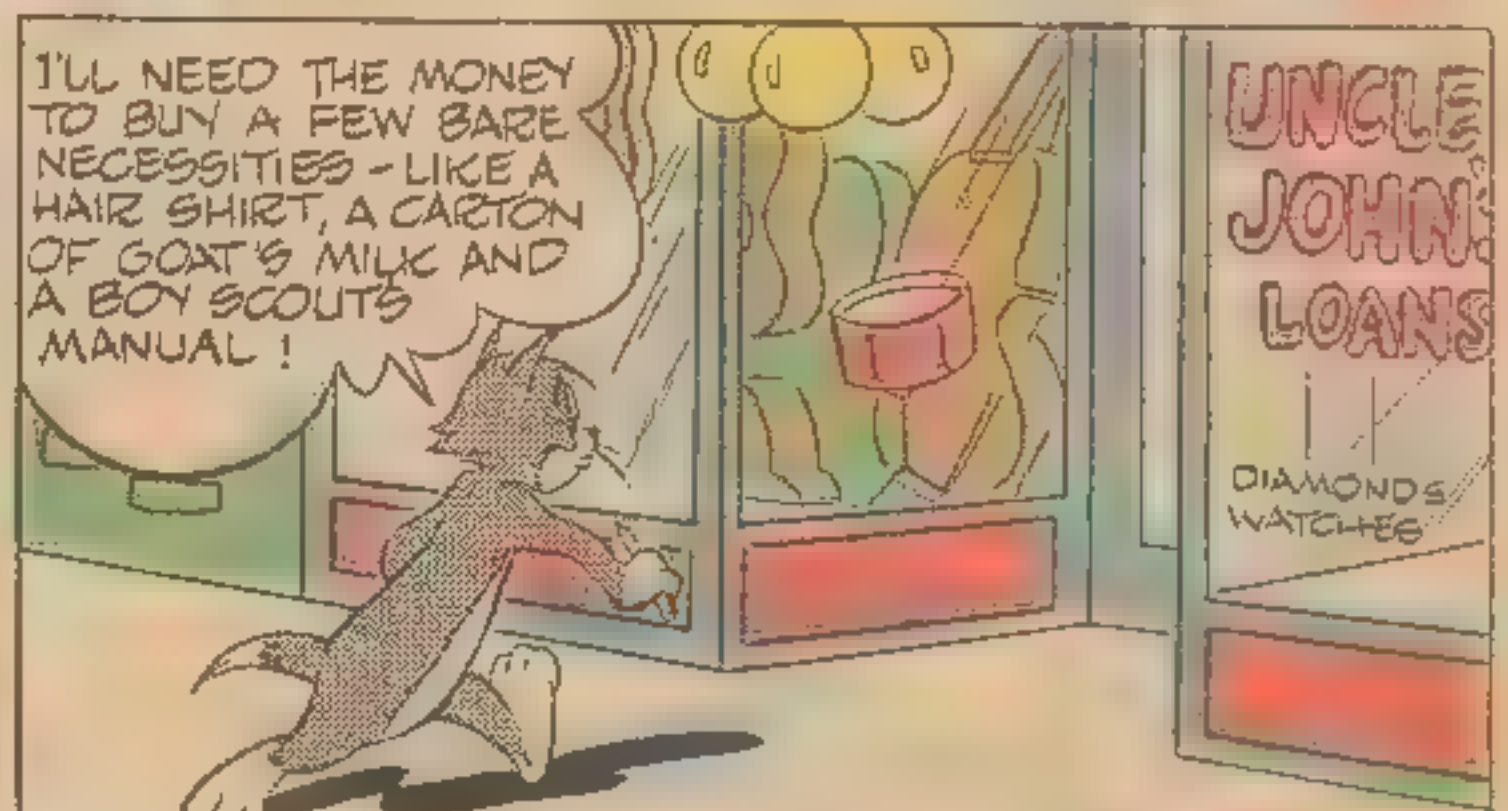
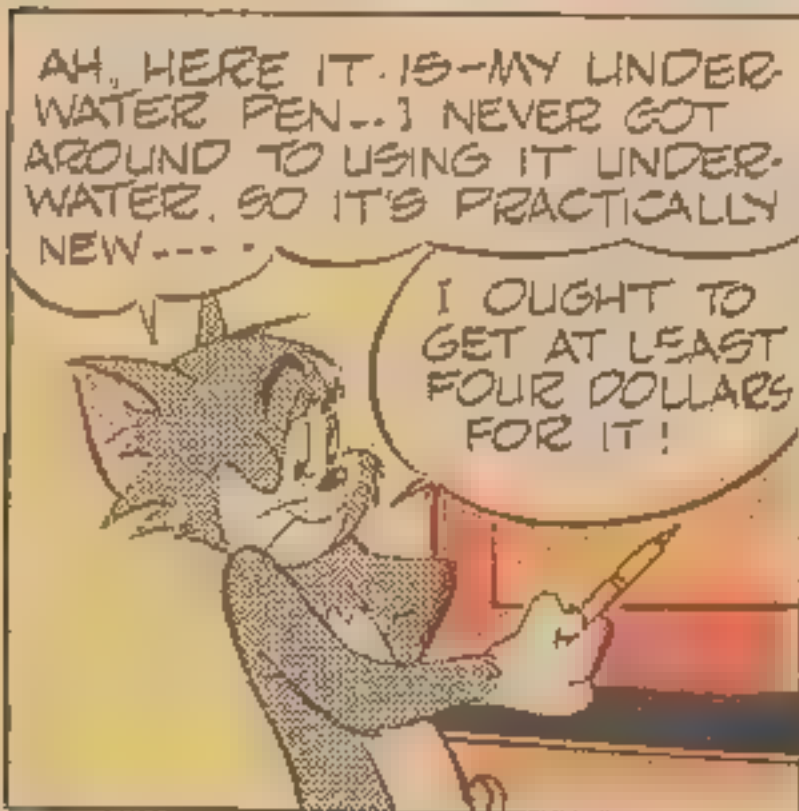
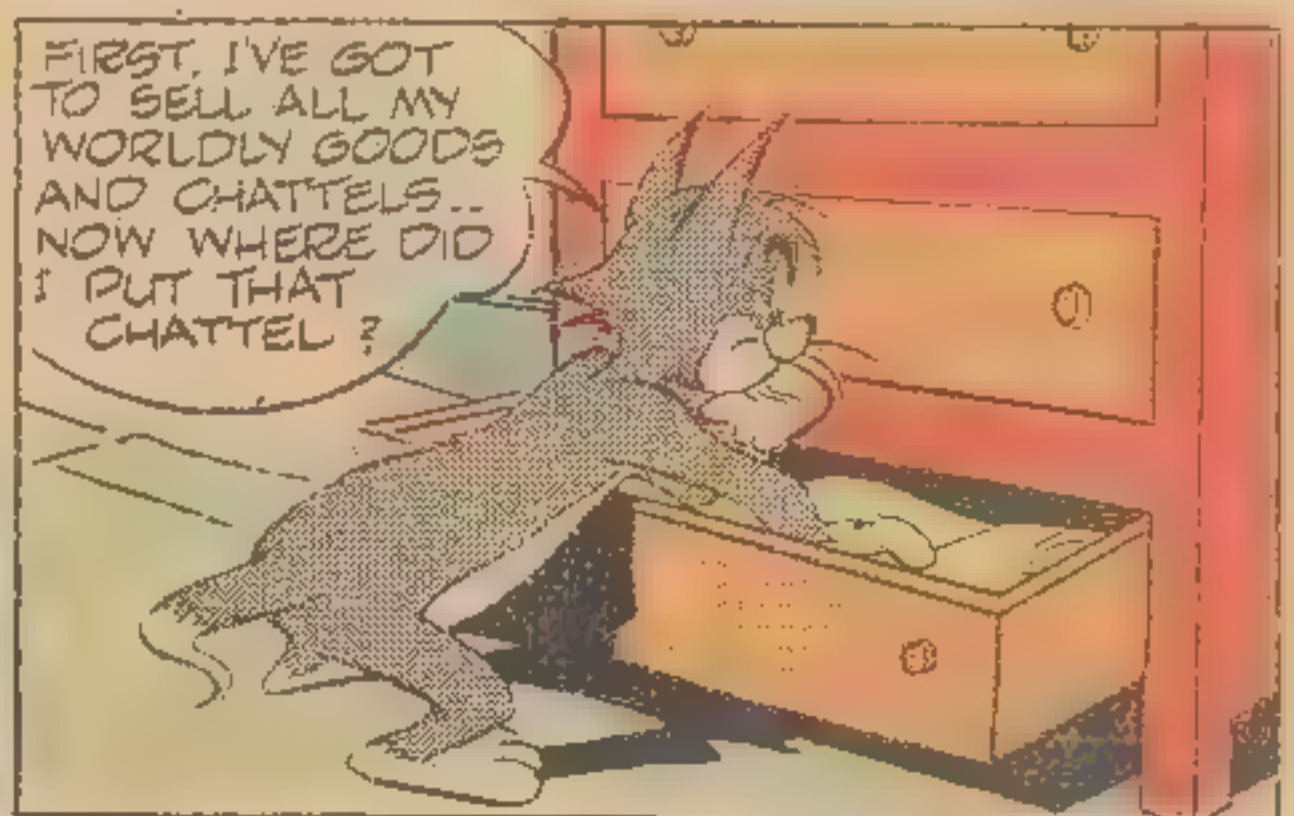
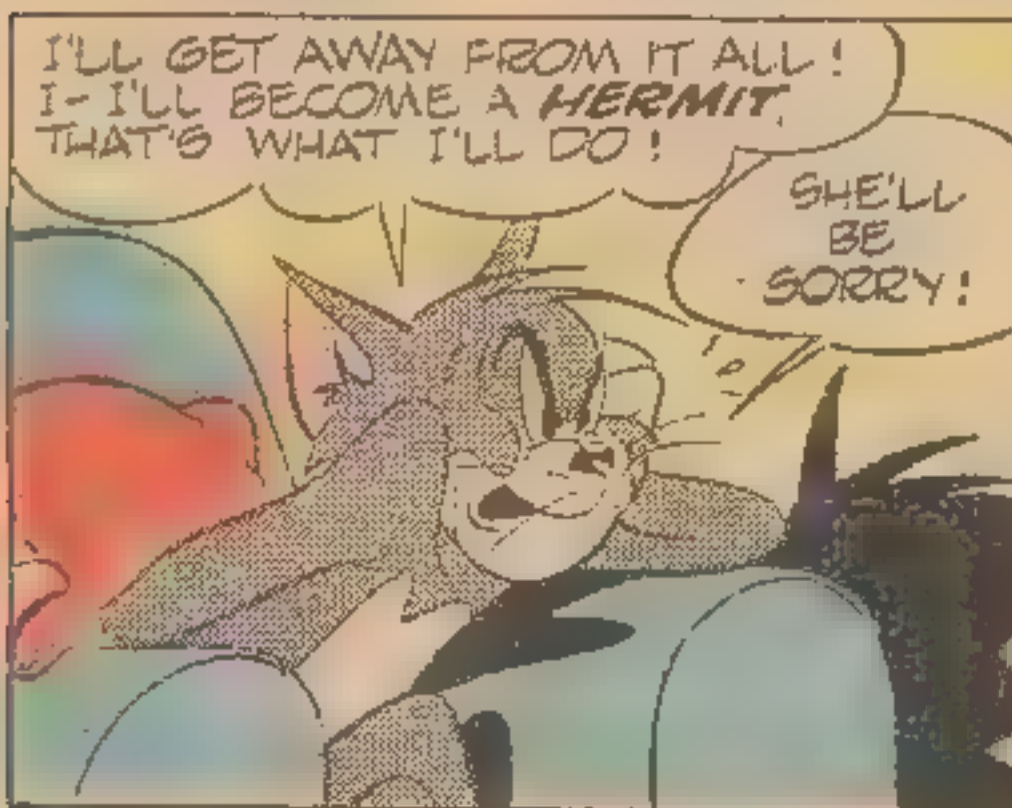
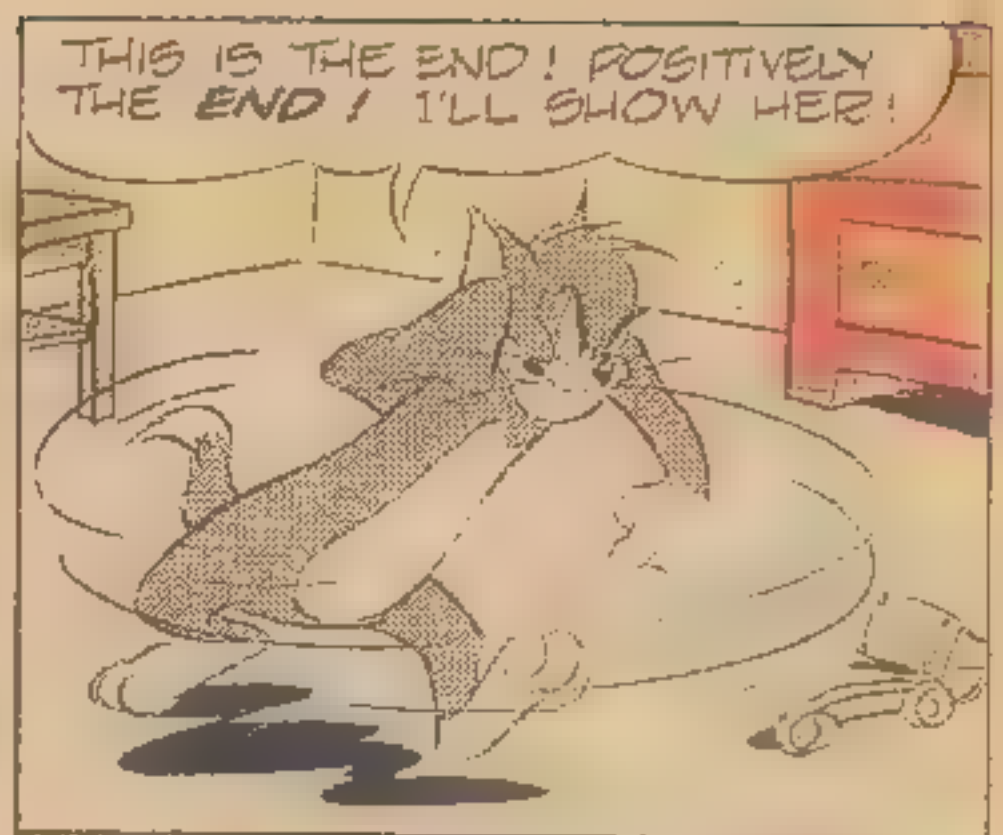
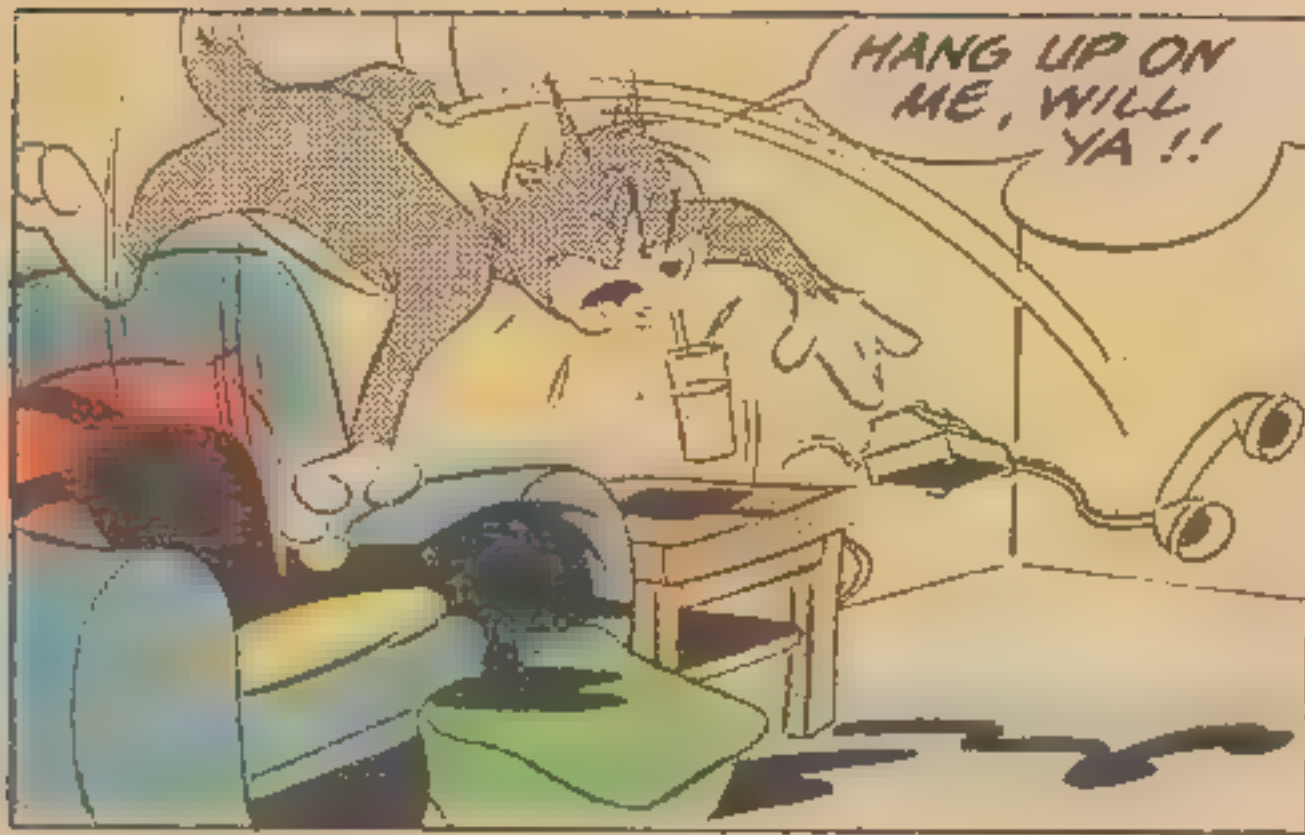


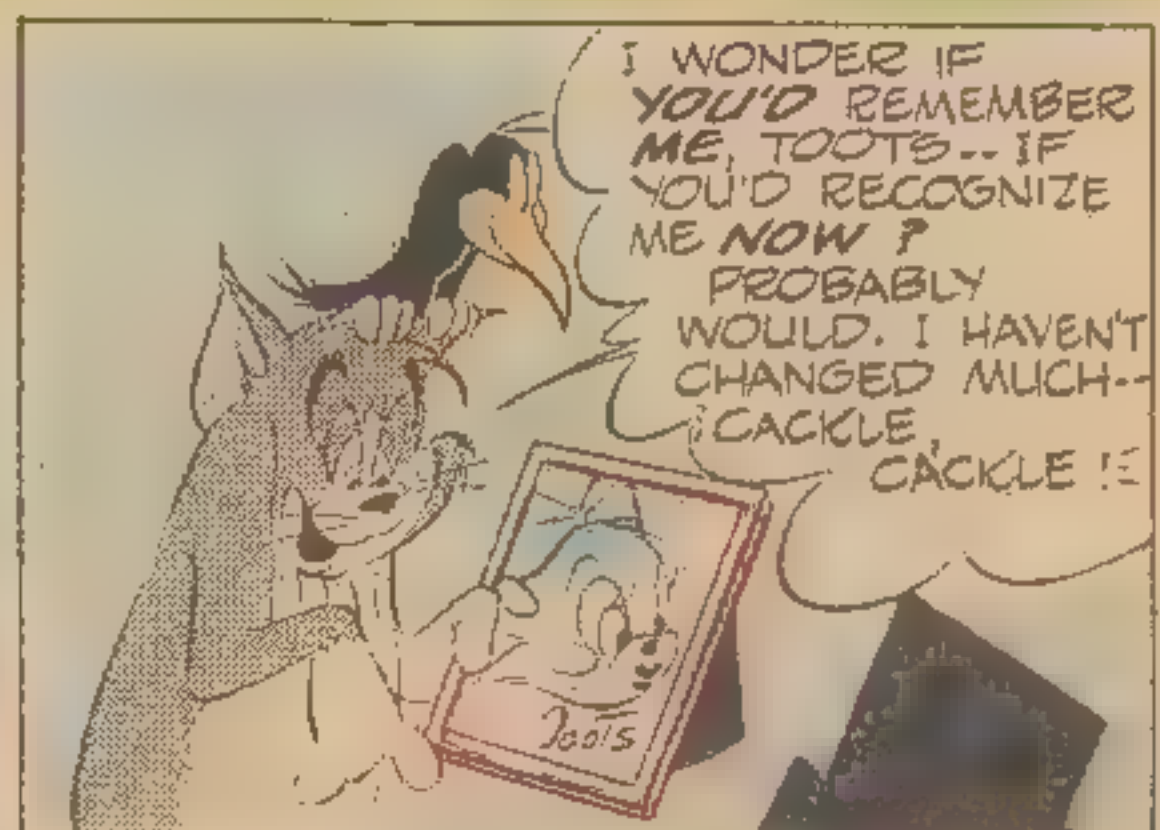
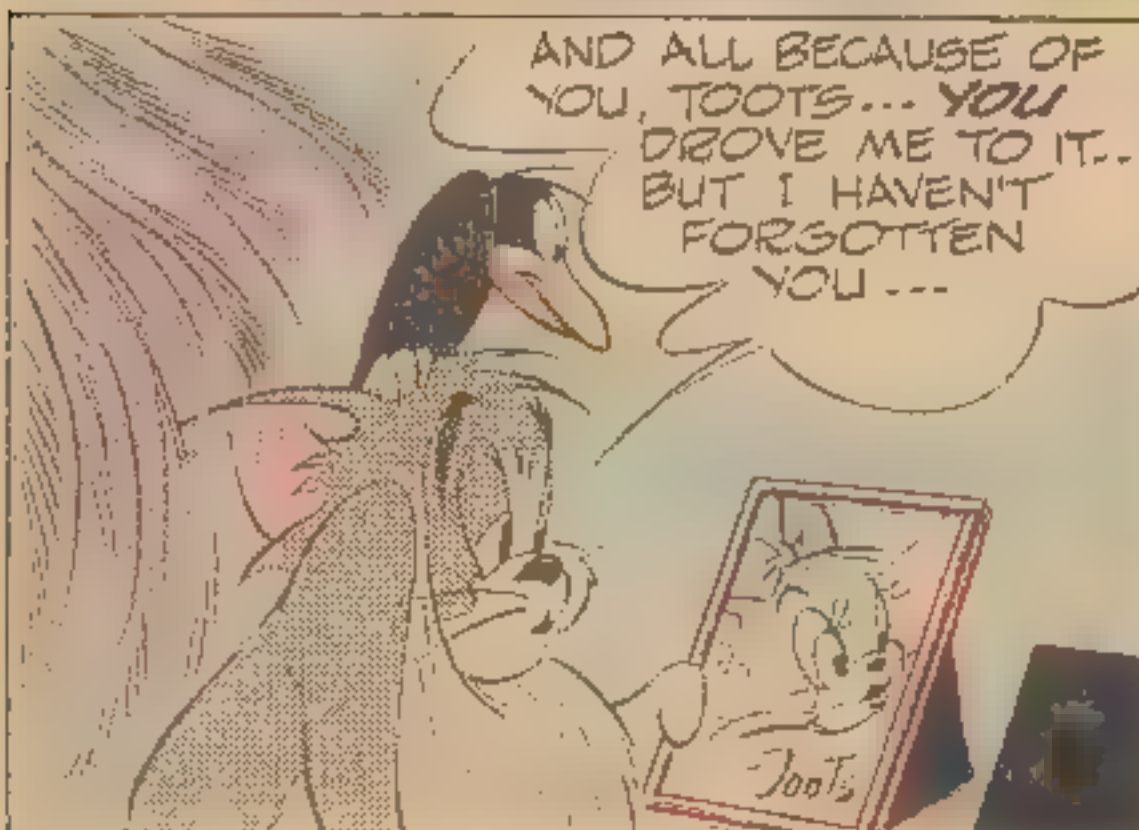
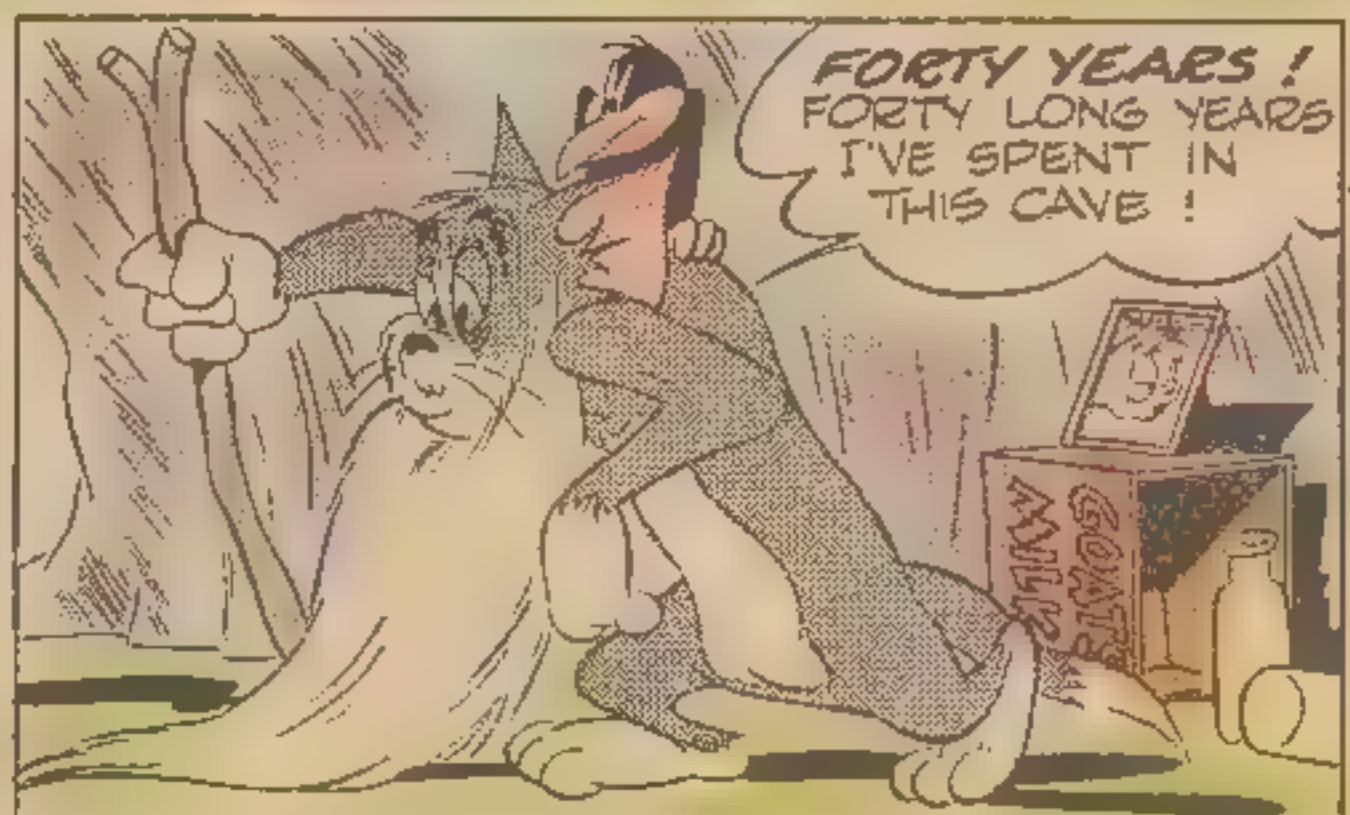
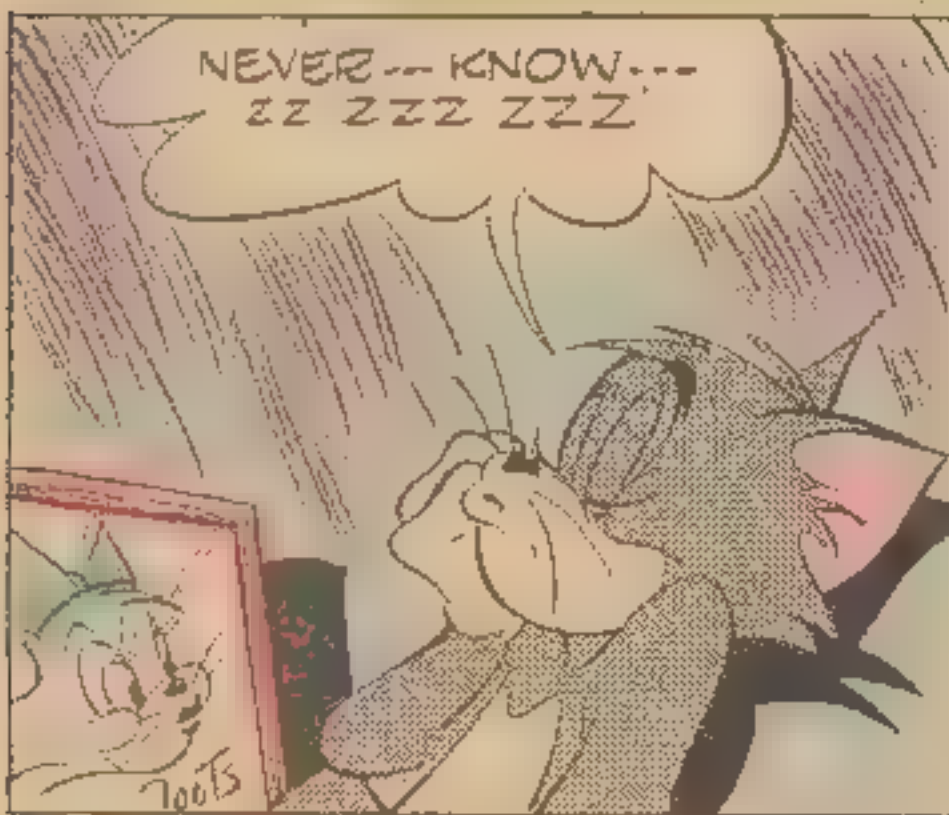
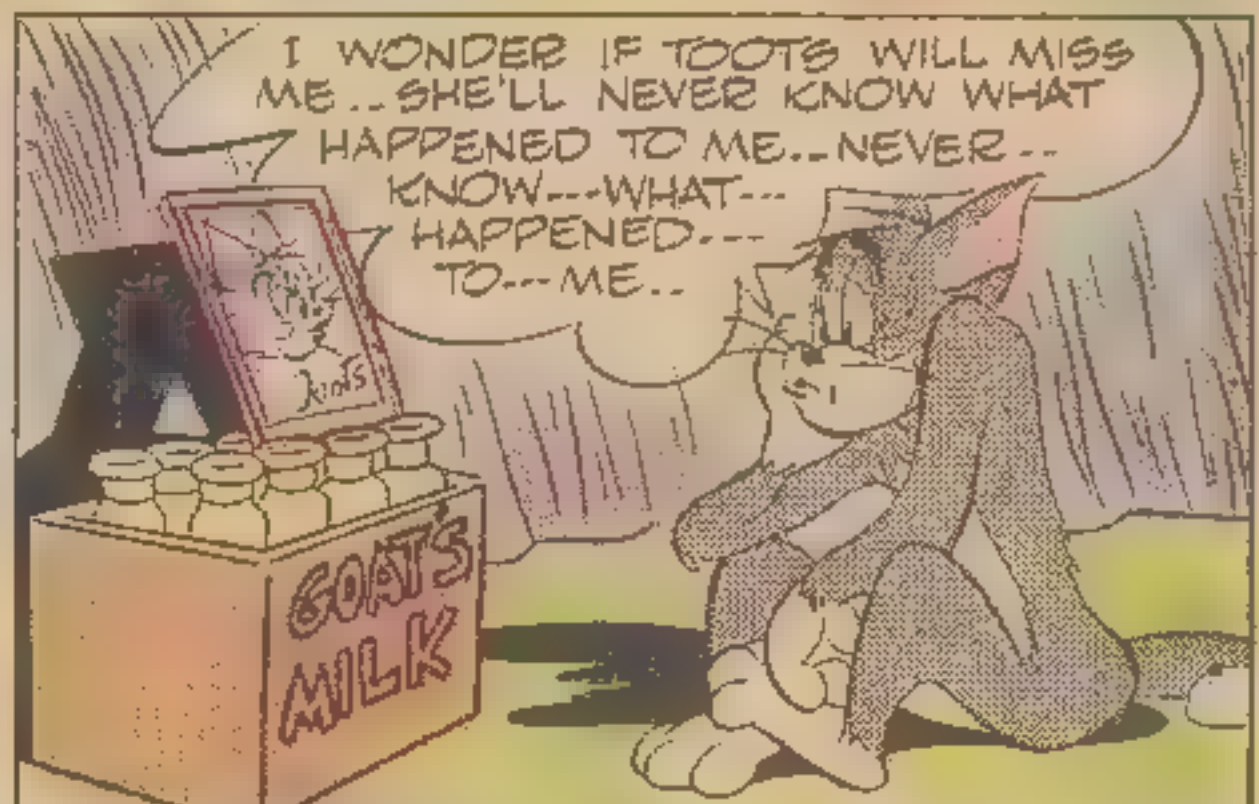
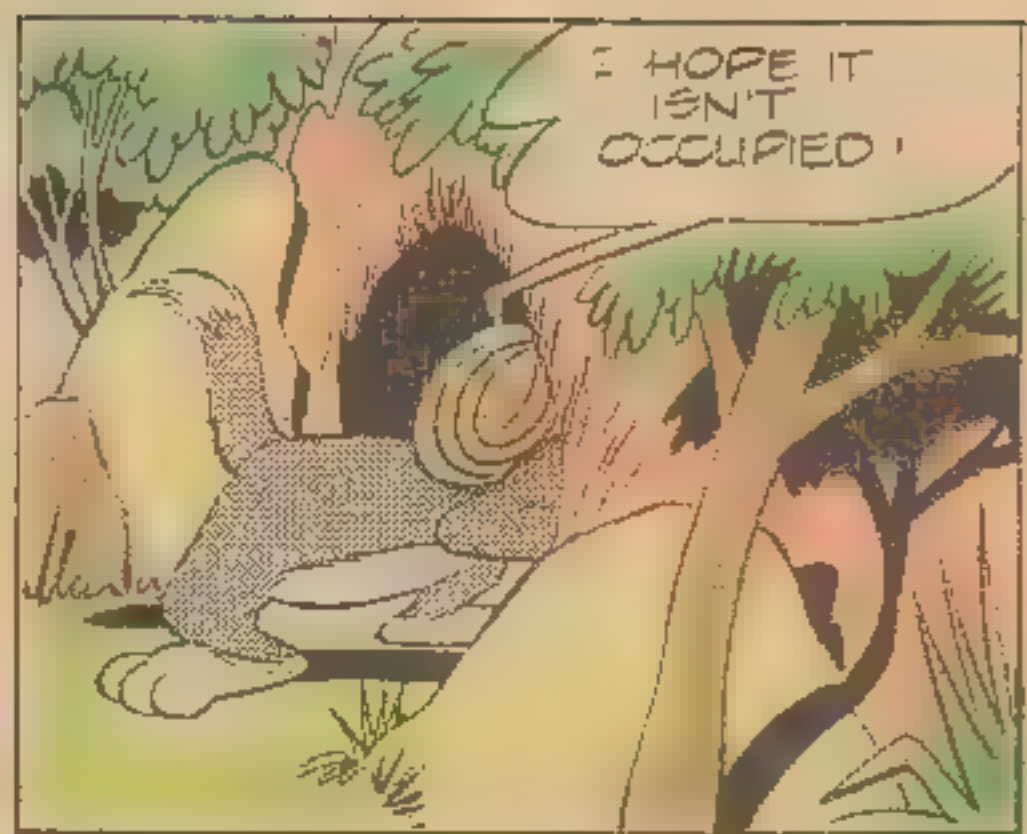
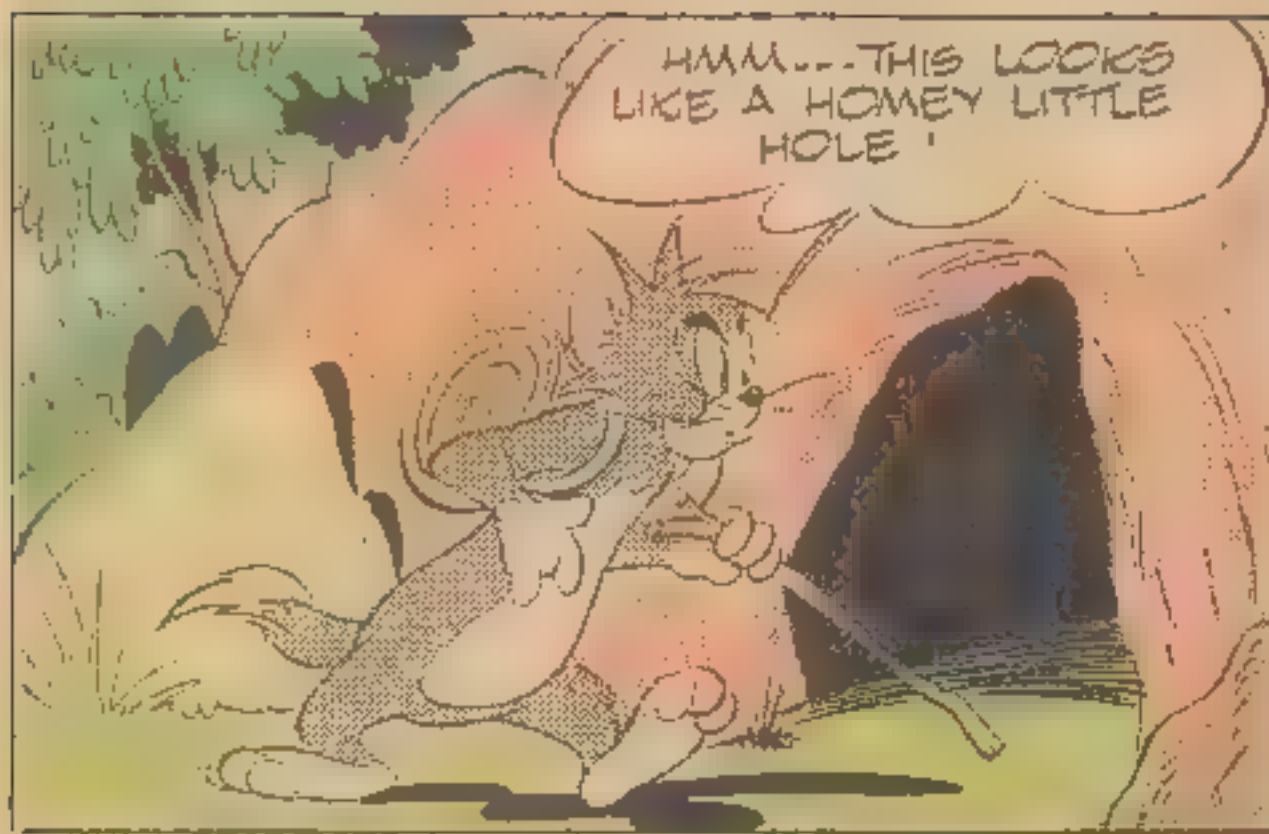


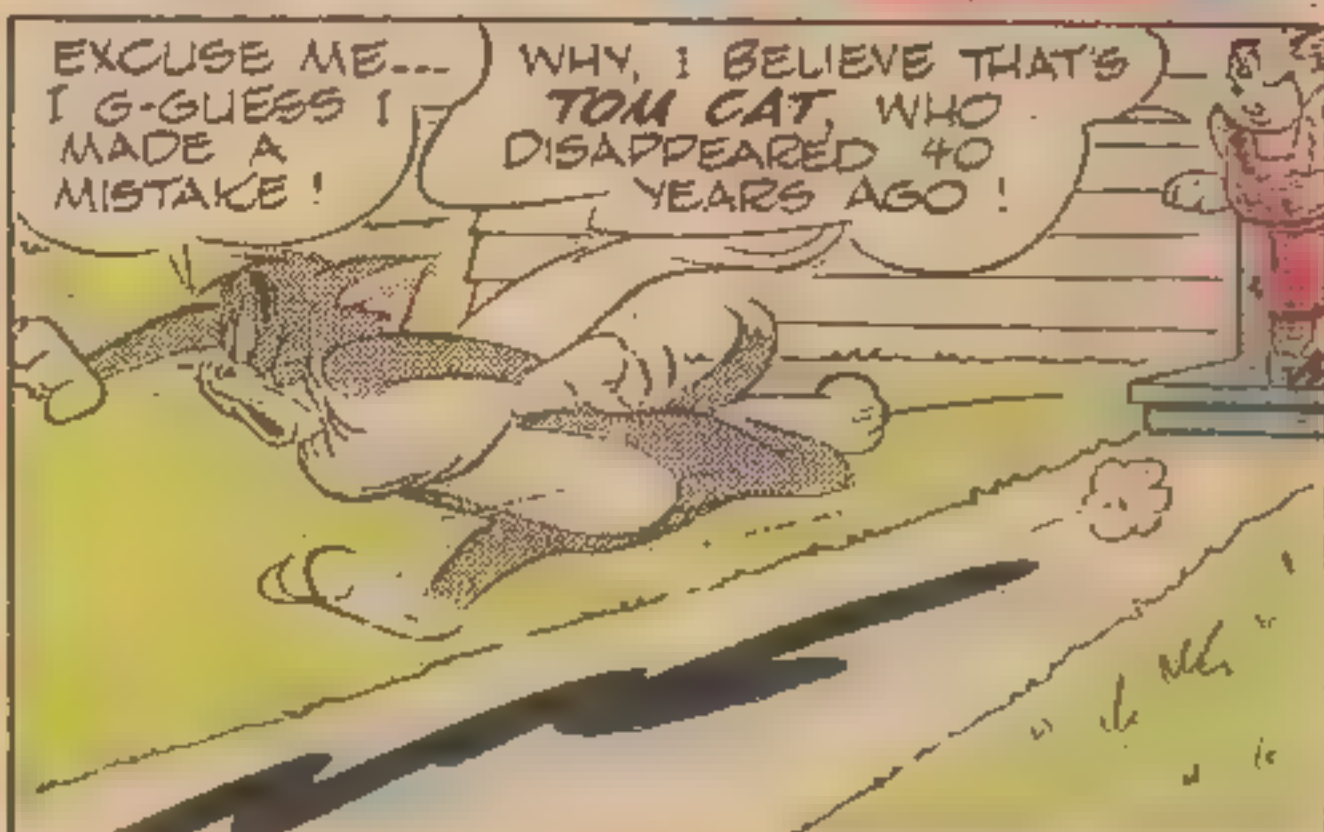
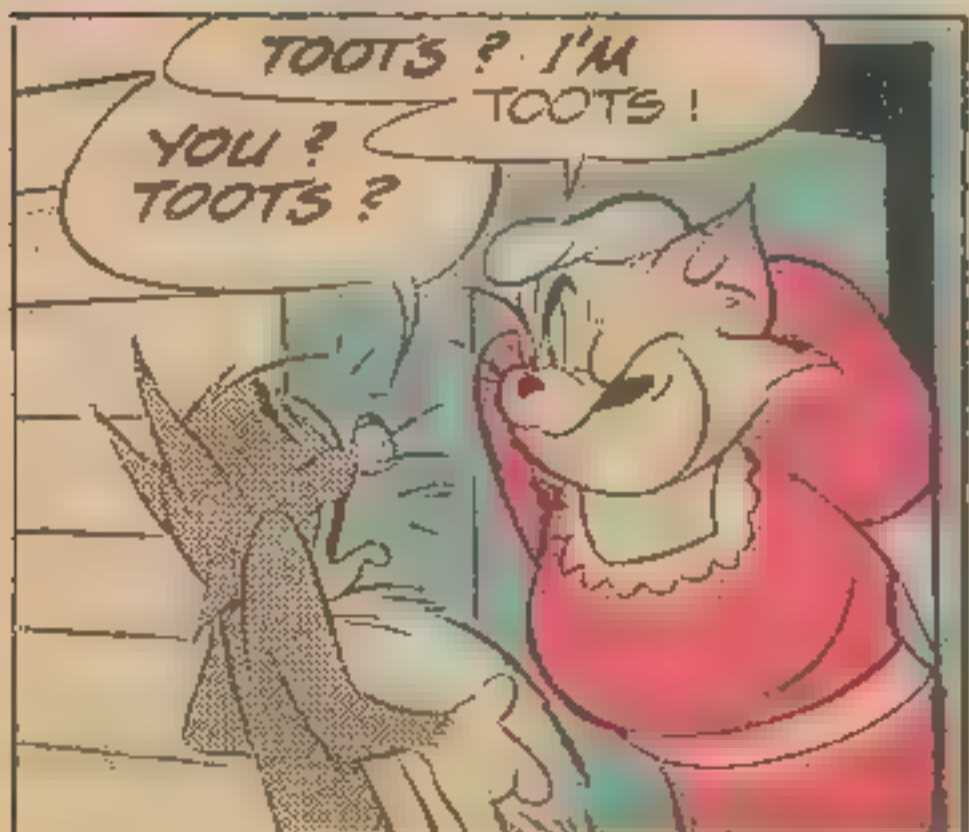
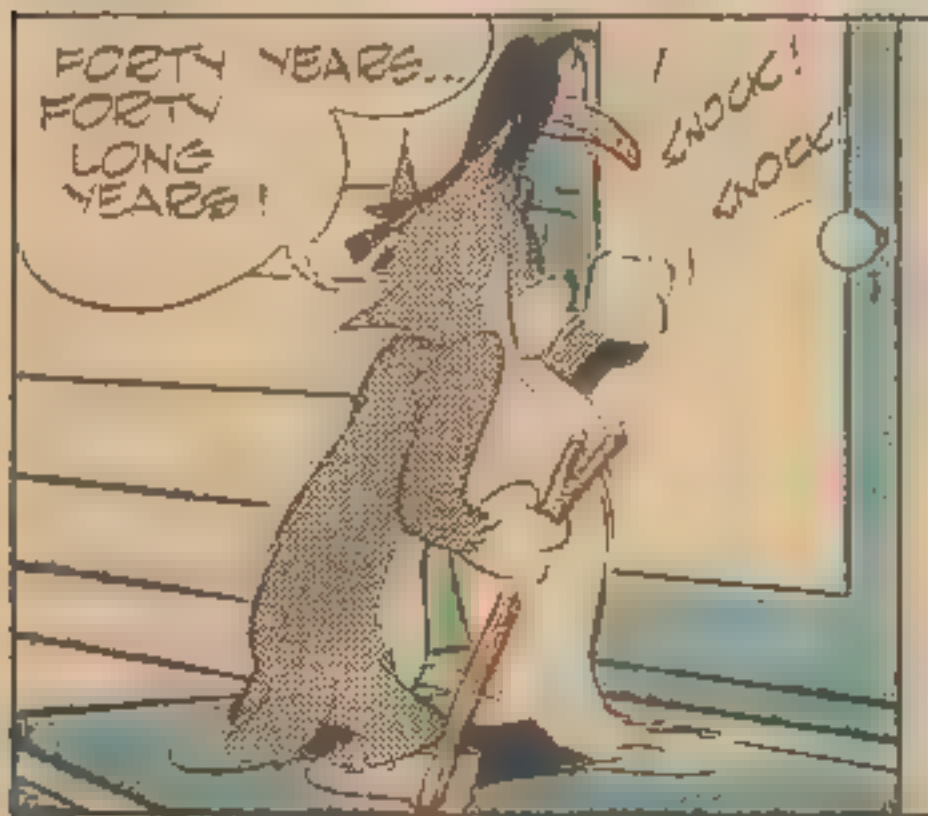
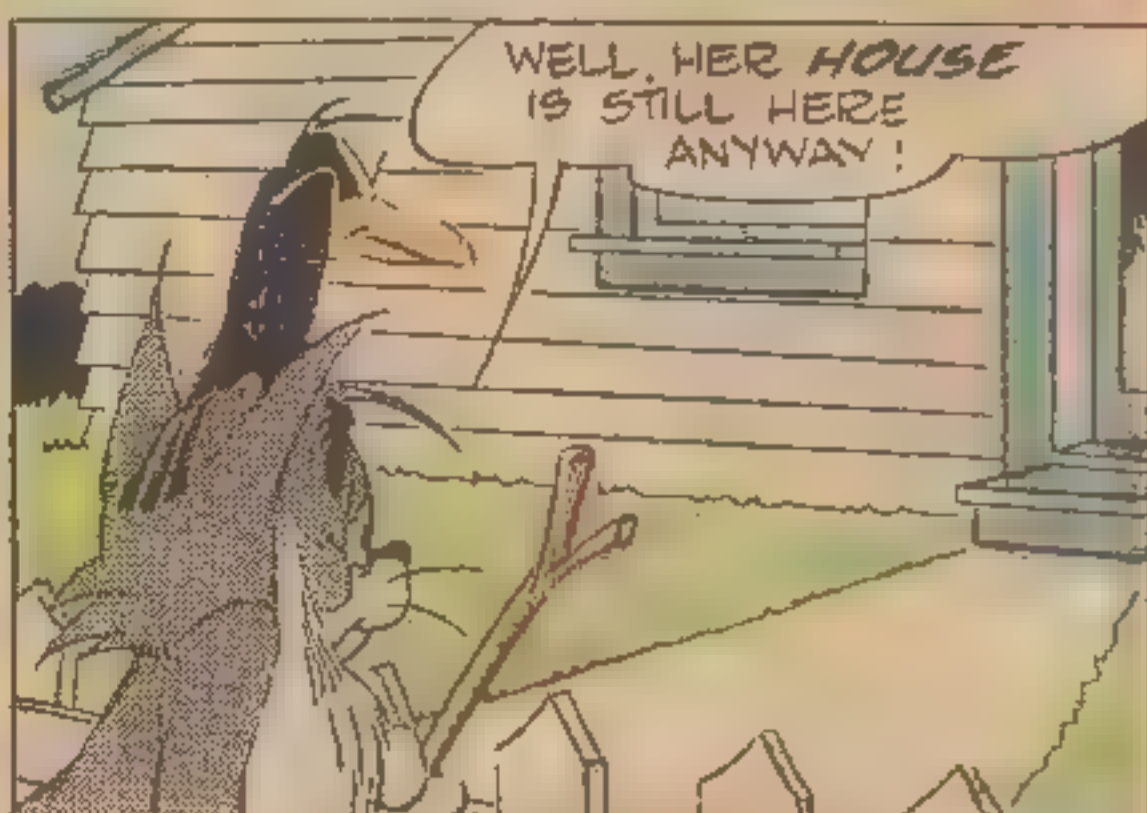
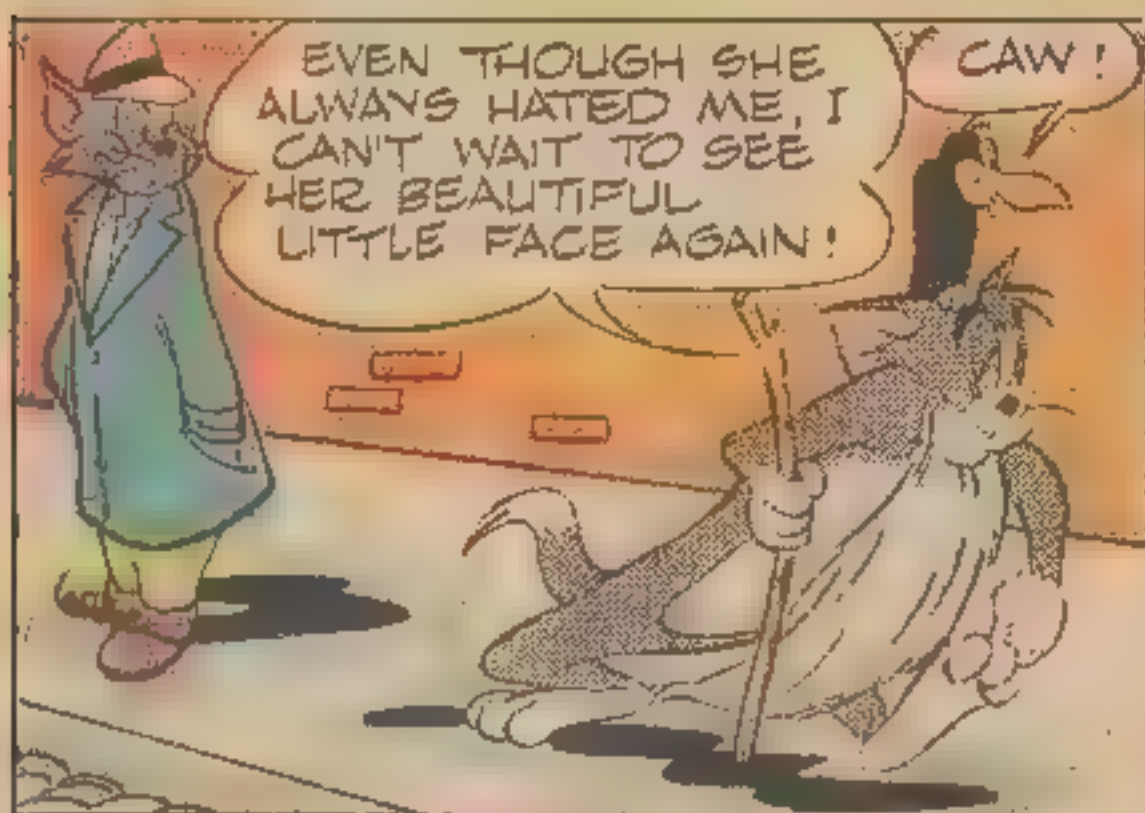
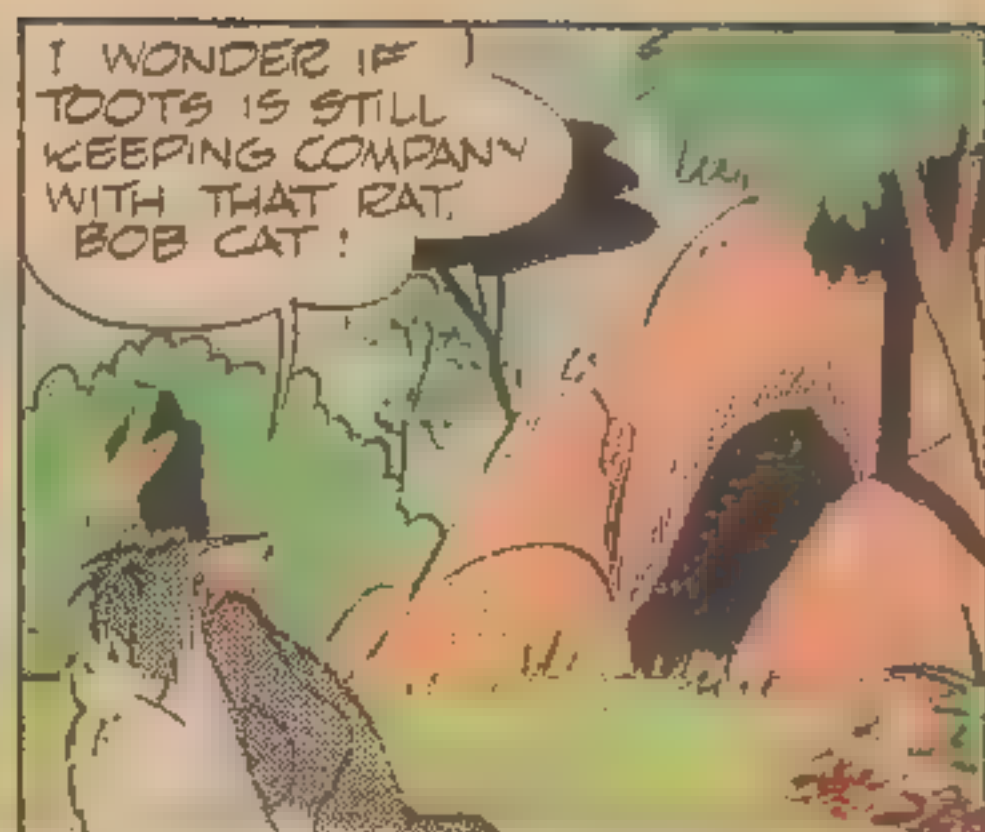
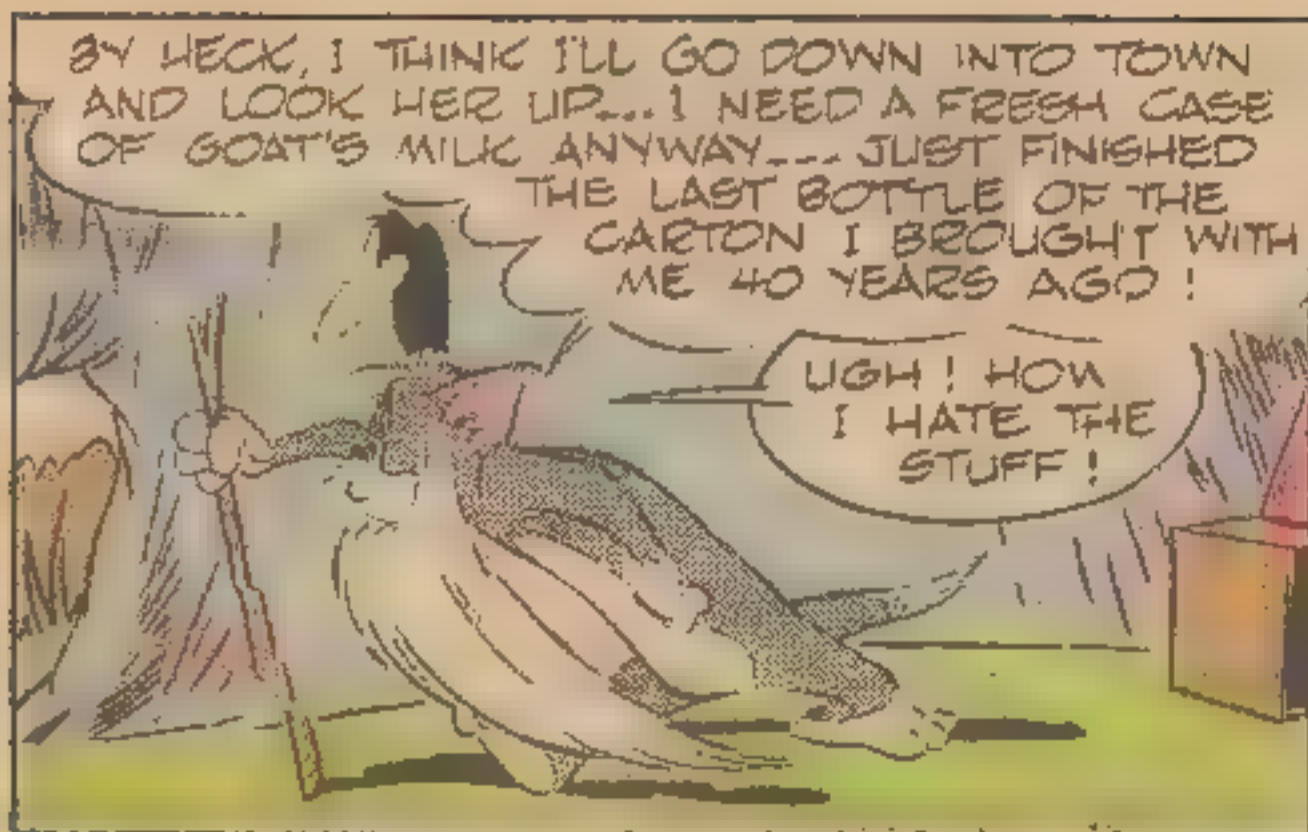


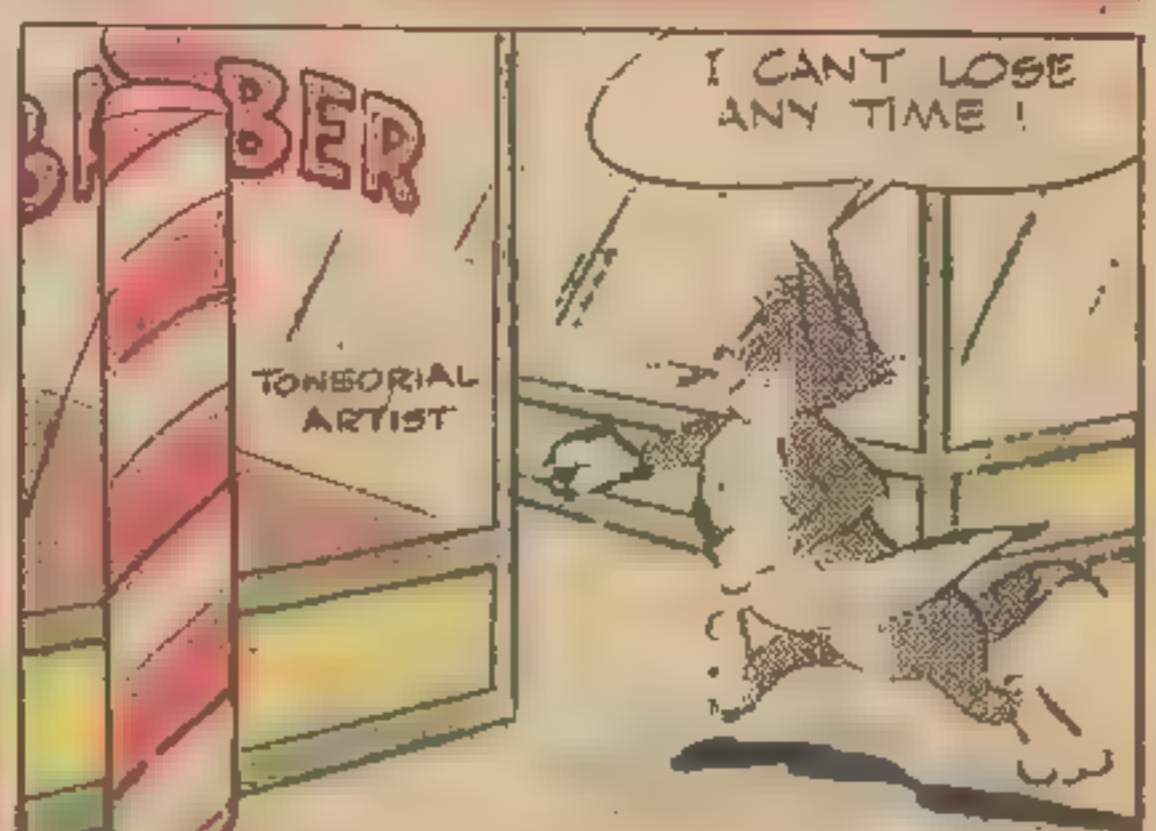
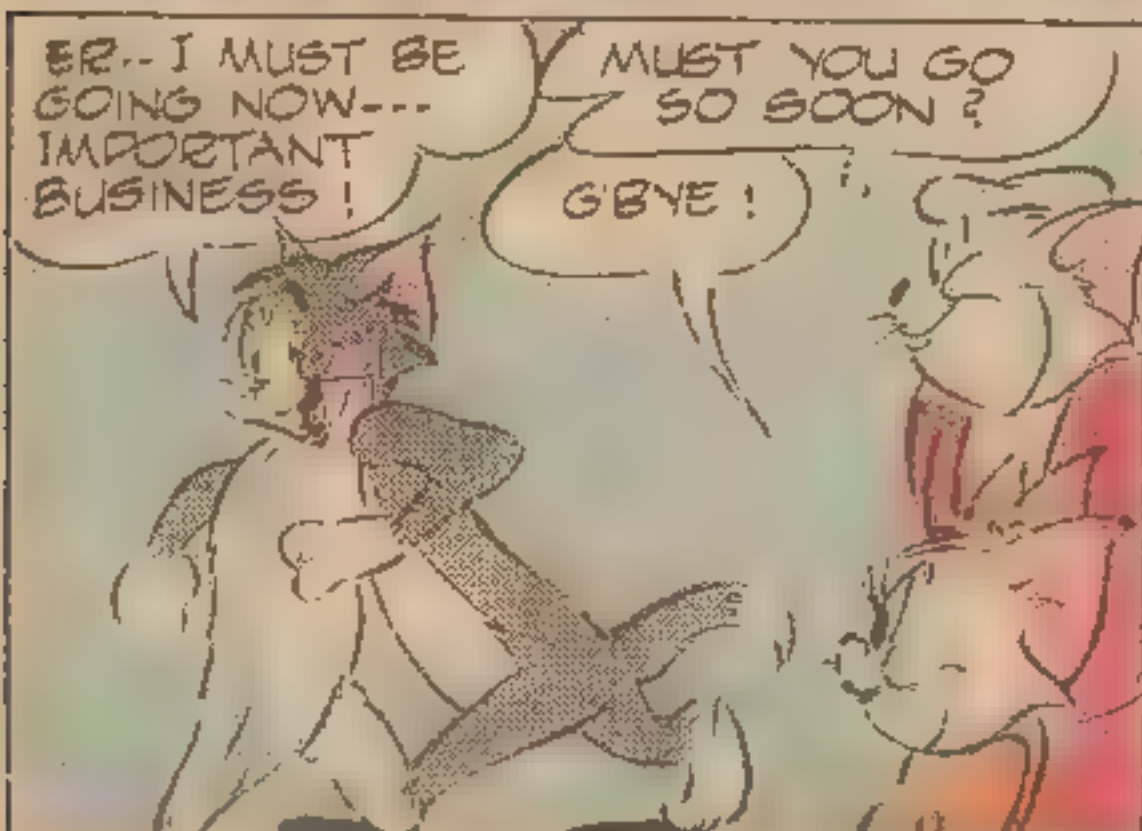
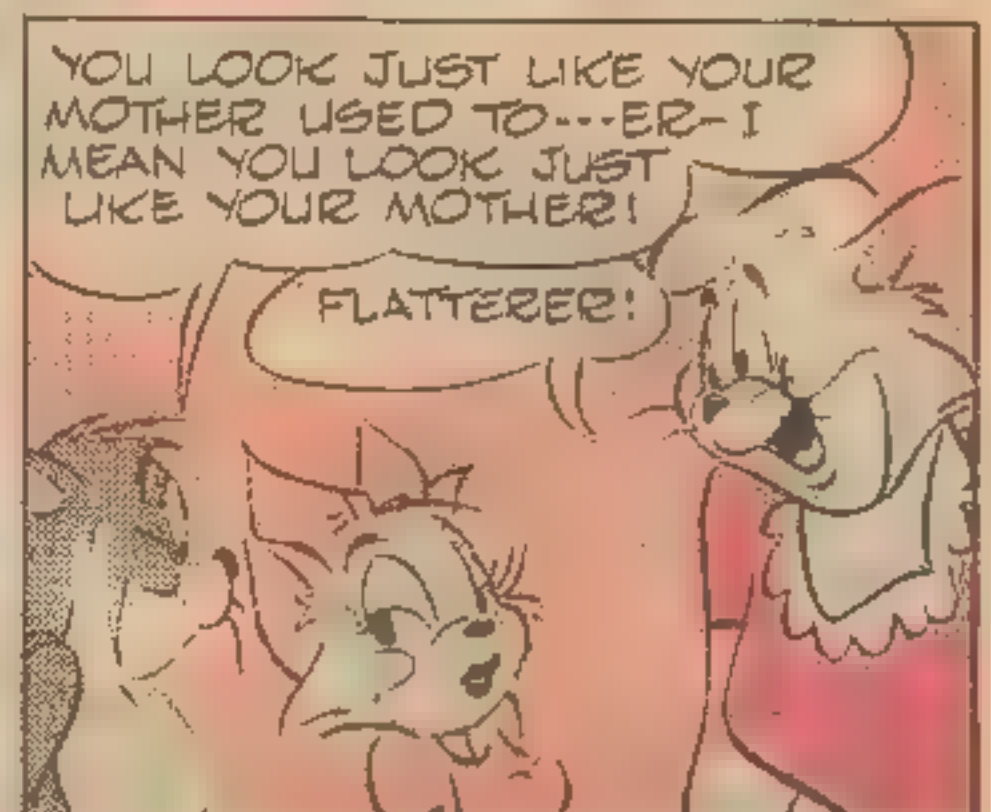
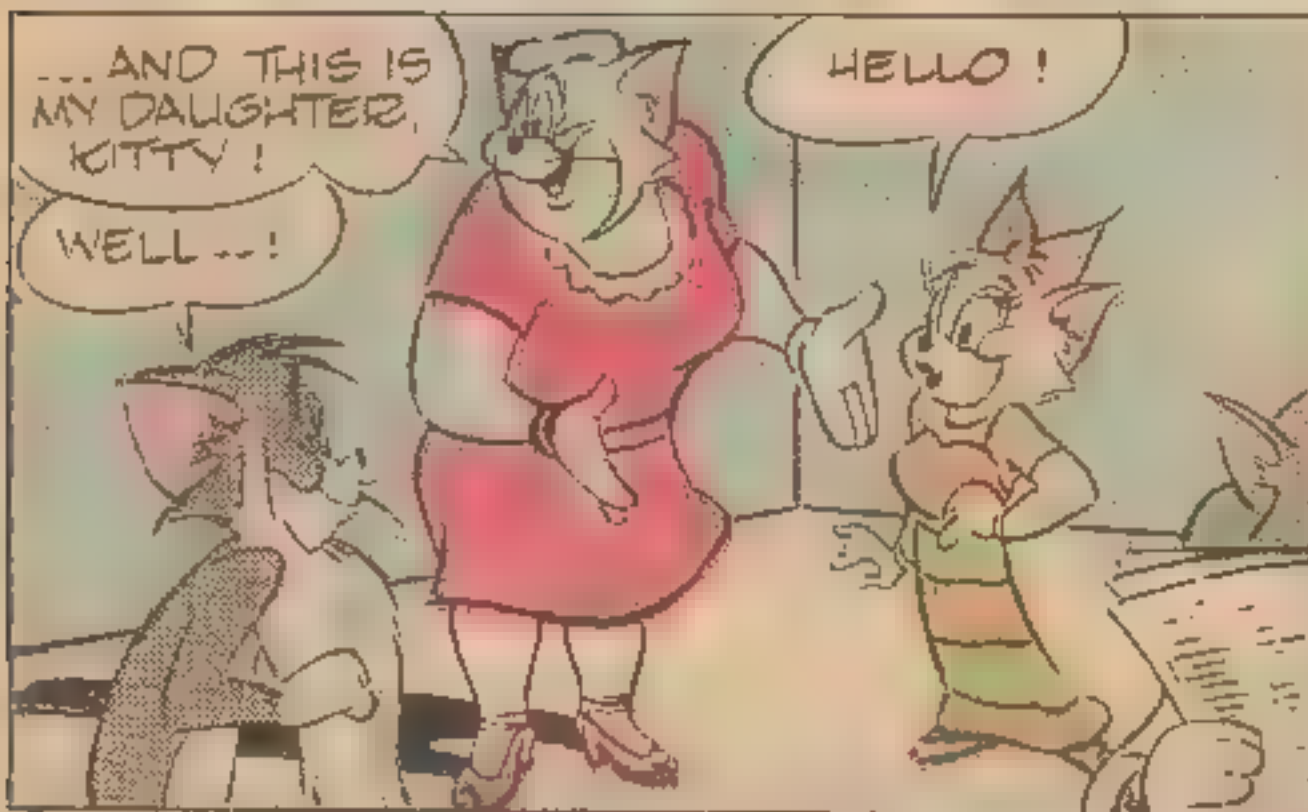
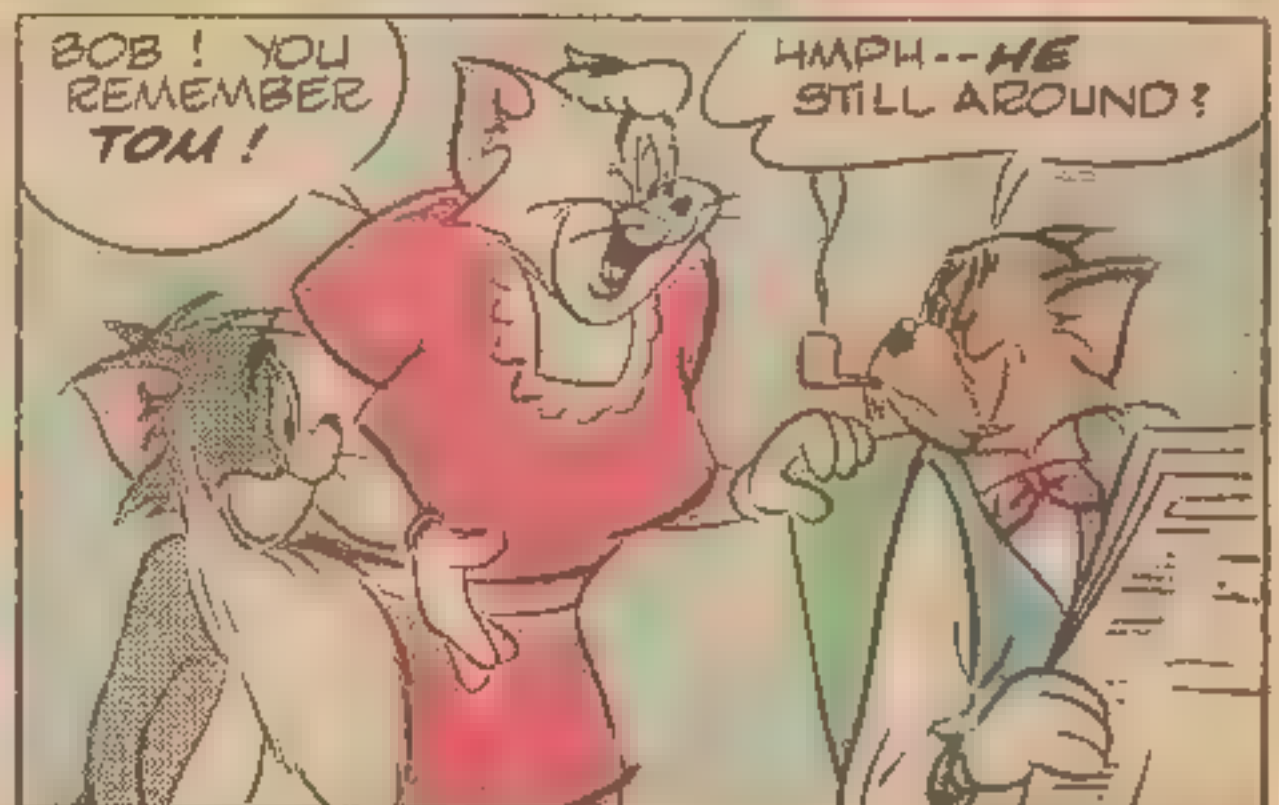
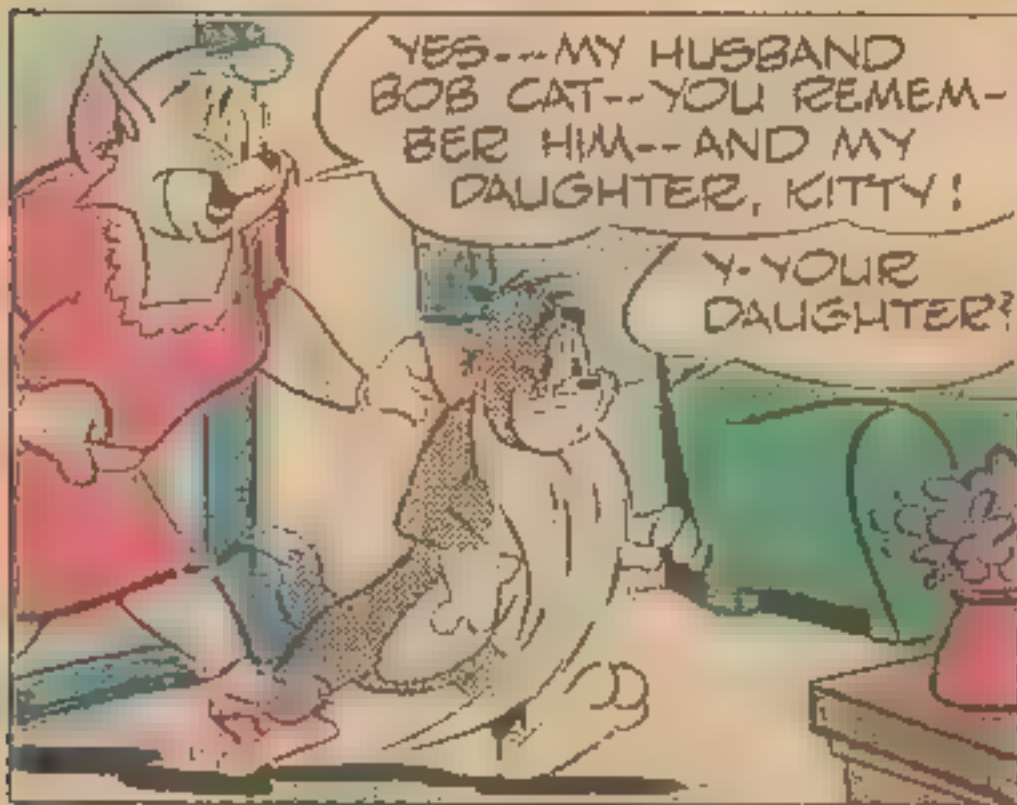
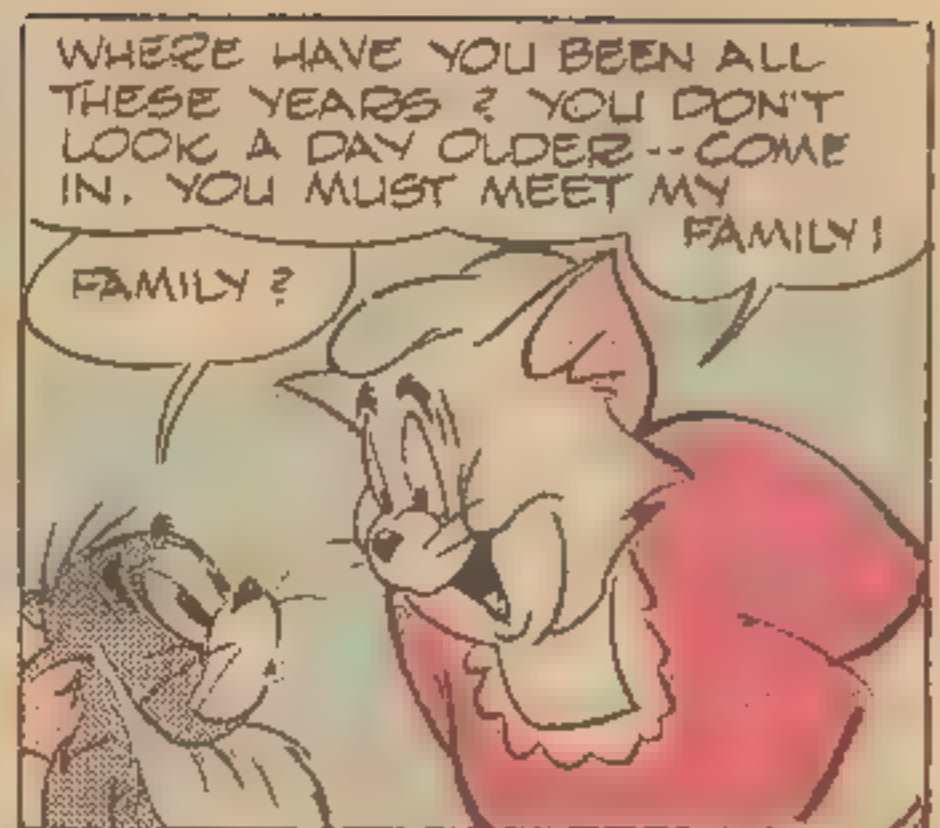
MGM presents
the **Adventures**
of **TOM**

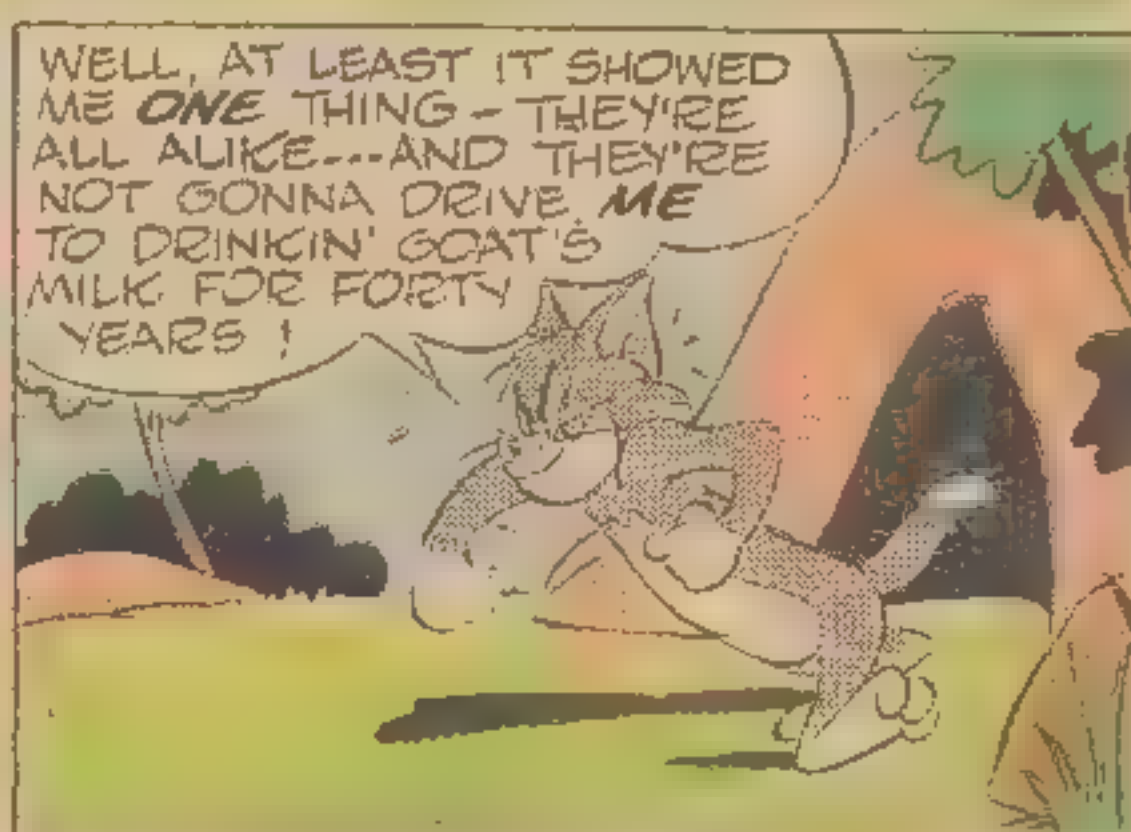
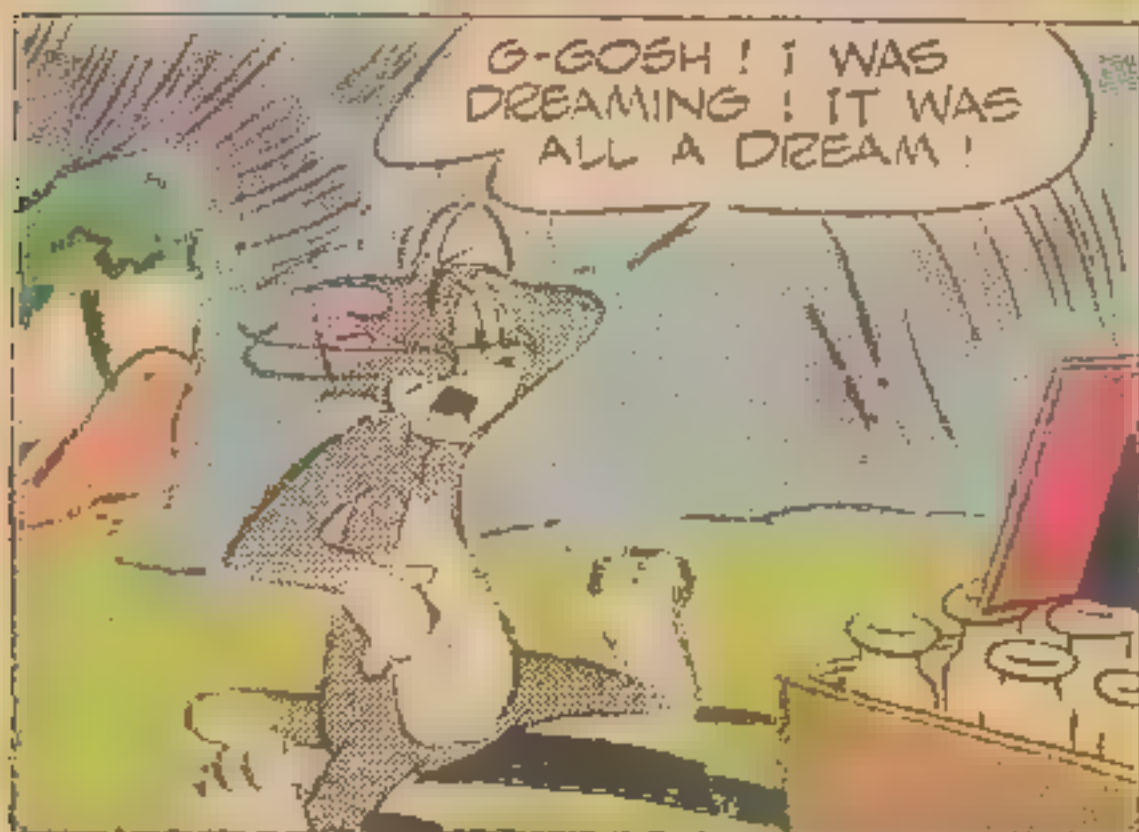
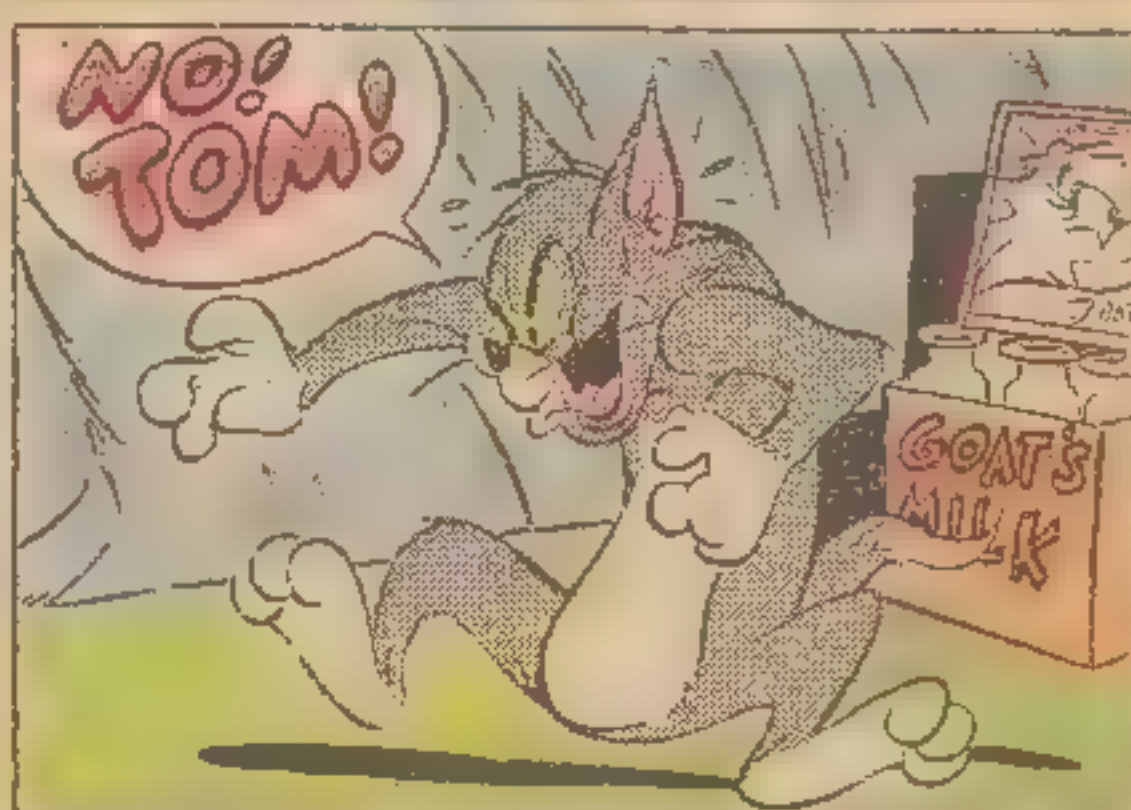
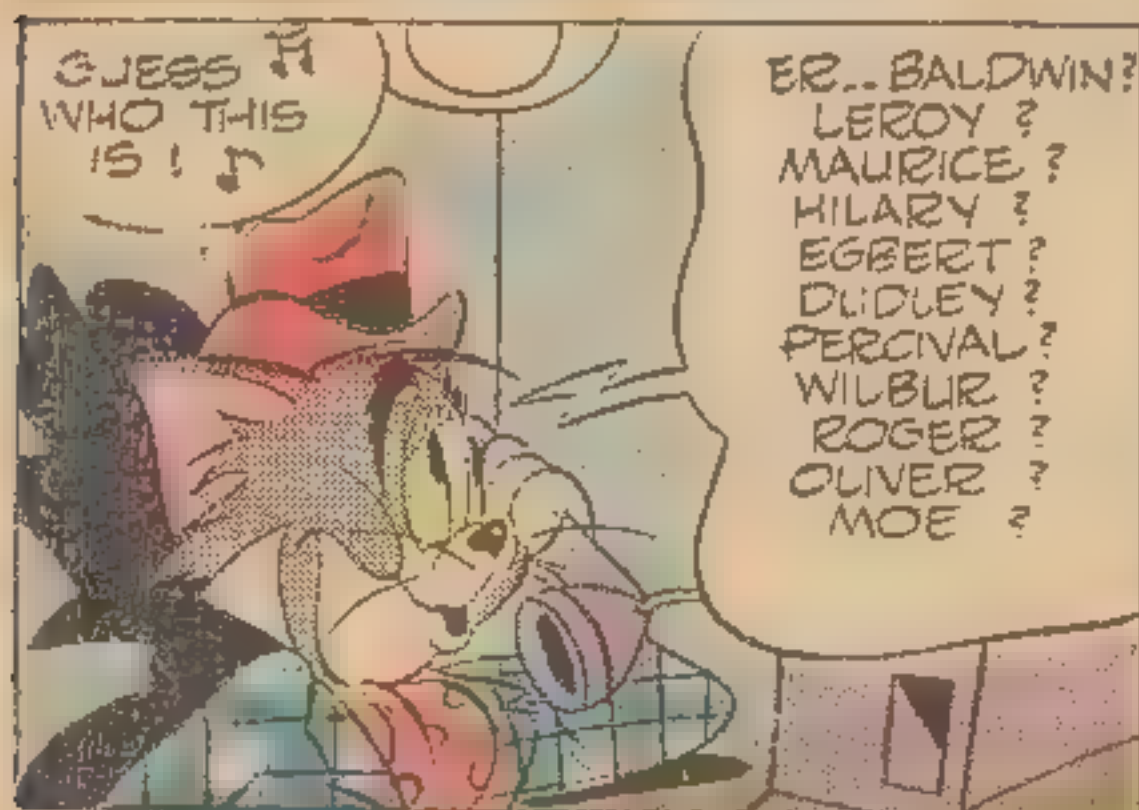
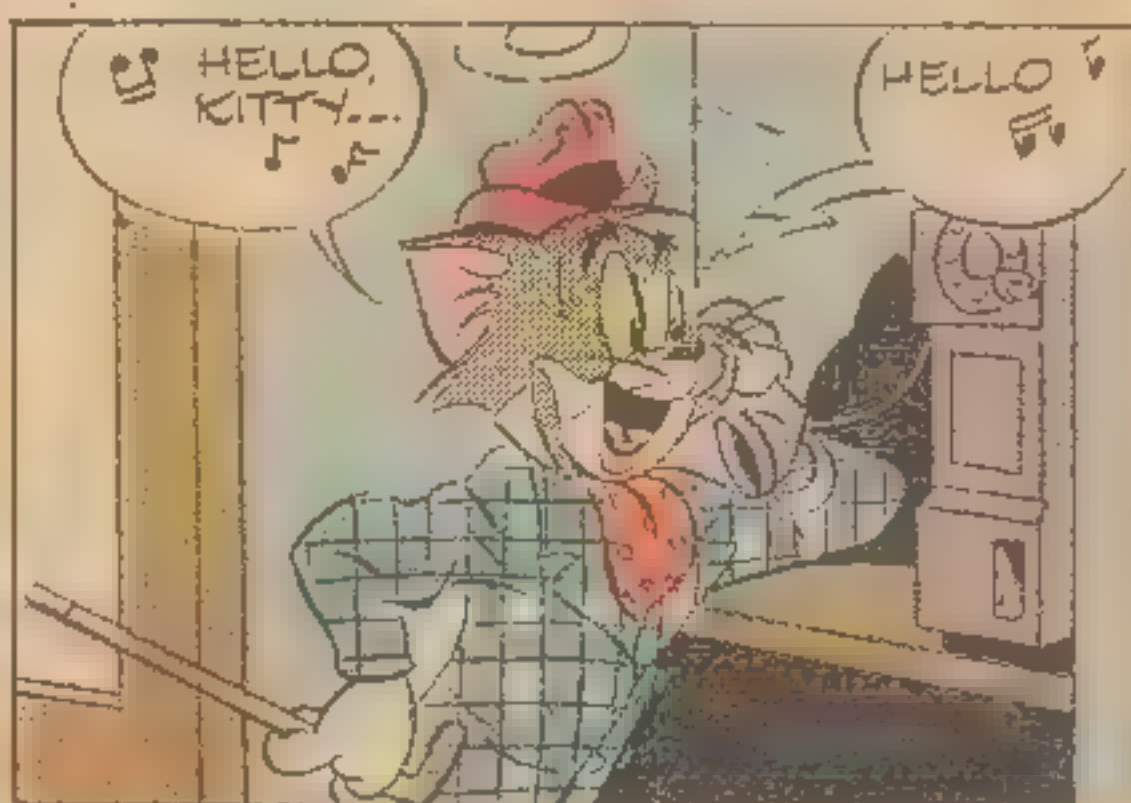
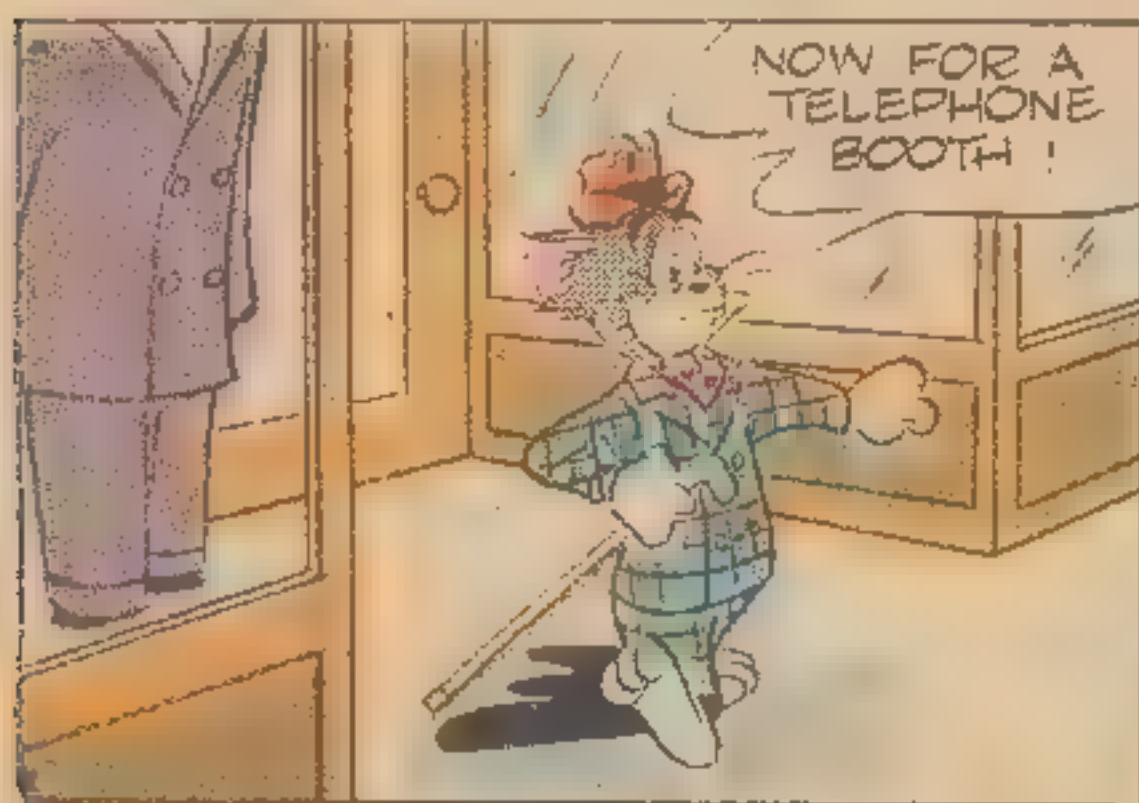
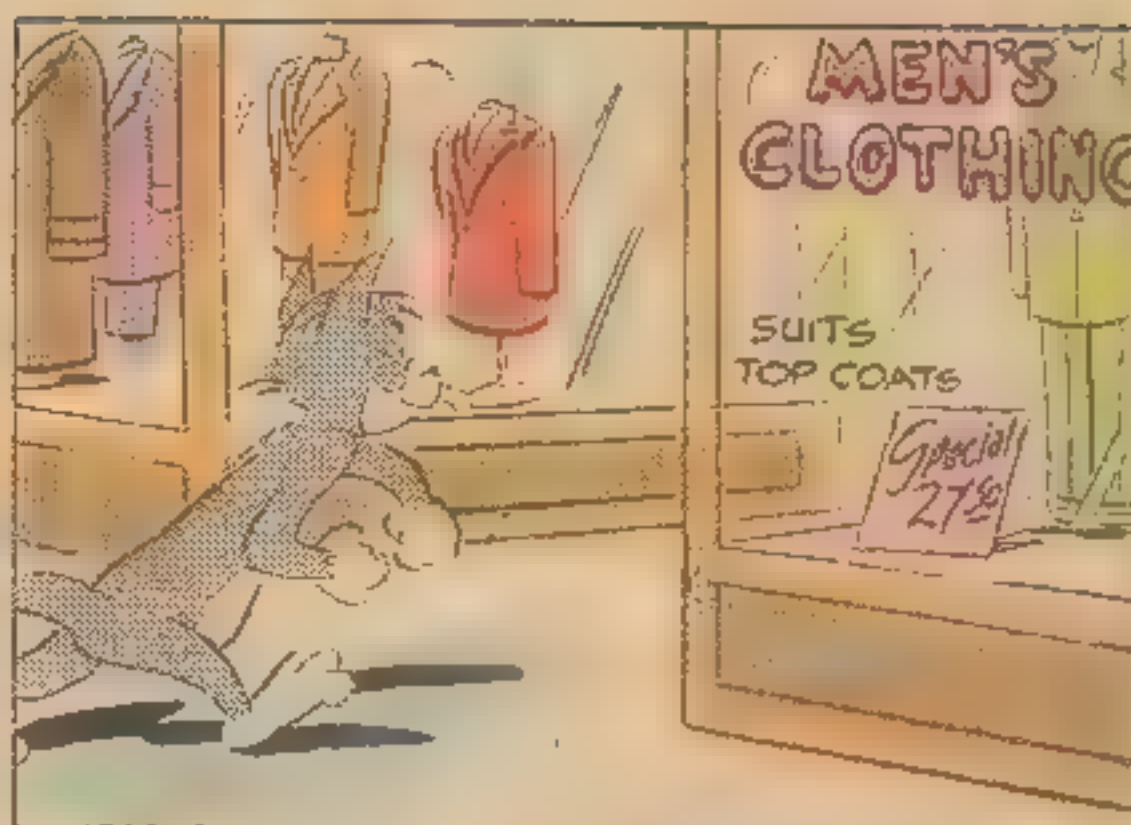
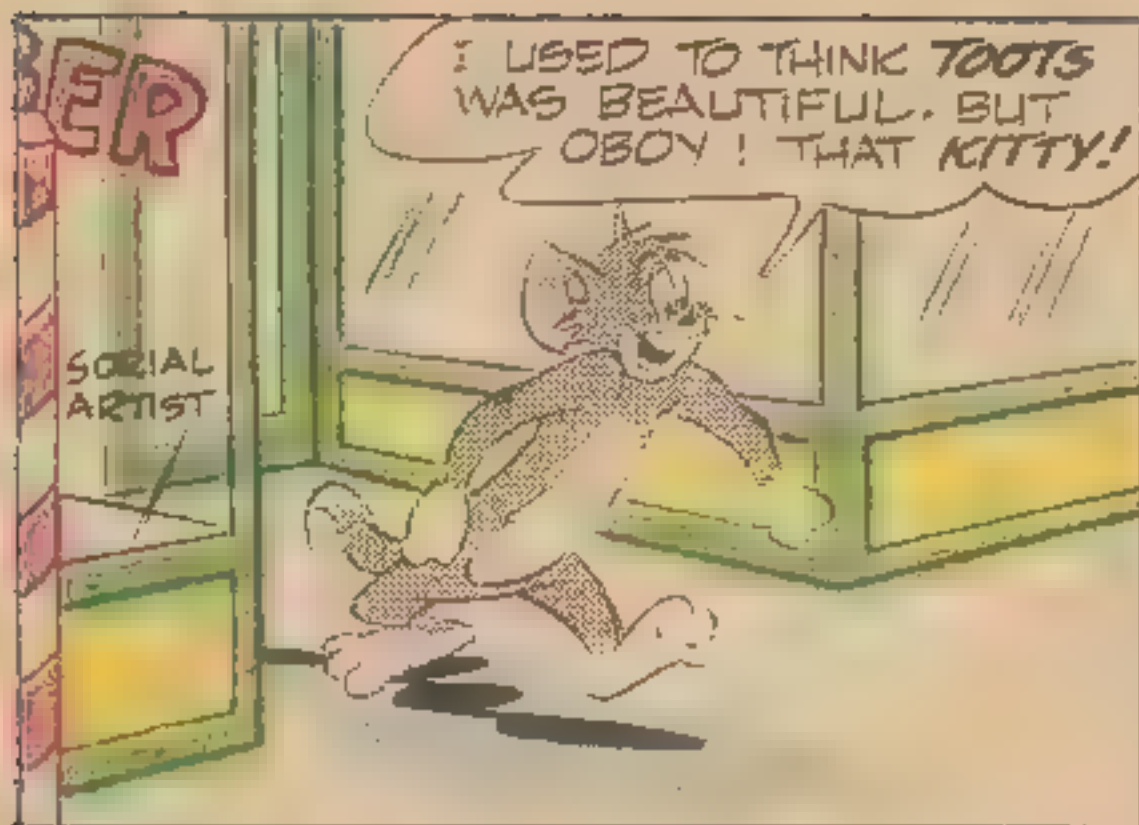




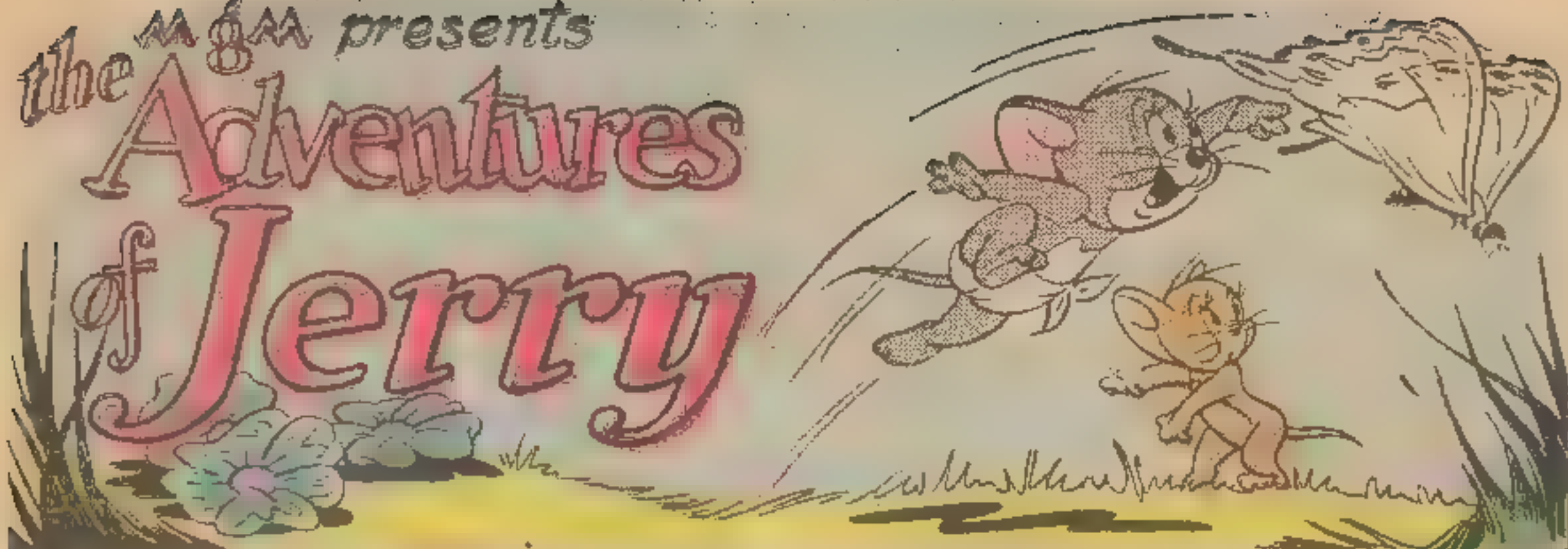








the MGM presents
**the Adventures
of Jerry**



It was a pleasant summer day and the two little mice, Jerry and Tuffy, were out in the backyard garden sniffing the flowers and chasing butterflies. They weren't really trying to catch the butterflies; they just liked to see how close they could come to them before they fluttered off.

Tuffy spied a large white butterfly swaying on a red clover flower. He crept up behind it until he was only a few inches away. He didn't expect to get so close before the butterfly discovered him, and he expected even less that the butterfly would be there when he leaped. But it was; and Tuffy was just as surprised as the butterfly to find his arms grasping a powdery, struggling thing that was much stronger than he thought. In a moment the frightened butterfly broke away from the frightened mouse, but not before its flapping wings had covered Tuffy with a fine white powder.

Jerry, hearing Tuffy's shout of surprise, came running up to find his little friend sprawled in the grass examining his powder-covered hands with wonder.

"What happened, Tuff? How'd you get that stuff all over you?" cried Jerry.

"The butterfly—it was covered with it," exclaimed Tuffy. "Do you think it'll come off?"

"Well, it came off the butterfly, didn't it?" answered Jerry.

"Funny people those butterflies," muttered Tuffy, brushing himself. "Imagine going around covered with powder!"

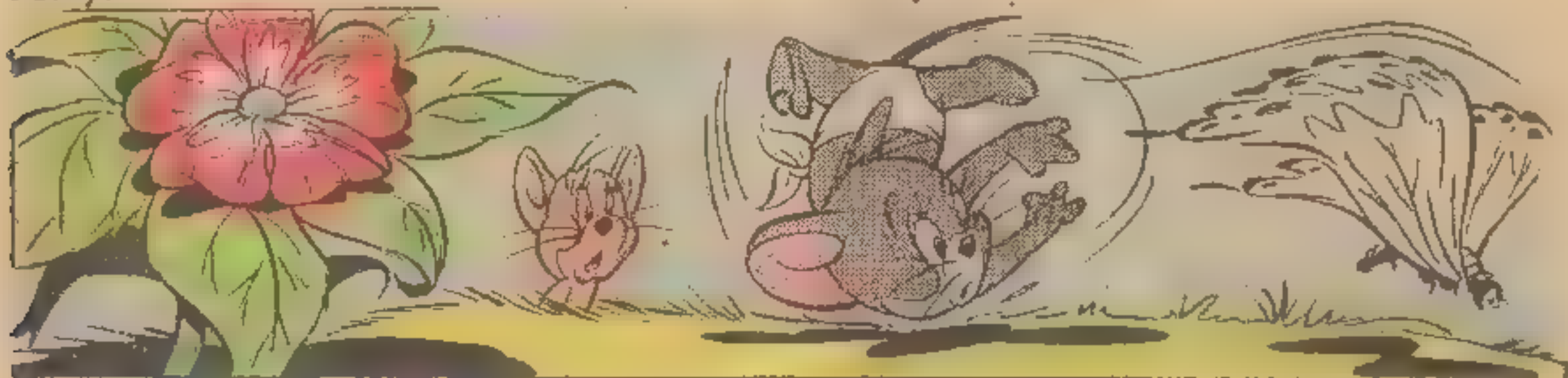
"Probably a lady butterfly," said Jerry. "All the girls use powder these days."

"Girls, bah!" said Tuffy.

"Aw, they gotta live, too," said Jerry as he wandered off in the direction of an anthill he spied in the distance.

But Tuffy decided to let butterflies alone hereafter. Still rubbing at the powder remaining on his arms, he made his way through the grass toward the back fence. He was a little ways from the hole he knew was there when he heard a faint squeak that seemed to come from the other side of the fence. He cautiously poked his head through the hole and quickly glanced around. The faint squeaking was a little louder, but he saw nothing at all.

"Sounds like somebody in trouble," muttered Tuffy. "But I don't see anybody."



The curious little mouse then crawled through the hole and softly made his way in the direction he thought the squeaking was coming from. The cries grew louder and he could make out a few words.

They were all the same: "Help! Help! Help!"

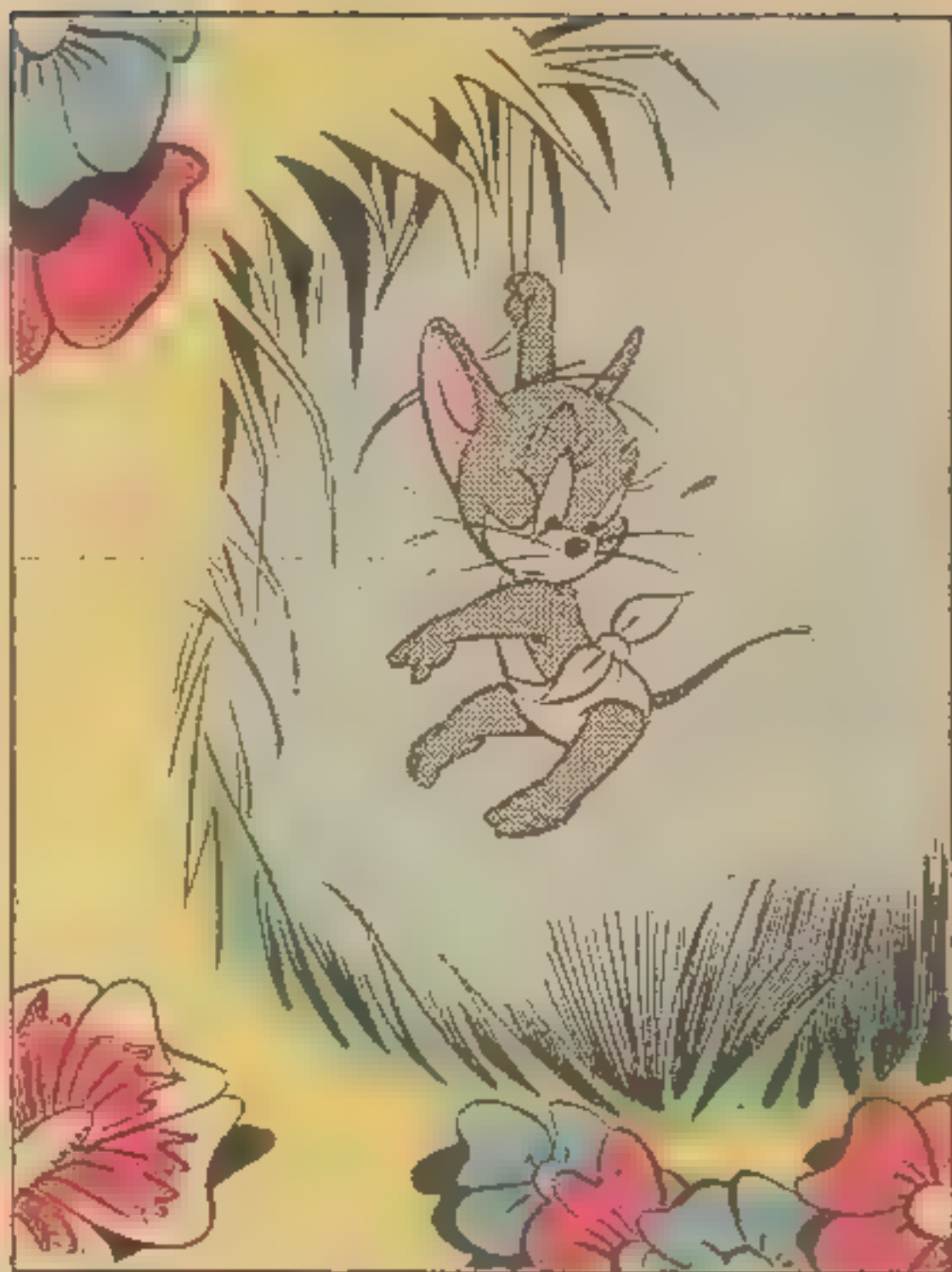
"Sure does sound like somebody in trouble," repeated Tuffy. "And it sounds very close; but I still don't see anybody."

Then suddenly Tuffy's foot slipped and he felt himself falling. Quick as a flash the little mouse grabbed at a blade of grass, and he came to a stop suspended in a hole in the ground that had been hidden from view by overgrowing grass.

Something touched his feet in the darkness below and a joyful little voice said "Oh, you've come to save me!"

Still suspended from the blade of grass, Tuffy peered down into the darkness. But, though he couldn't see a thing, he felt two little hands clutching at his feet.

"Hey, leggo!" cried Tuffy kicking away from the clutching hands. "Who are you? What're you doing down there?"



"I'm Delores. I fell down here an' couldn't get out. I—I thought you came to save me," whimpered the voice.

"Delores, huh?" said Tuffy. "Listen, Delores, grab my feet and hang on tight. I'll save you."

With the little hands holding tight to his ankles, Tuffy climbed hand over hand up the blade of grass to the edge of the hole. Then, holding on to the blade with one hand, he reached down and lifted out the stranger named Delores.

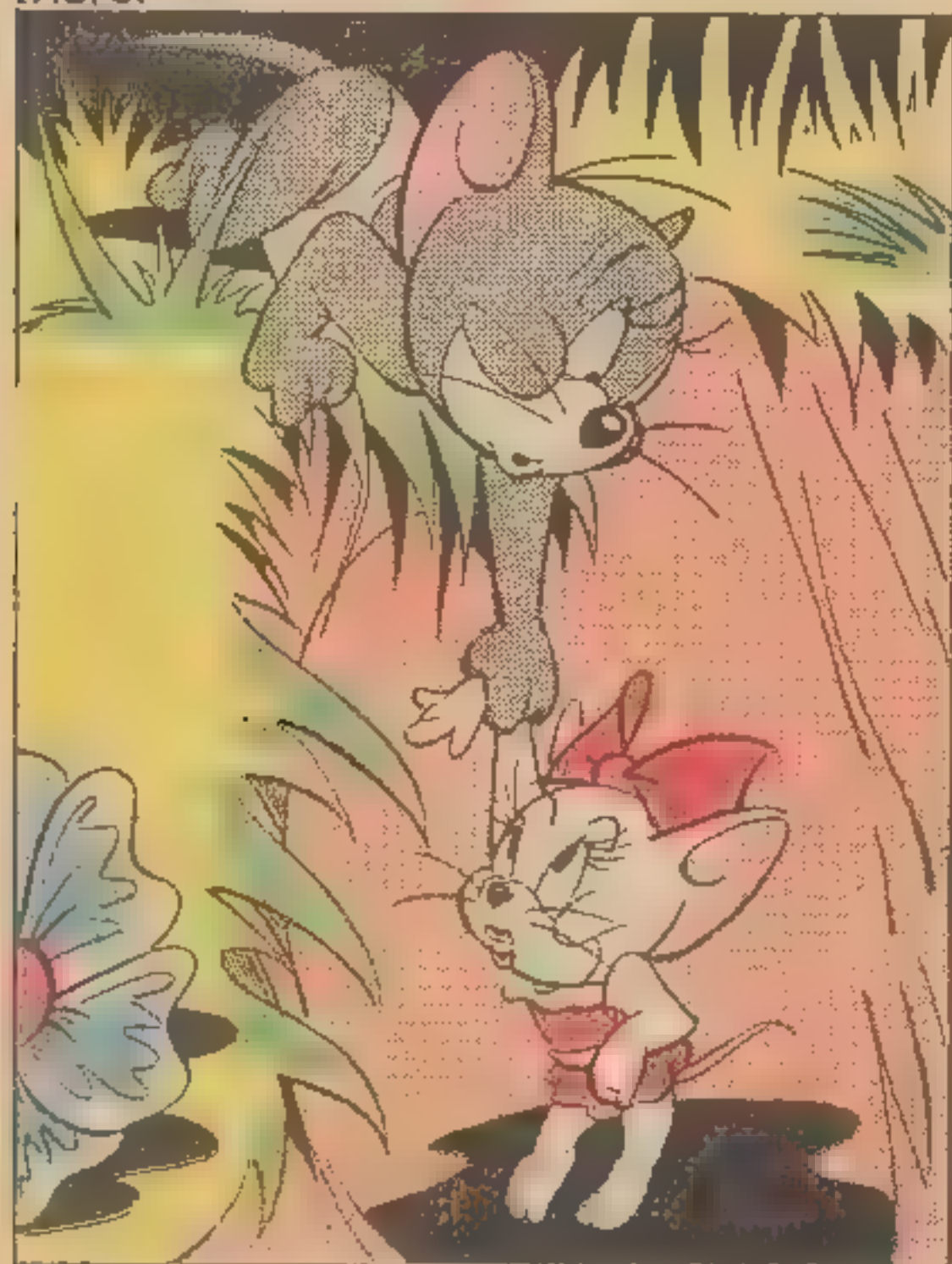
Delores was a mouse—the prettiest little girl-mouse that Tuffy had ever seen.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?" she cried, throwing her arms around Tuffy and planting a kiss on the end of his nose. "I would have been in that awful hole FOREVER if it wasn't for you!"

"Aw, it was nothing," stammered Tuffy. "I just happened to be passing by and—"

"Oh, but you saved my life, you great big brave little mouse!" cried Delores, admiringly.

"Hey, what's going on here?" said a





voice over near the fence. Tuffy and Delores turned to see Jerry walking toward them. He had heard the voices from the other side of the fence and immediately recognized one of them as Tuffy's.

"Er—Delores, this is my friend Jerry," said Tuffy. "We sorta room together in the big house behind that fence."

"Hello, Jerry," said Delores. "Your friend Tuffy just saved my life. He's the bravest mouse I ever saw—!"

"What'd he do," said Jerry, "beat off a ferocious butterfly?"

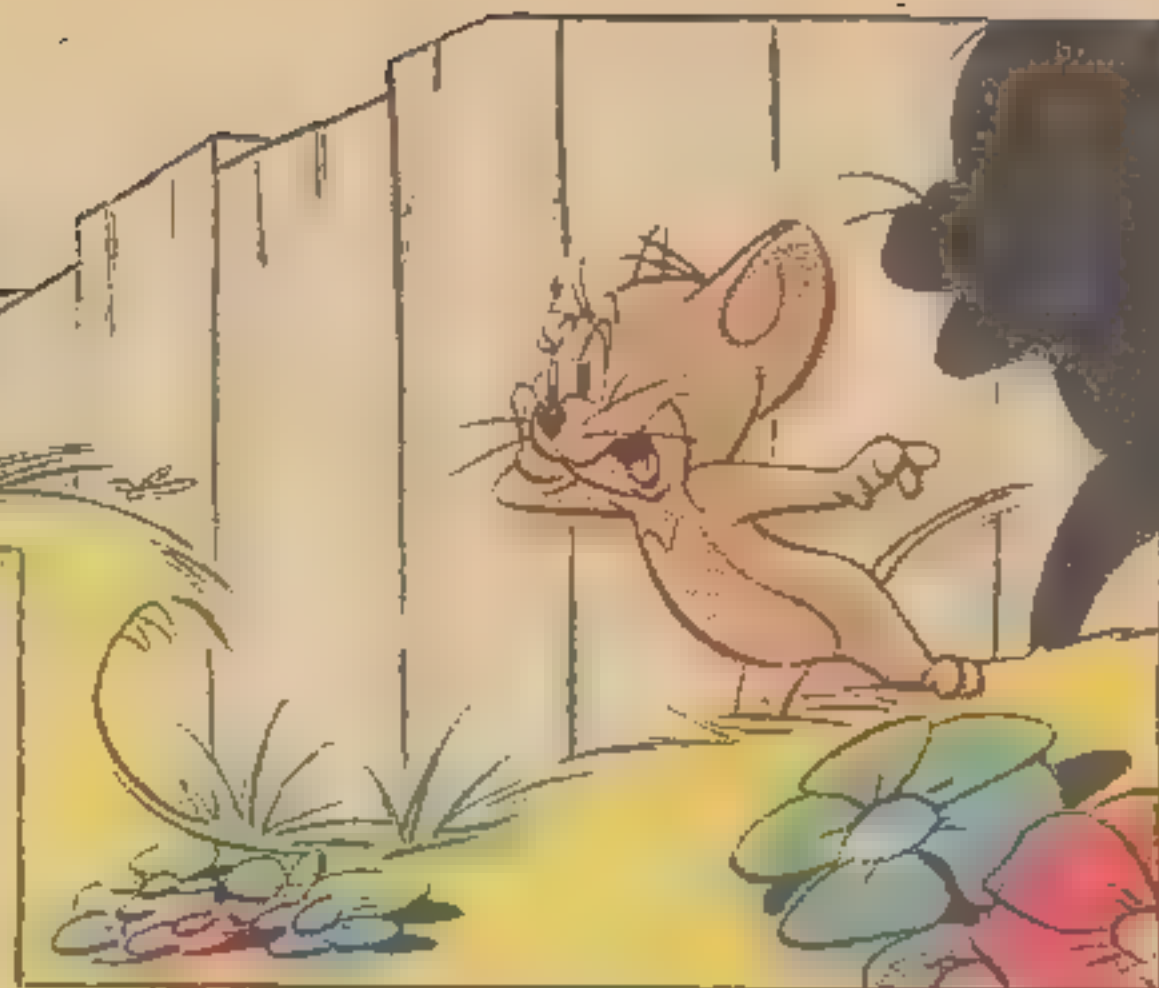
"No, smarty," pouted Delores. "He got me up out of that awful hole that's miles an' miles deep. He's a HERO!"

"Aw, it was nothing," said Tuffy blushing.

"But I don't know how to get home," cried Delores suddenly. "I was LOST before I fell down that hole."

"Well, maybe you can describe your house to us," said Jerry. "We know this neighborhood pretty good and will take you home."

"Now let's see," said Delores, cocking her head to one side very prettily. "It's a big house with a roof and windows—and a door, and—"



"Ahem," interrupted Jerry, "maybe you can tell us what color it is, Delores."

"Yes," squeaked Delores, "it's white with blue trimming and—"

"Ah! That's the house on the corner, I bet!" cried Jerry. "It's the only house of that color on the block."

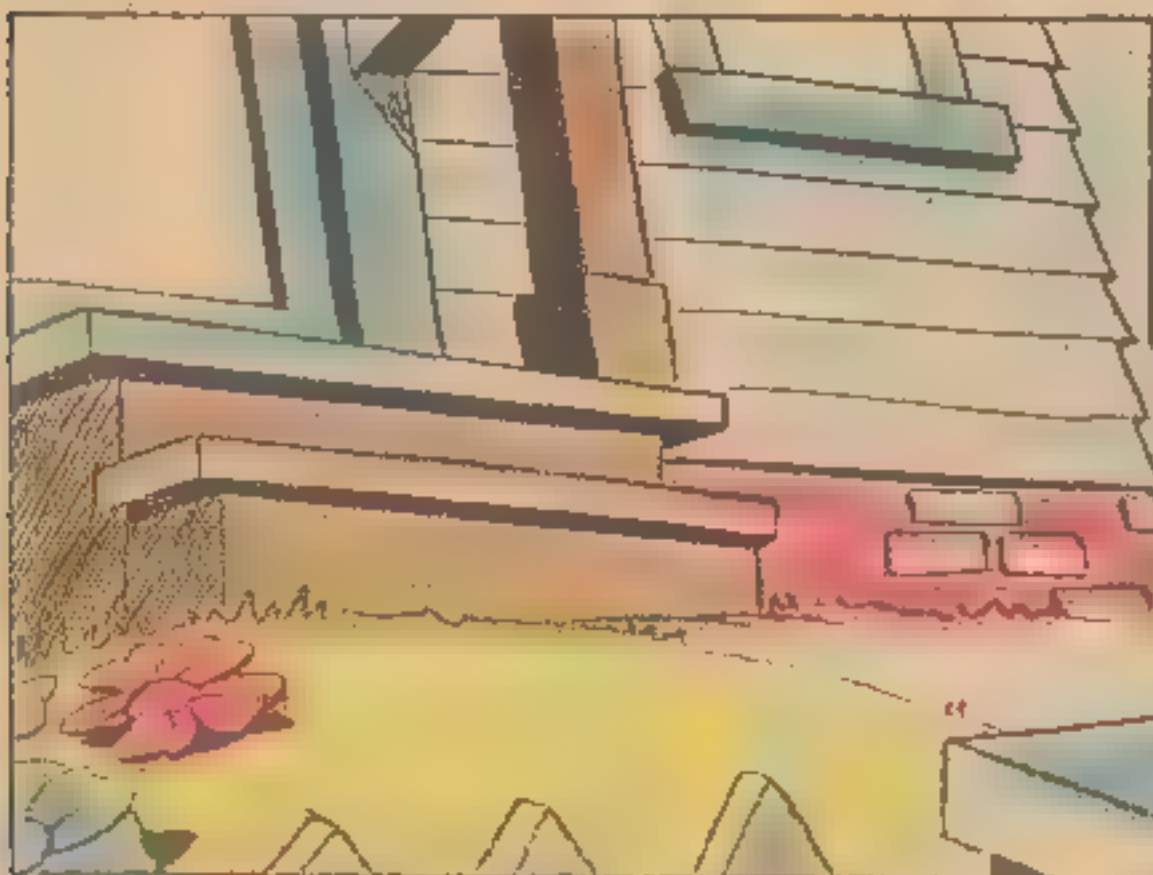
"I know where it is! I'LL take you home!" cried Tuffy.

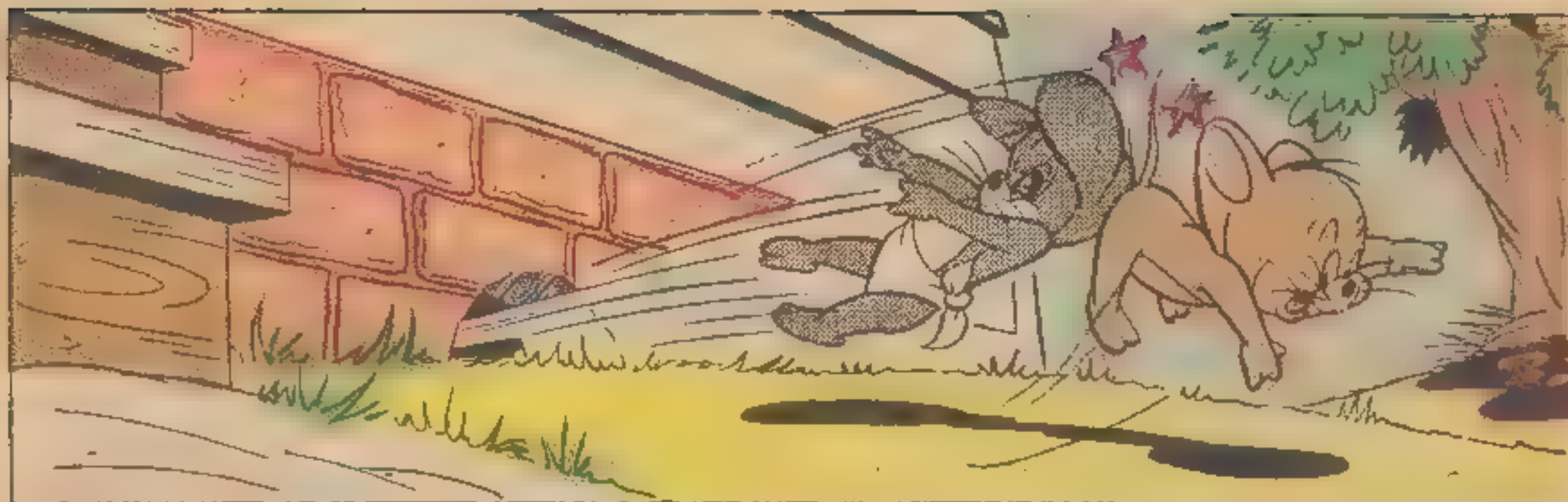
"But it's quite a ways from here," said Jerry. "Maybe we'd BOTH better go with Delores."

"Huh!" scoffed Tuffy. "What's there to be afraid of? C'mon, Delores—s'long, Jerry. See you later."

Jerry looked after the two little mice with a troubled expression. He could think of lots of things that might happen to them on the long trip to the white house down on the corner. "I'll follow behind them," said Jerry, "just in case. I'll stay out of sight and Tuffy won't know the difference."

Through grass, under fences, around stones, and over fallen branches the little travelers went. And Jerry, a short distance behind, couldn't help hearing what Tuffy and Delores were saying to





each other.

"Your friend Jerry is a little timid, isn't he?" said Delores.

"Aw, Jerry's all right," said Tuffy. "But EVERYBODY can't be brave, I guess."

"He's not very good-looking," continued Delores.

"Aw, EVERYBODY can't be handsome," said Tuffy, hitching up his diaper self-consciously.

Delores's merry little laugh tinkled back to Jerry. He had to hold his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing.

Finally they came to the big house on the corner, and Jerry could hear Delores squeak with joy when she recognized her home. She ran directly to a small hole in the foundation and disappeared into it, and Tuffy, who was close behind, followed. Then Jerry strolled up and stood outside; he didn't quite know what to do.

"I guess I'll wait around till he comes out," said Jerry. "I'll tell him I just happened to be passing by."

Suddenly Jerry heard a commotion inside the hole, a loud squeaking and thrashing about, and then somebody flew out and fell against Jerry, throwing him to the ground.

Jerry sat up and looked at the person who had knocked him down. It was Tuffy, and he had a great big black eye. Then a huge, tough-looking mouse stalked out of the hole and stood over Tuffy.

"Listen, you," he said, "if I ever catch you running around with my girl friend again, I'll give you something worse than a black eye!"

"You and how many other rats?" said Jerry getting to his feet and facing him.

"Oh, YOU want something, too!" said the tough mouse lunging belligerently at Jerry.

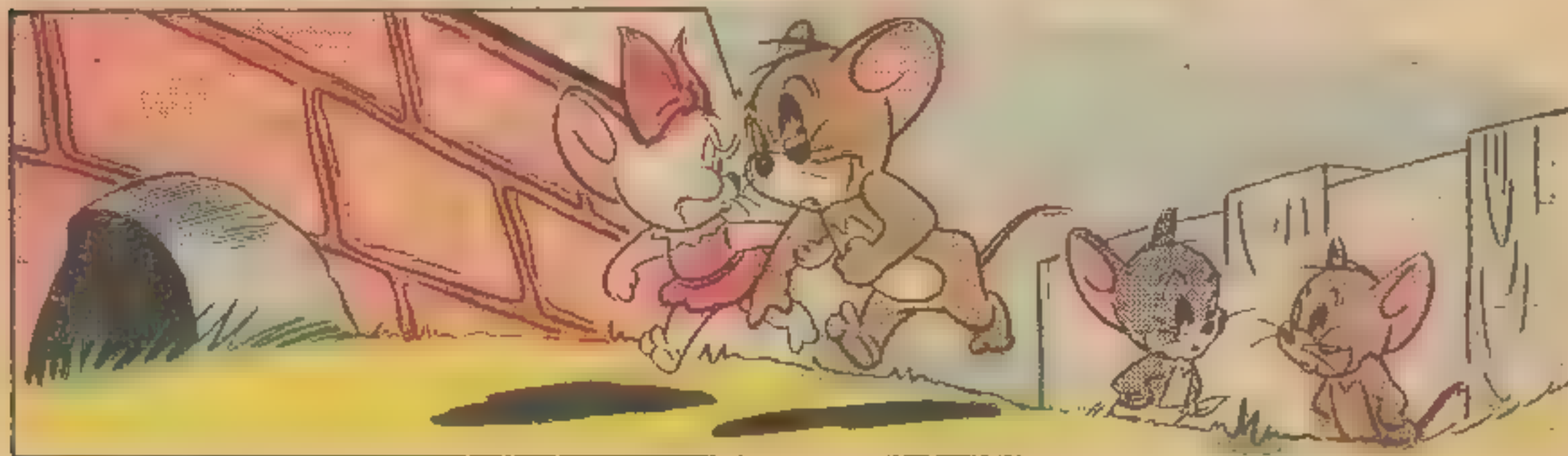
There was a quick exchange of blows and the big mouse found himself sitting on the ground holding his hand over a bigger black eye than Tuffy's.

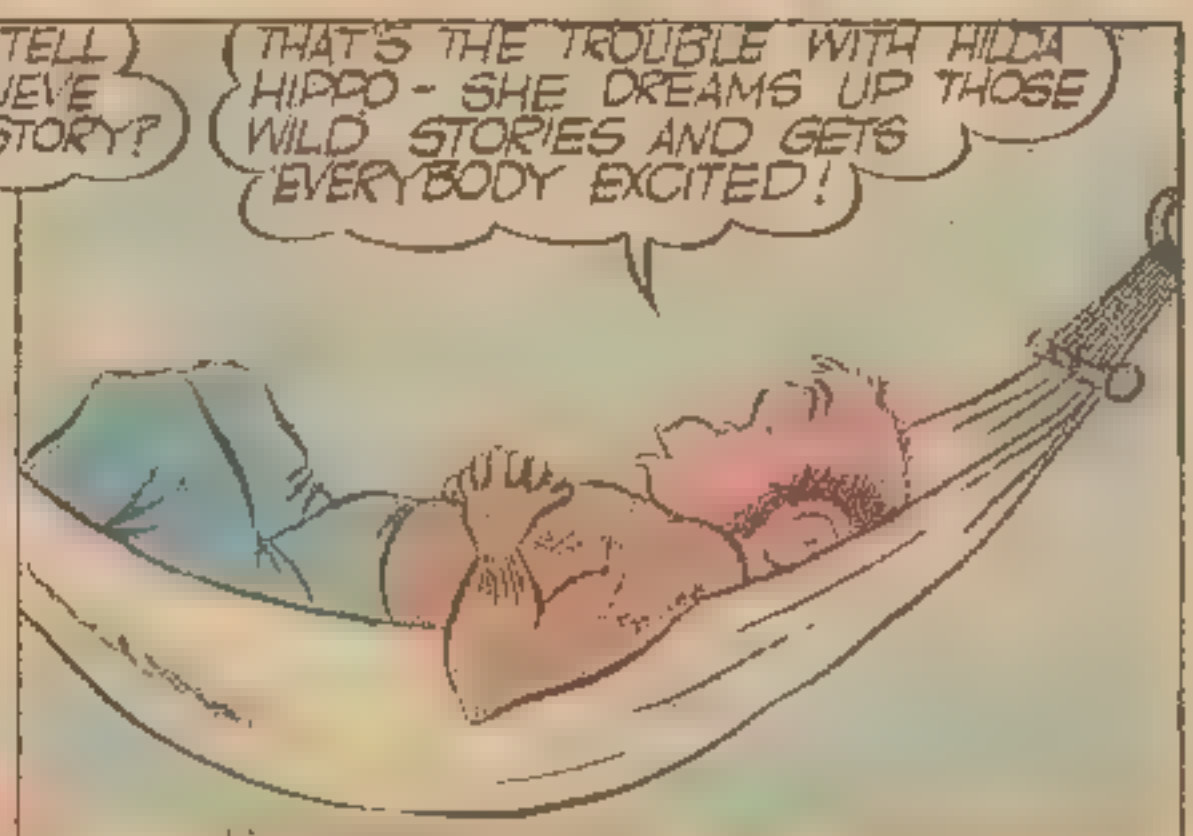
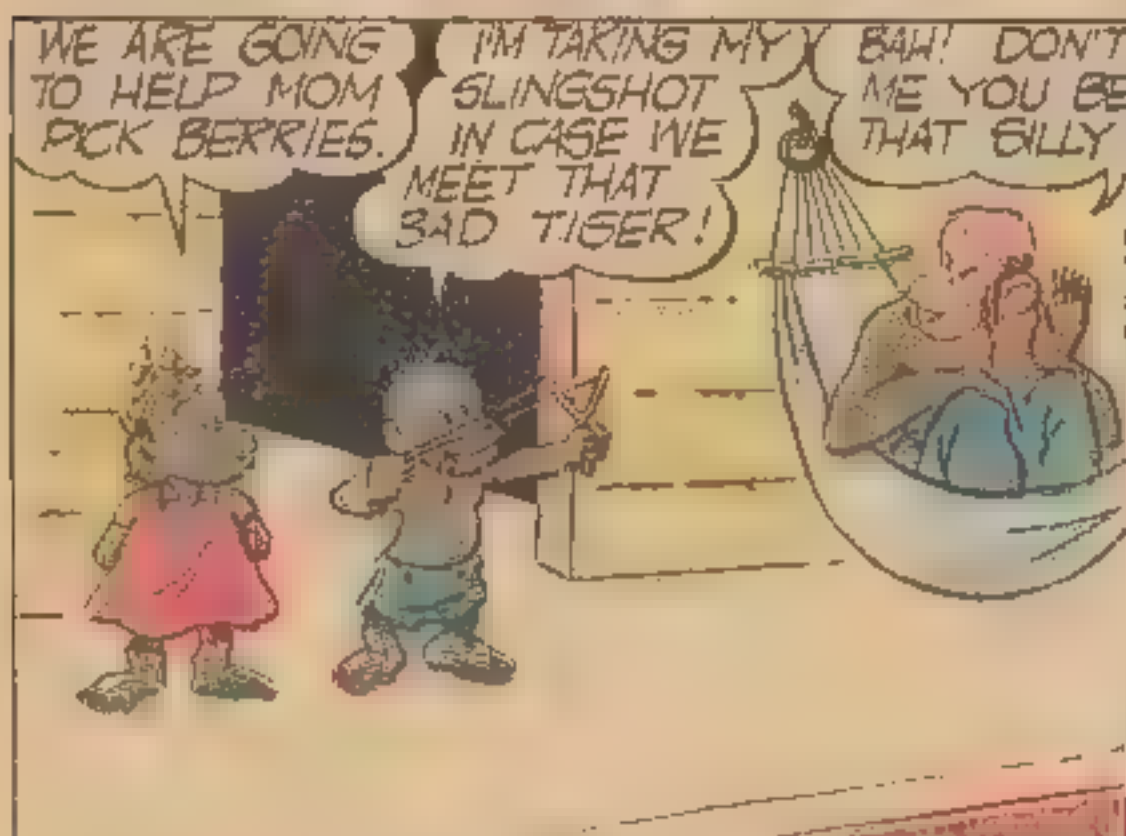
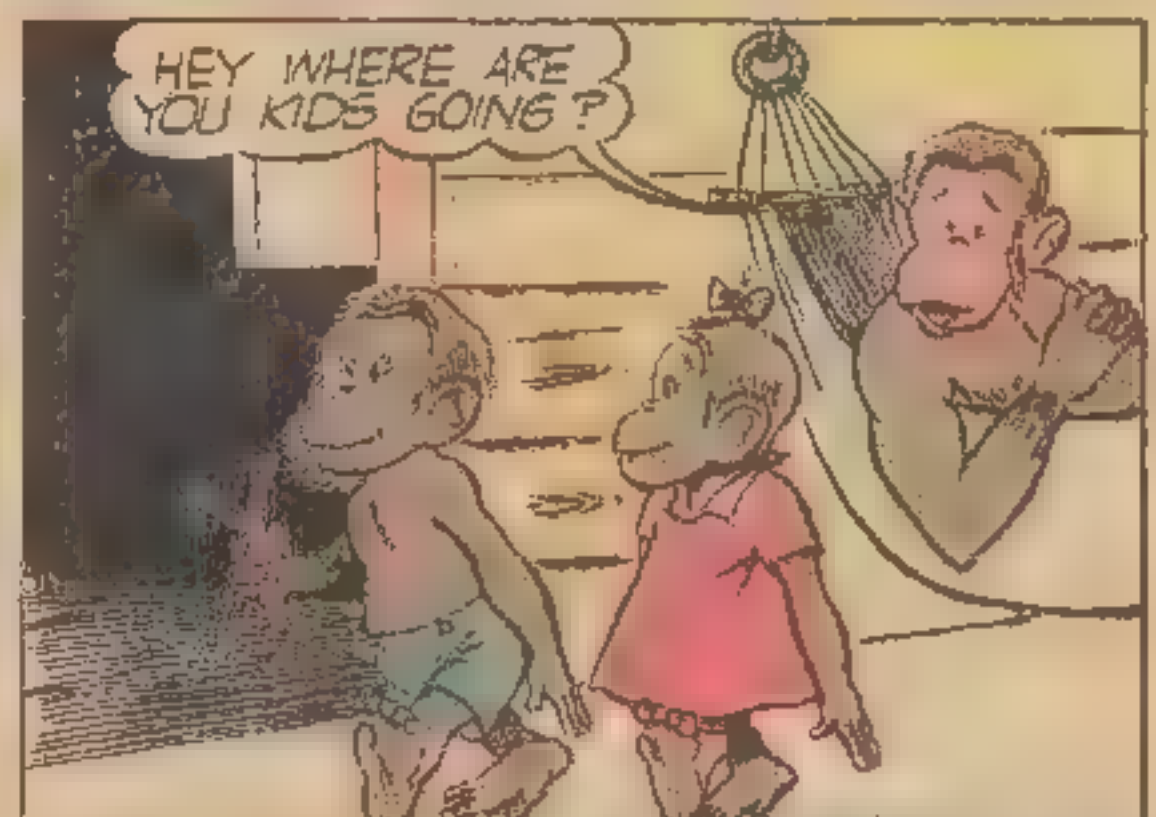
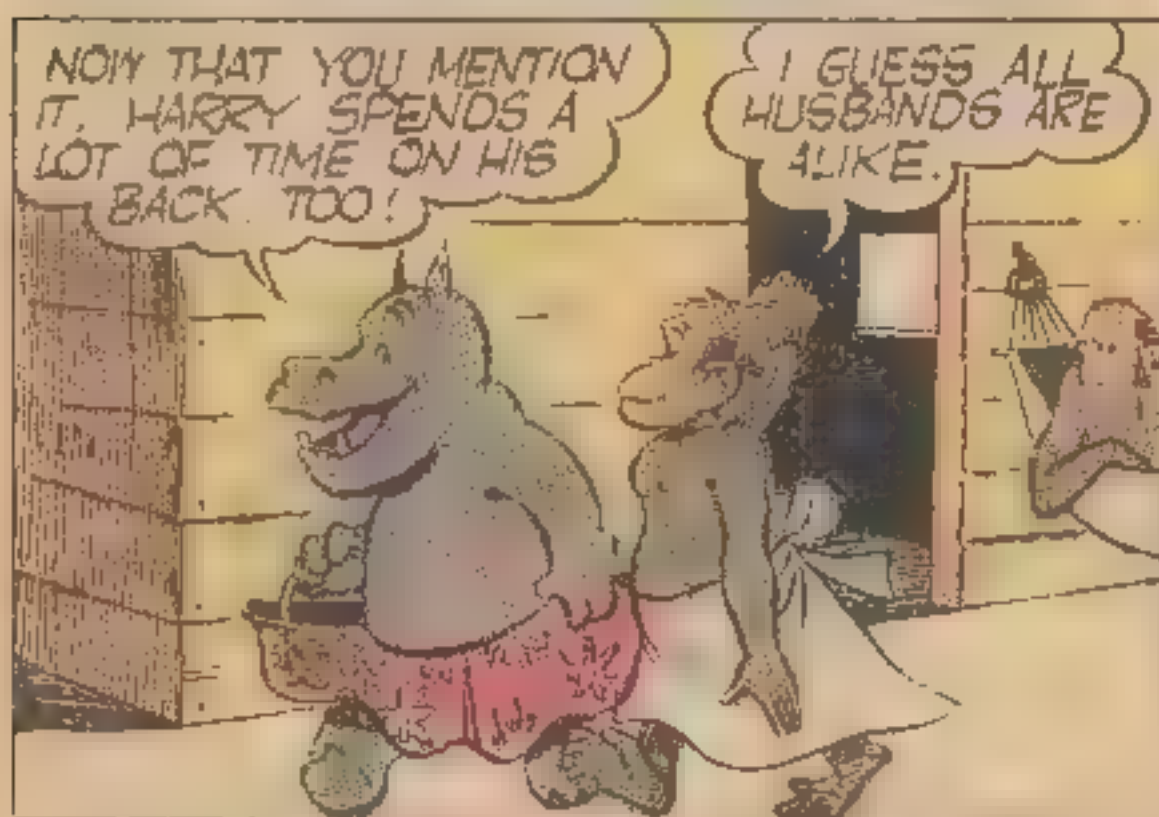
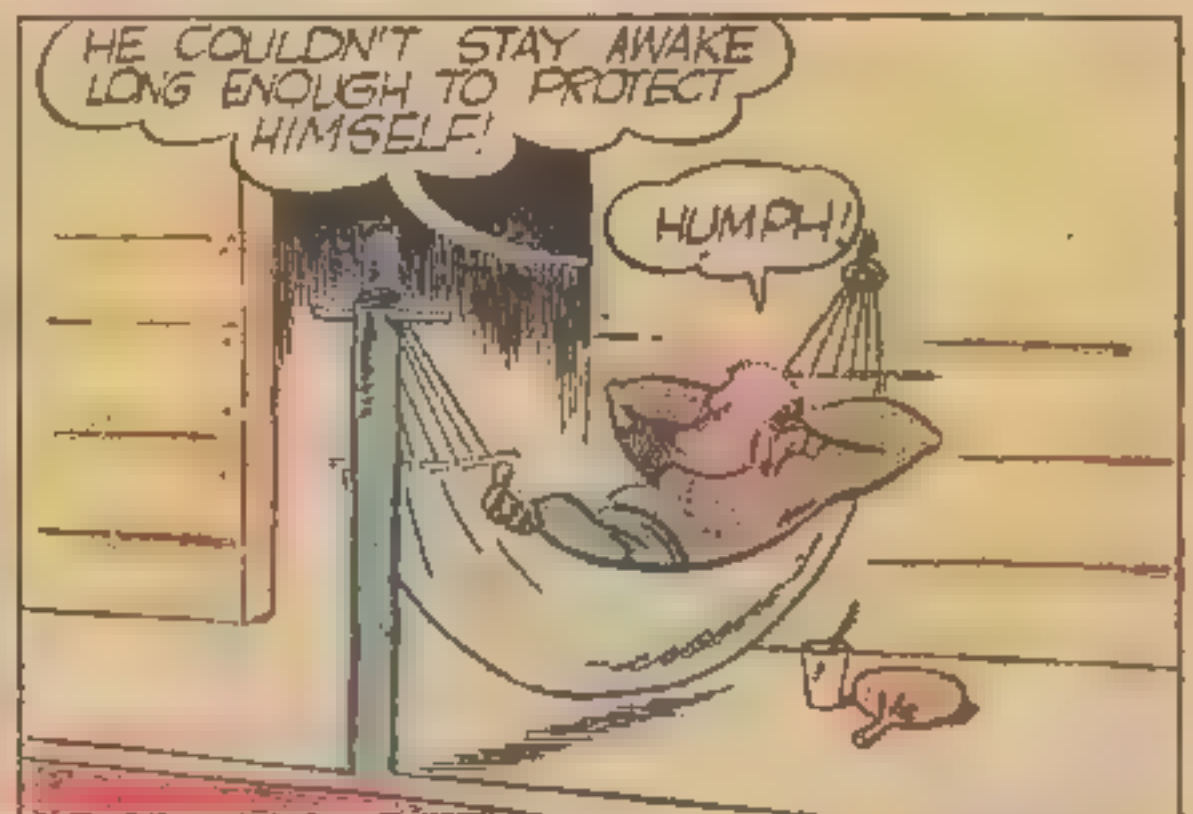
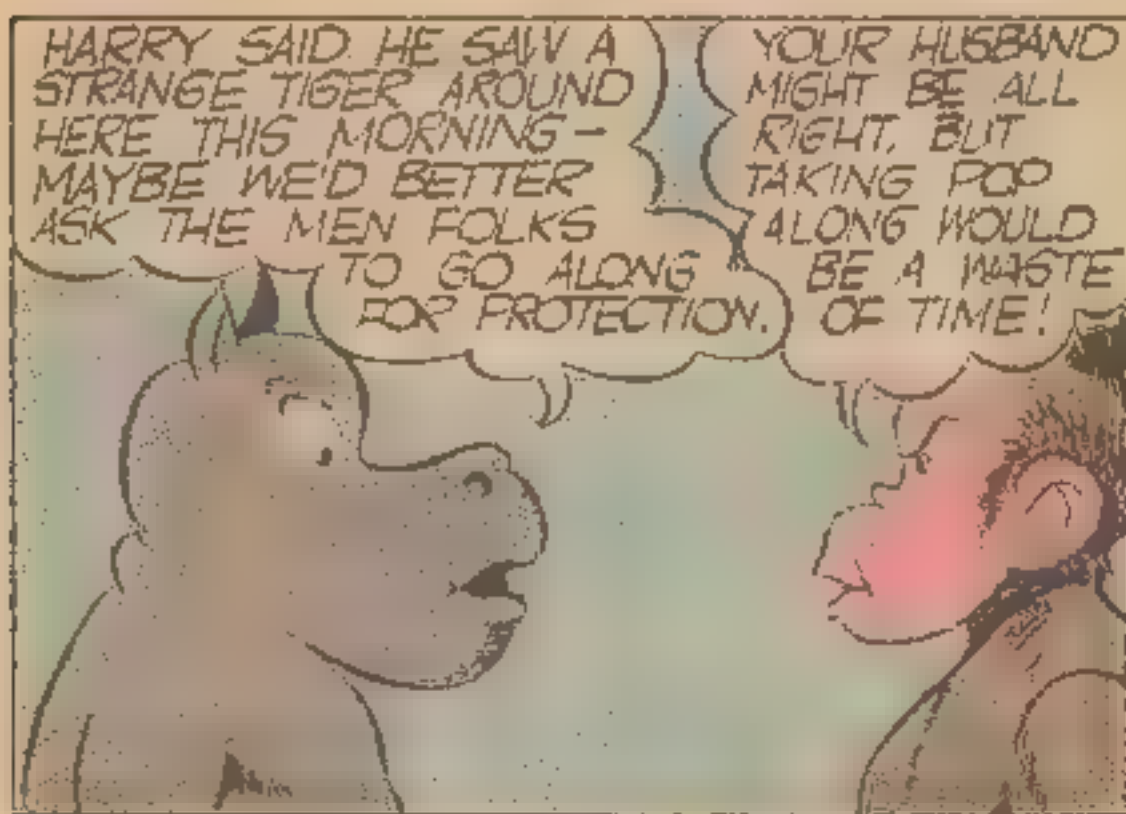
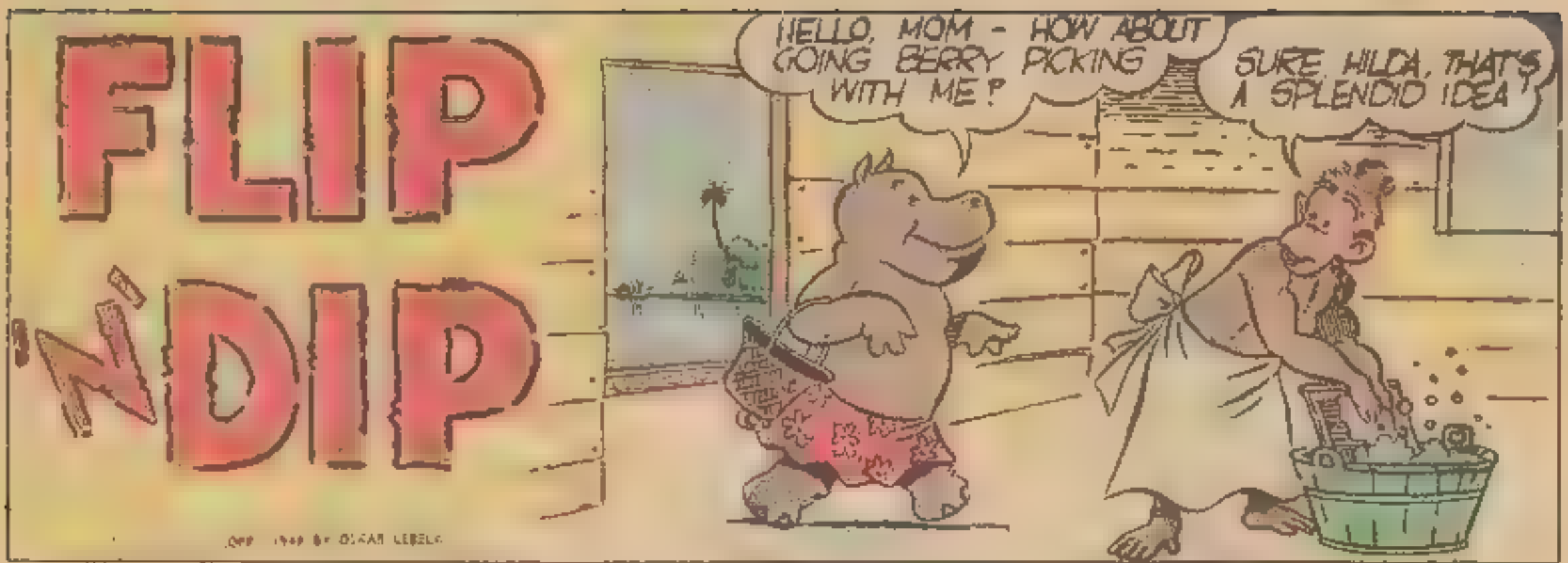
Suddenly a little figure shot out of the hole and jumped on Jerry. "Hit my boy friend, will you?" squeaked Delores. "Take that!"

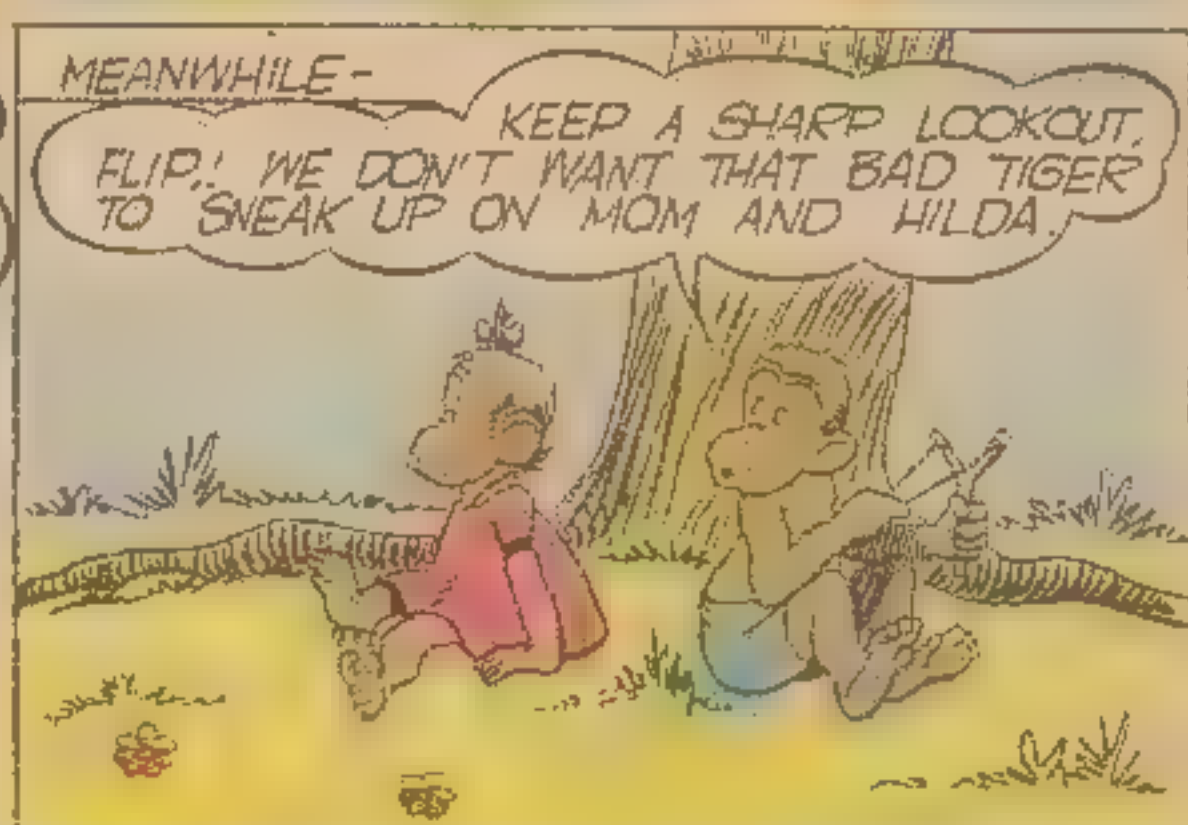
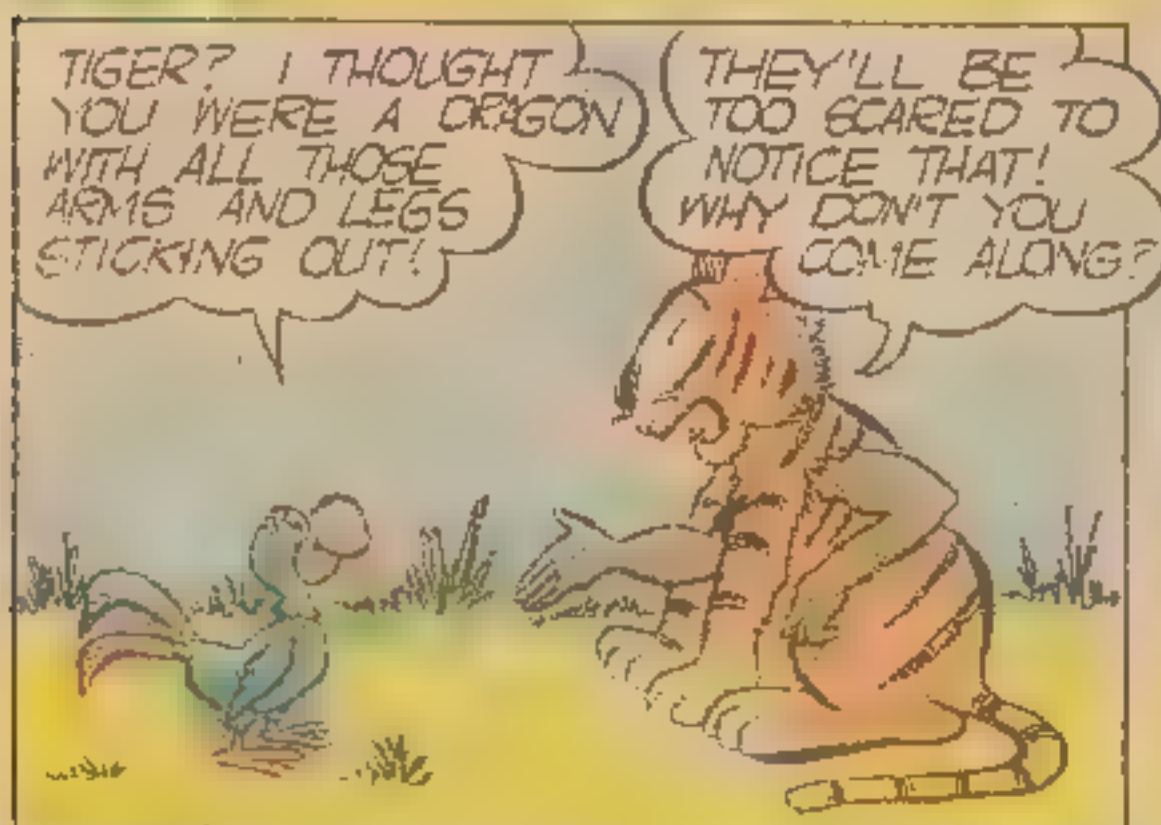
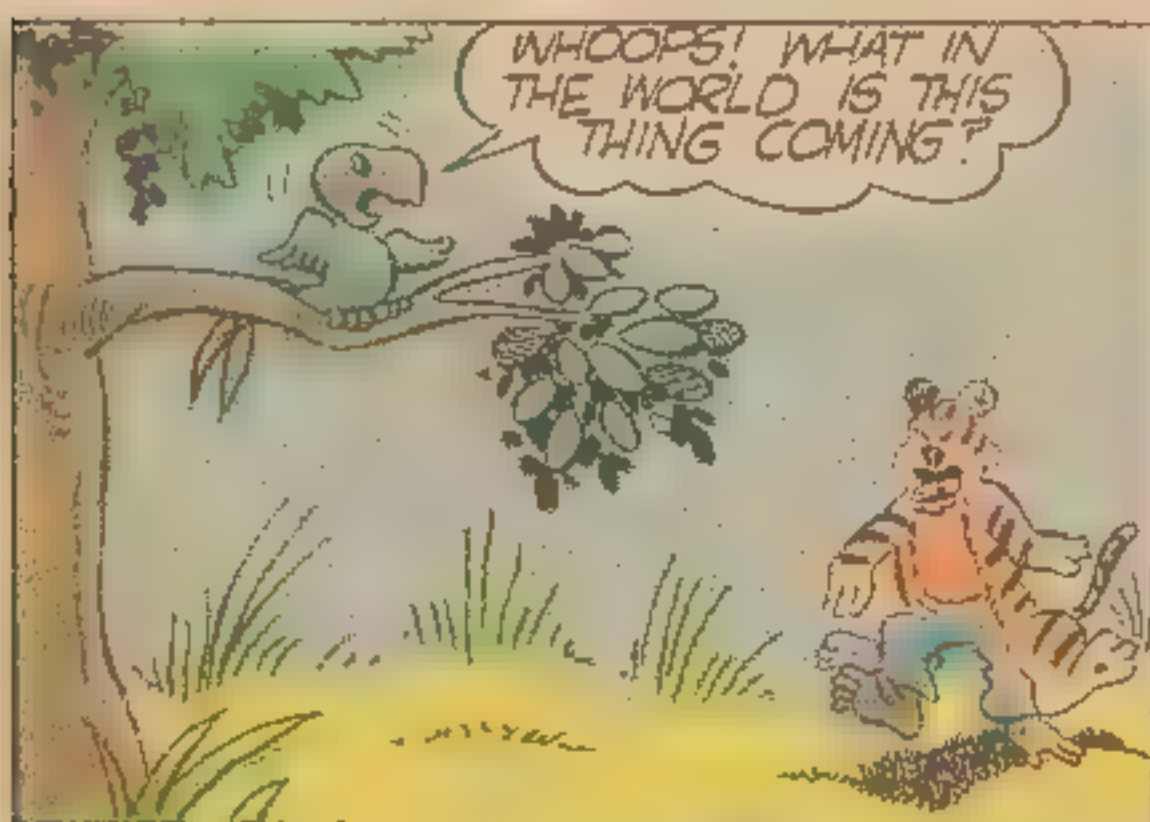
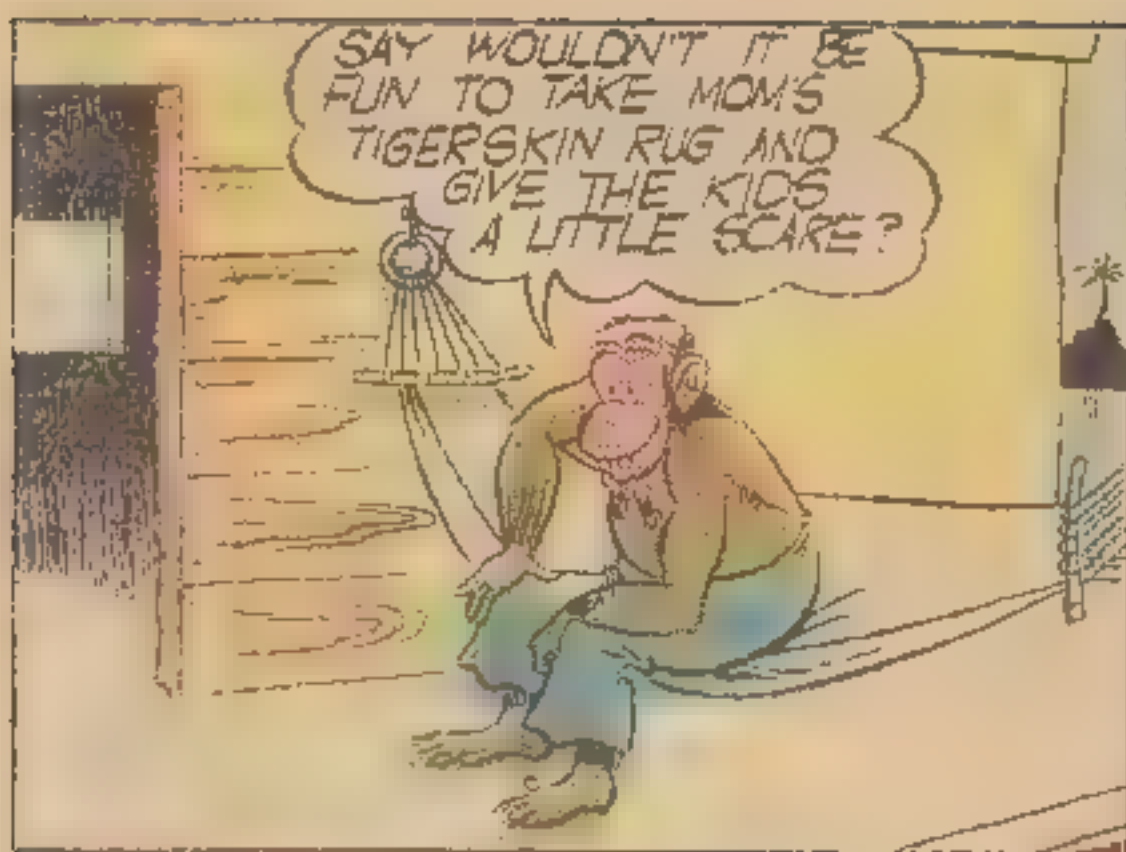
On the way back to their house, Jerry and Tuffy promised each other they would never again have anything to do with girls.

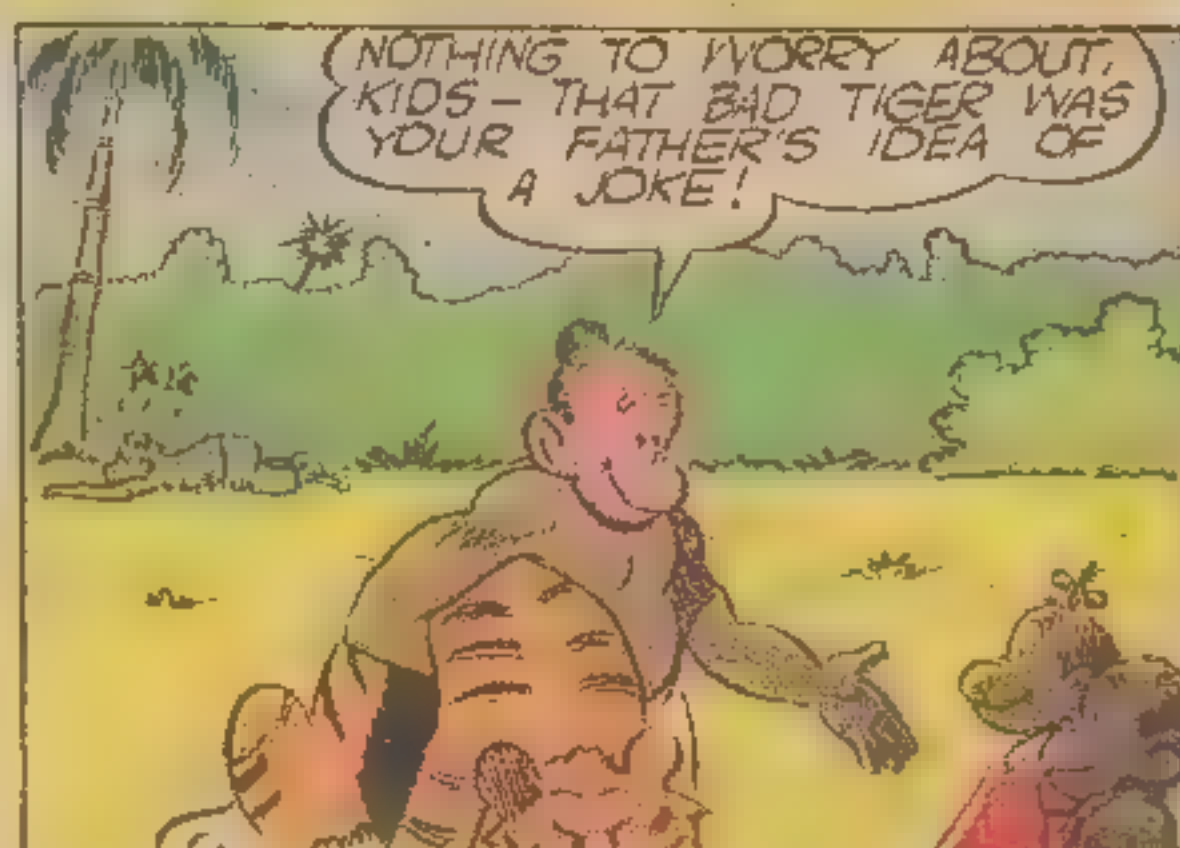
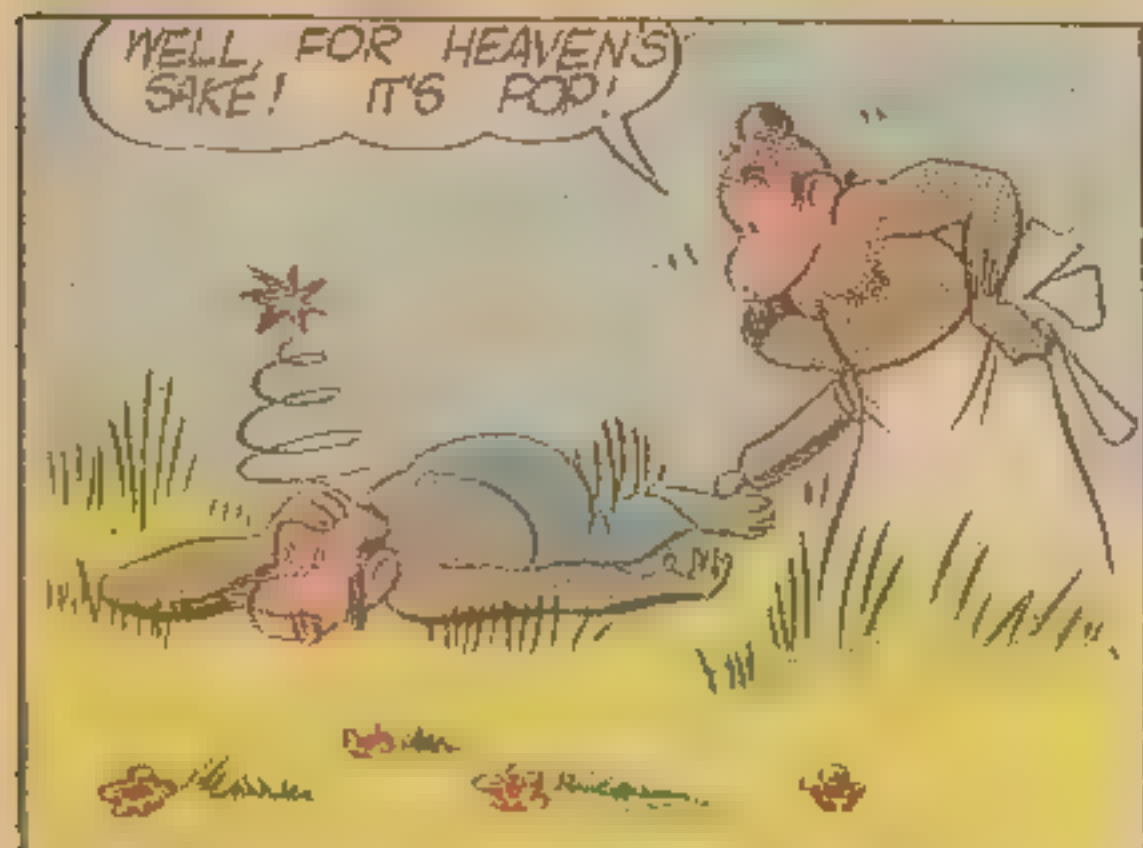
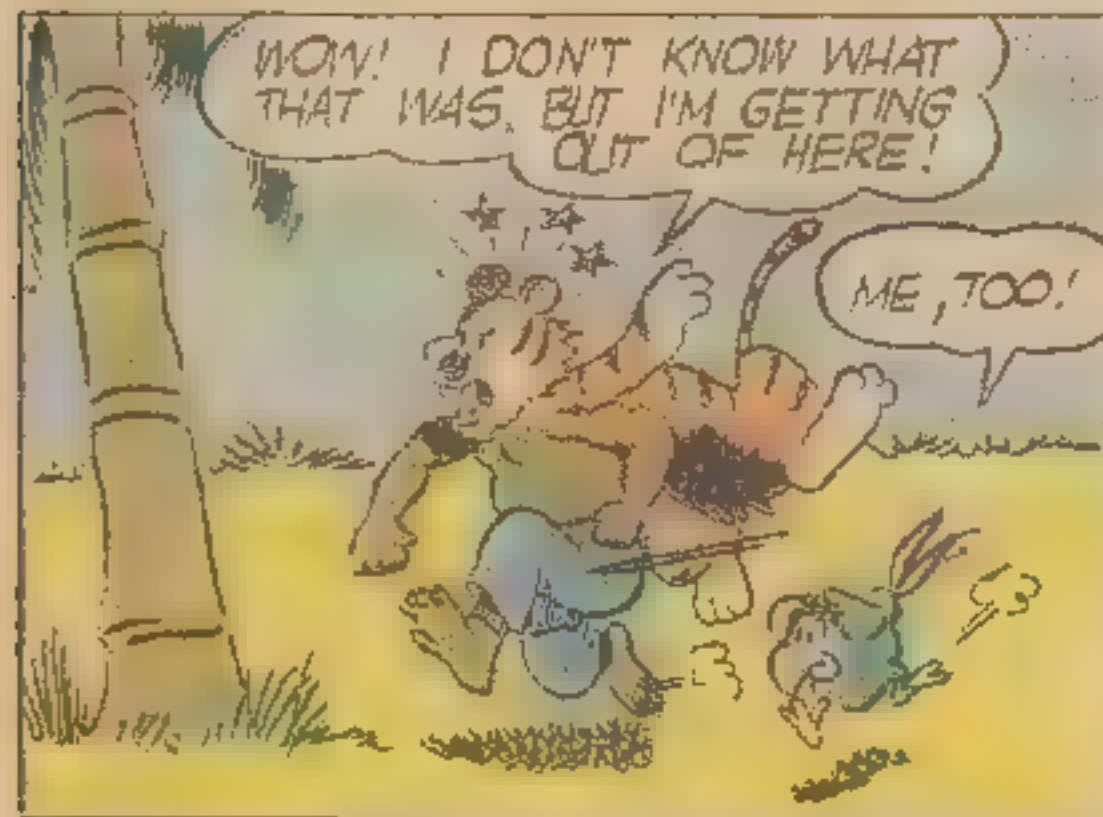
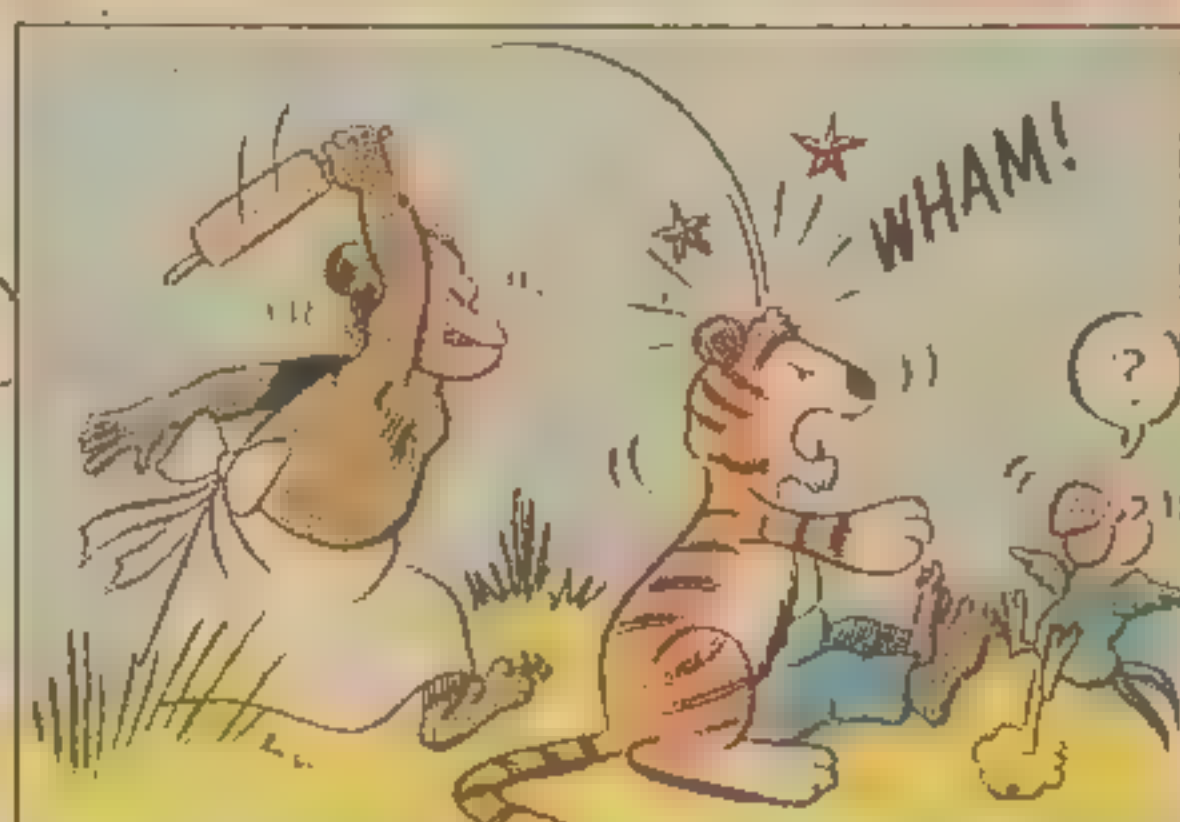
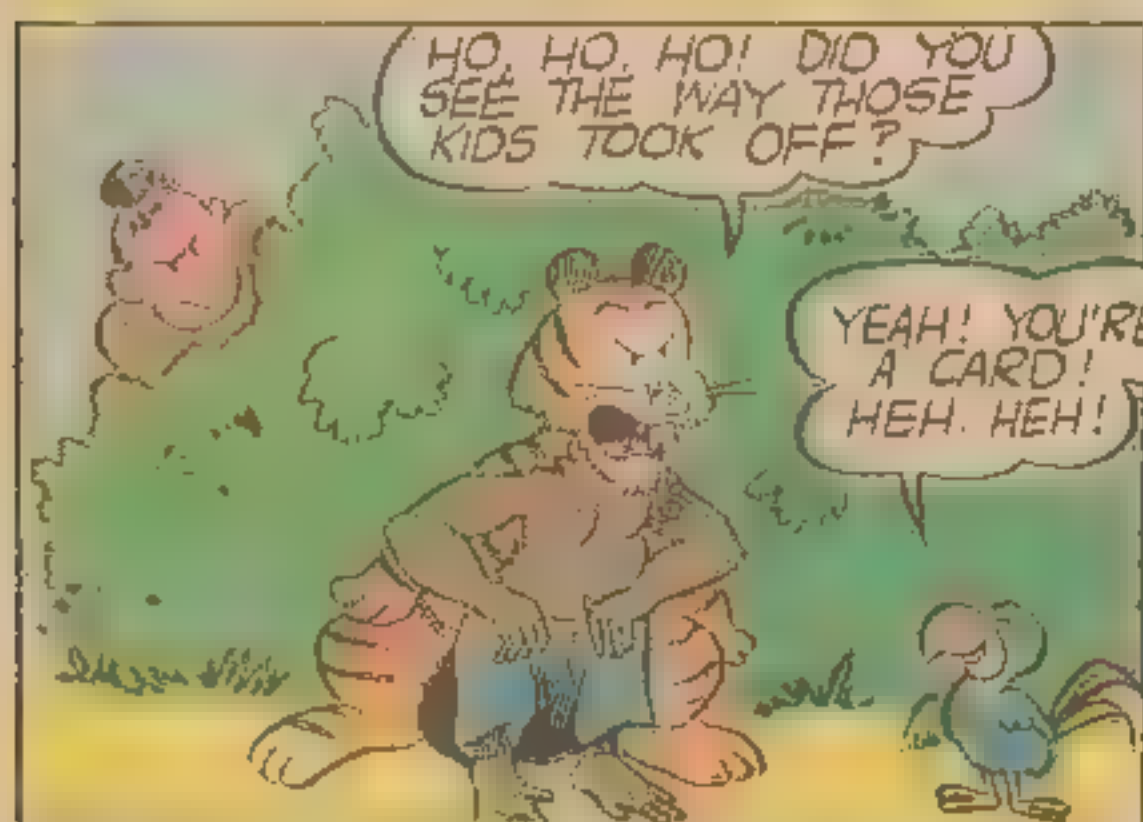
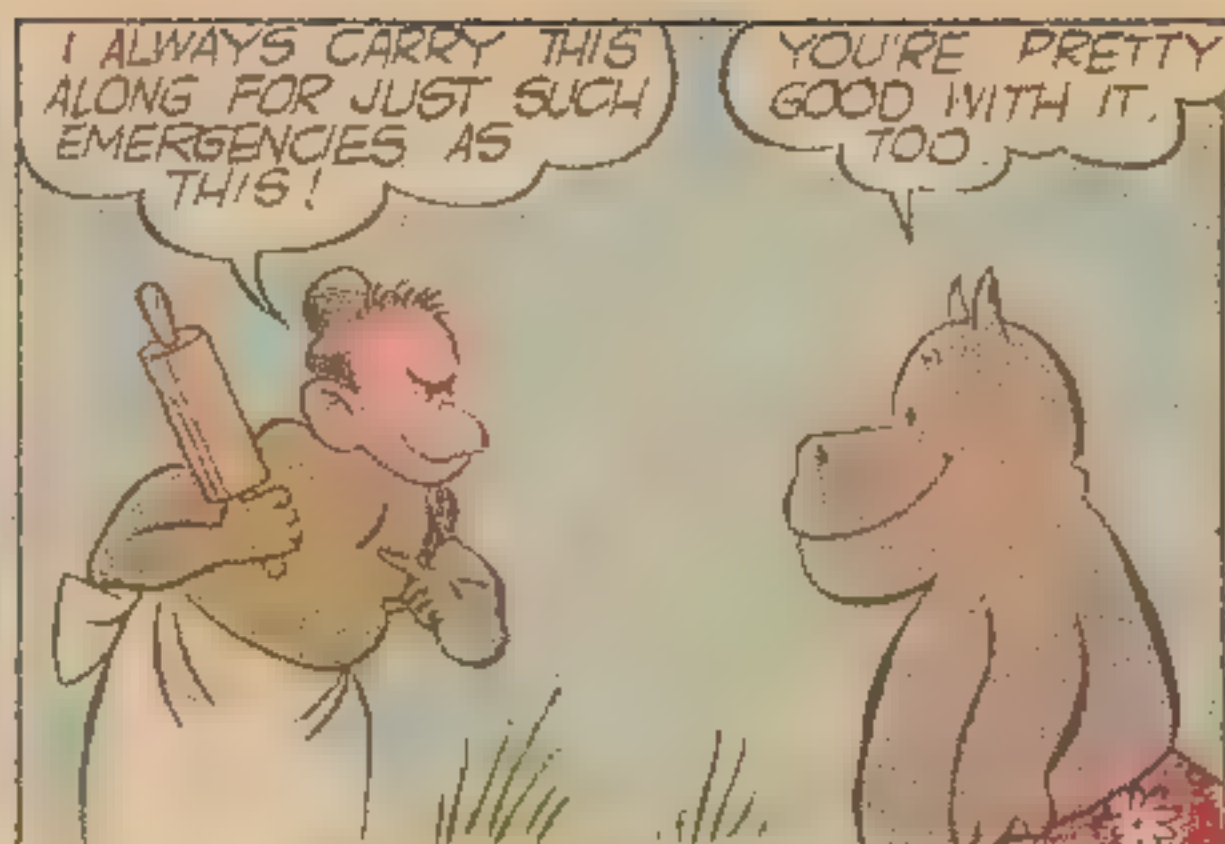
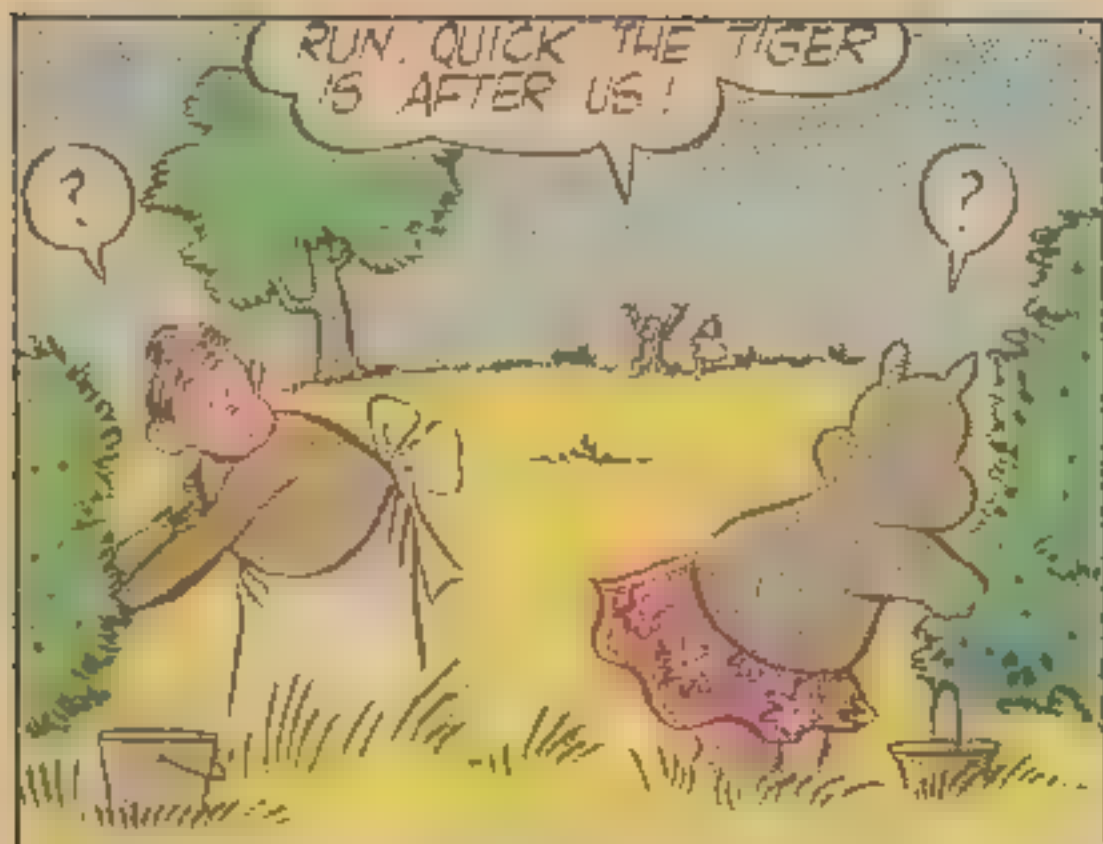
"I swear by my black eye," said Tuffy.

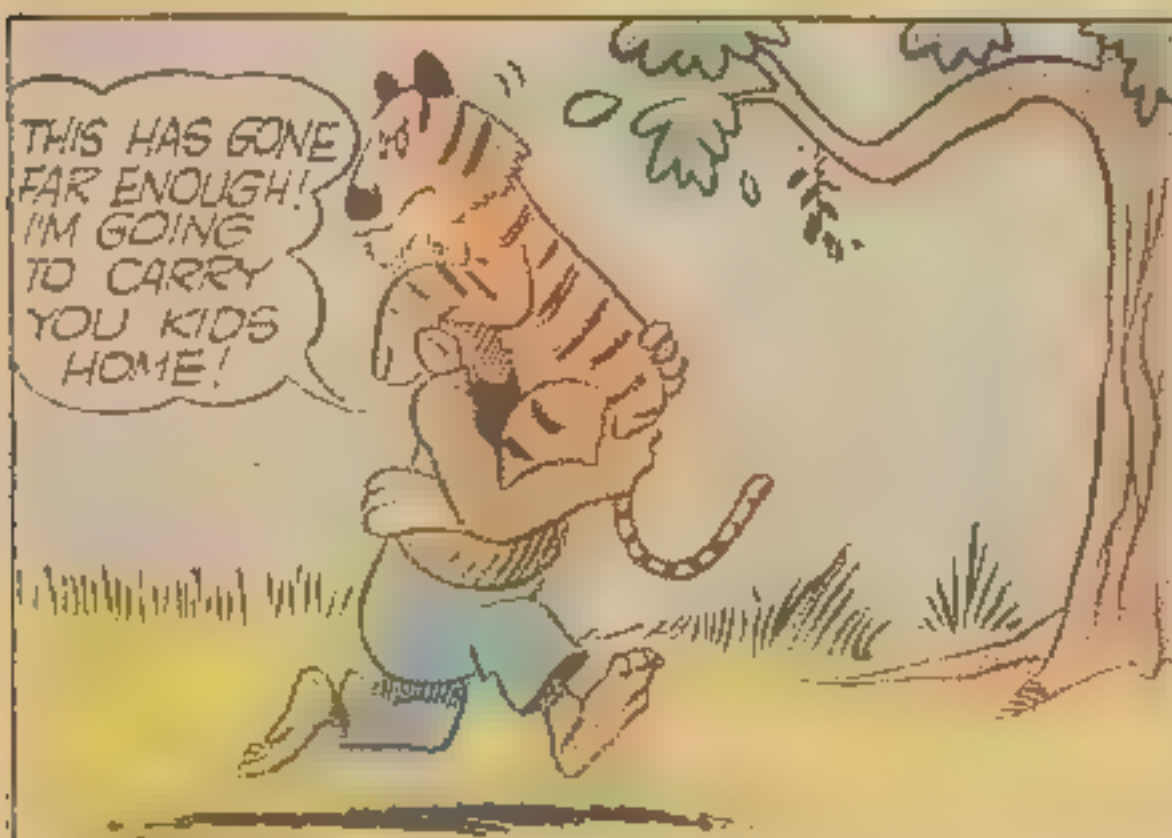
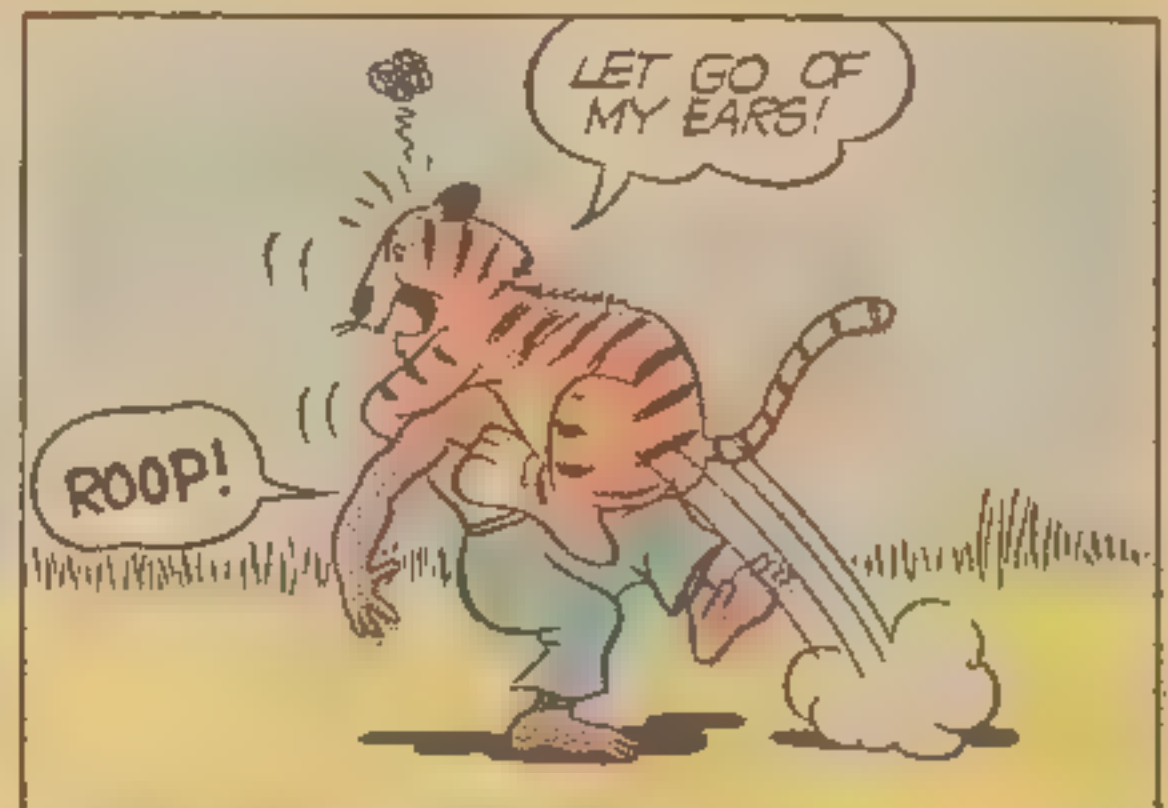
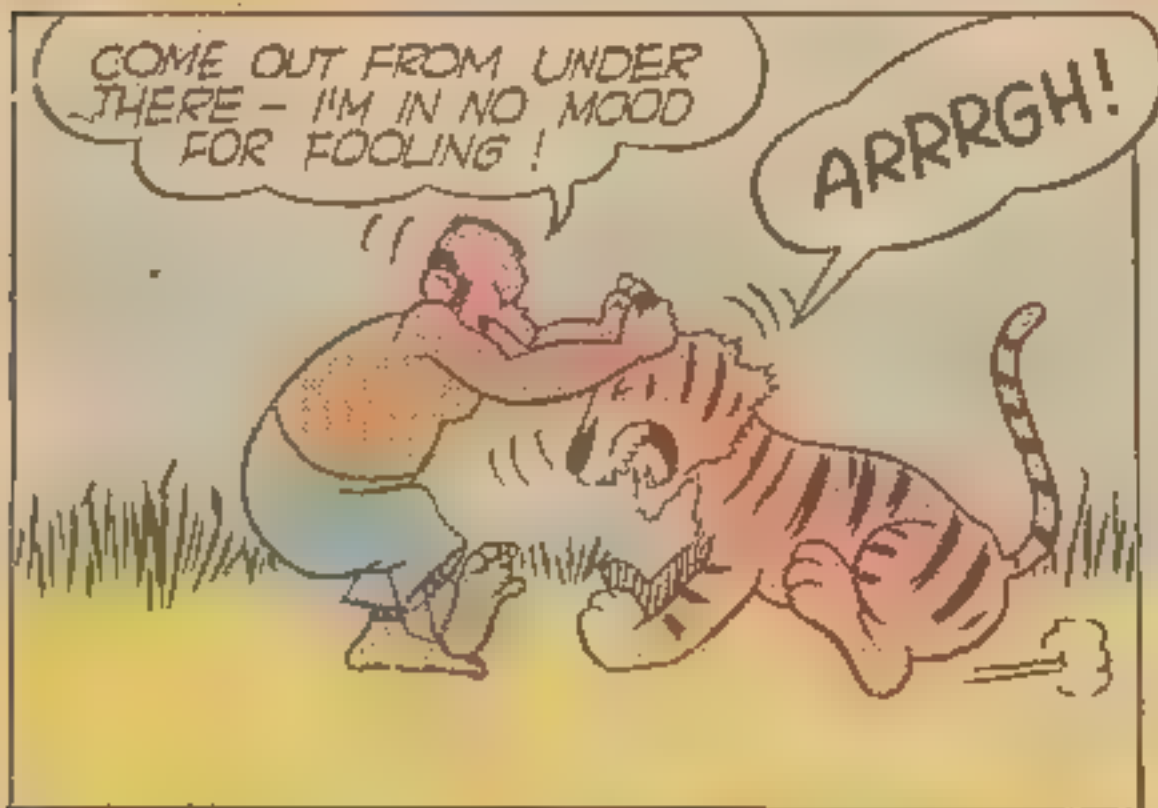
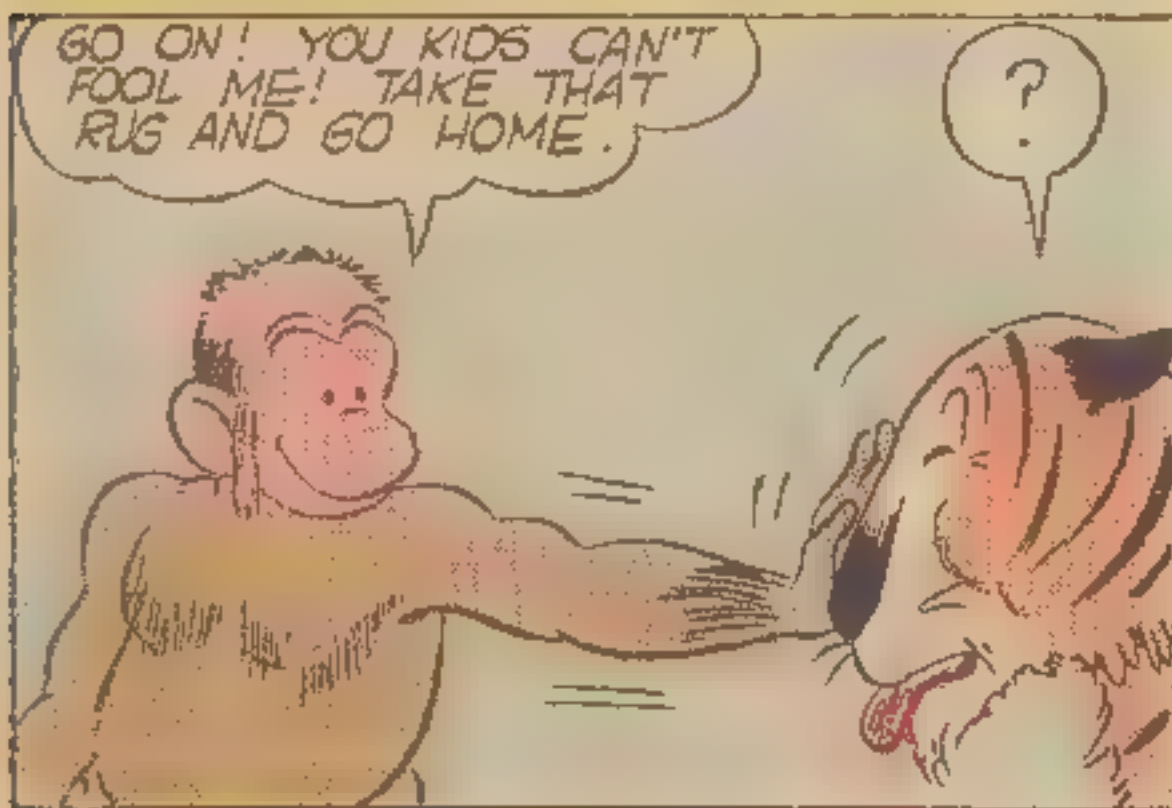
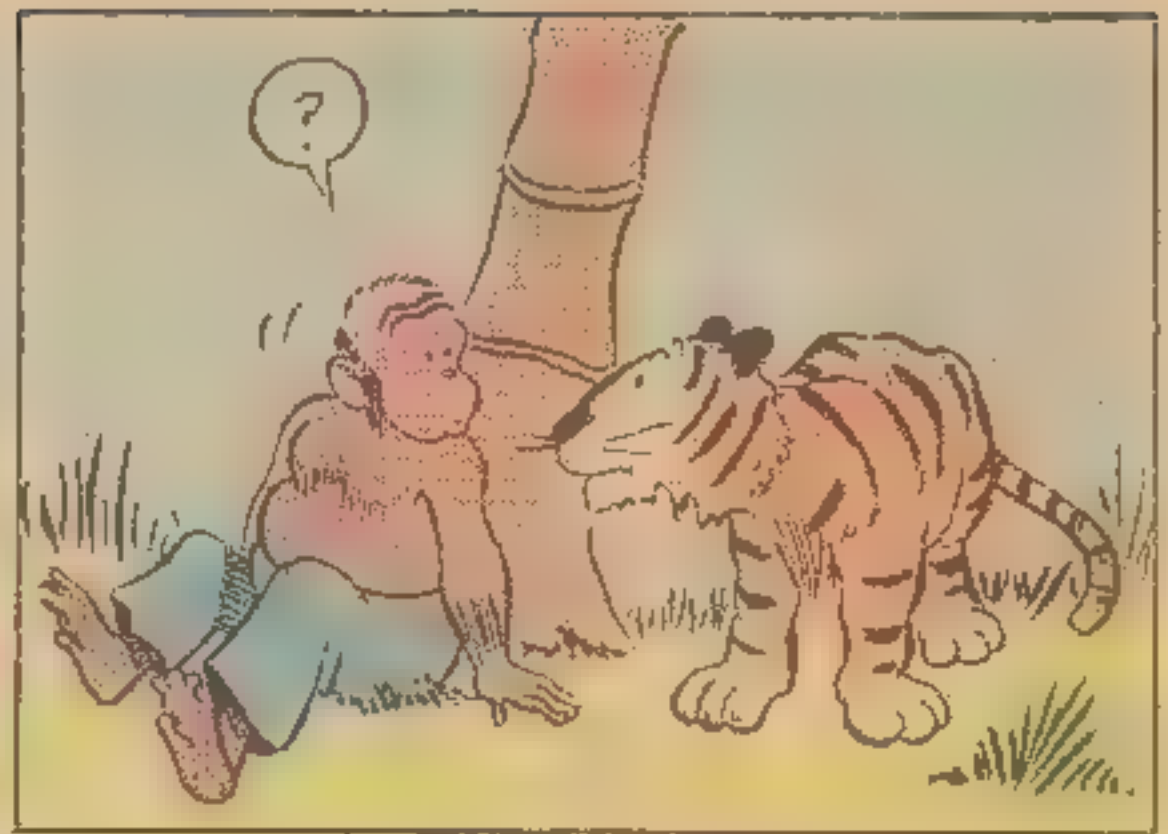
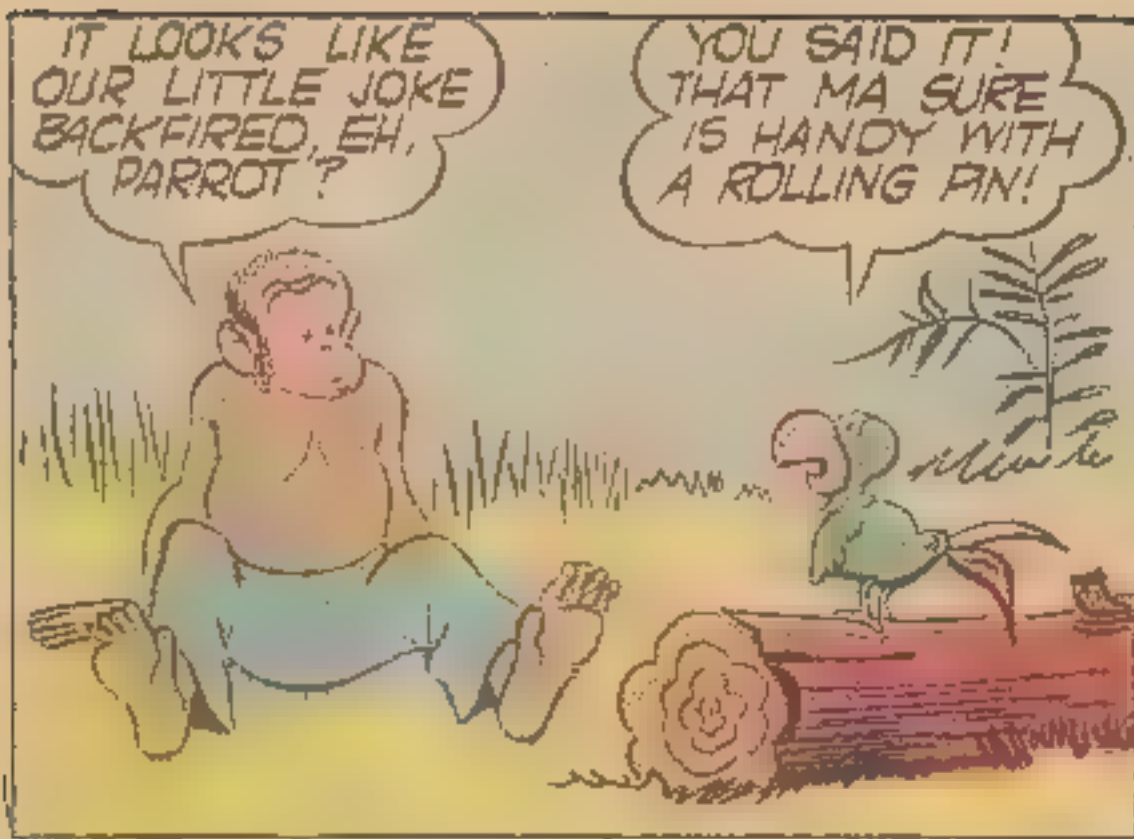
"And I swear by mine," said Jerry.

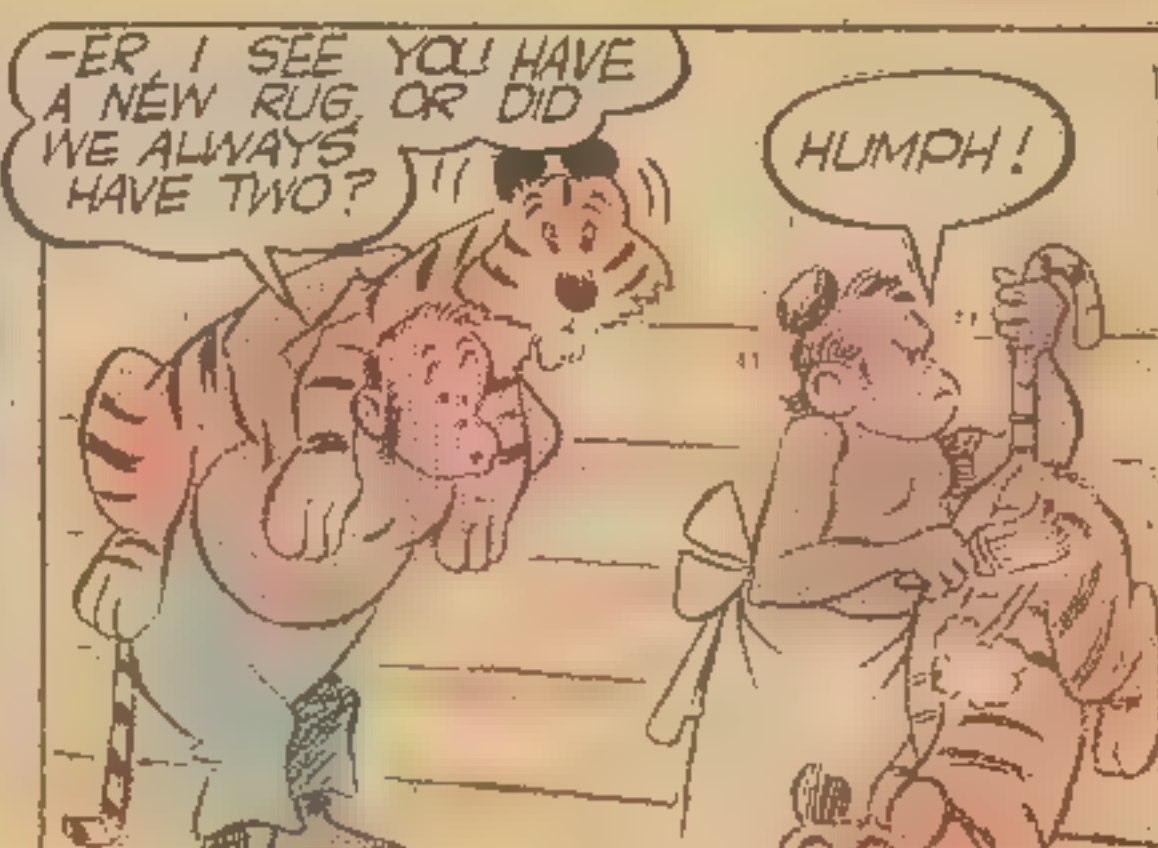
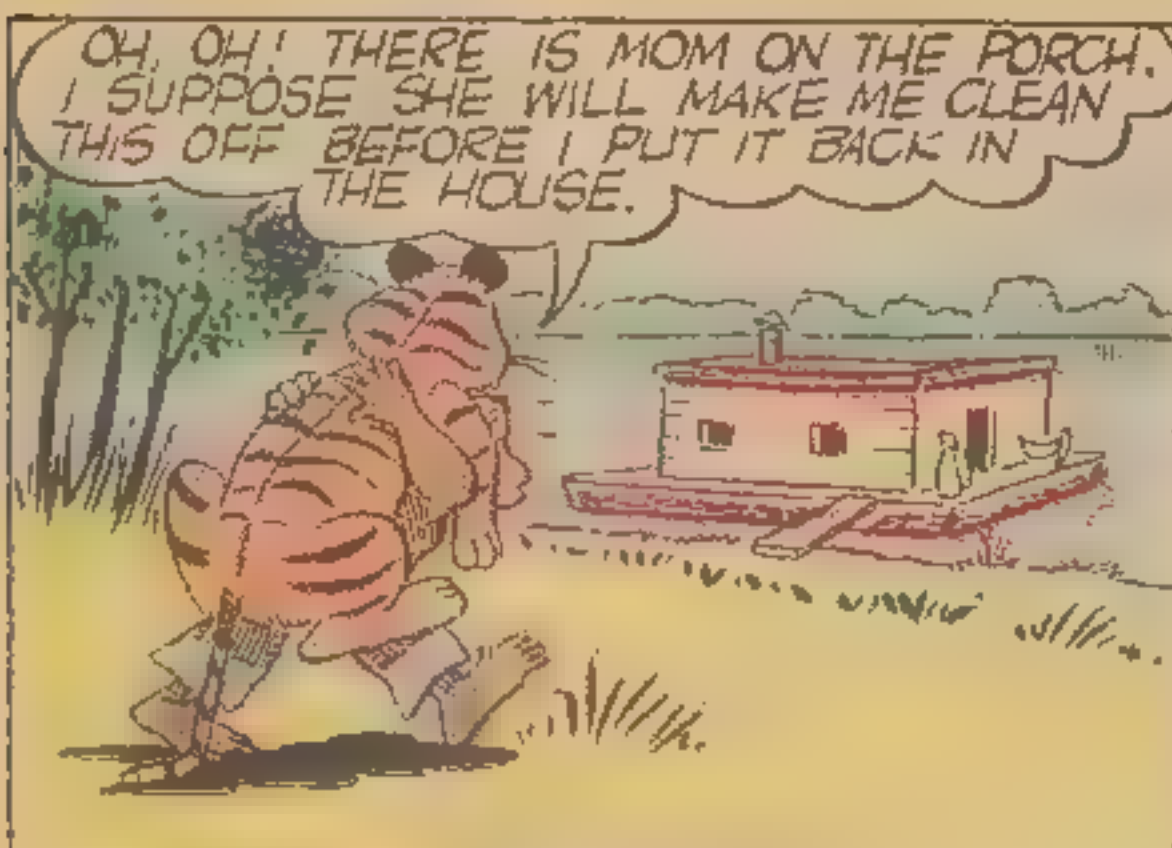
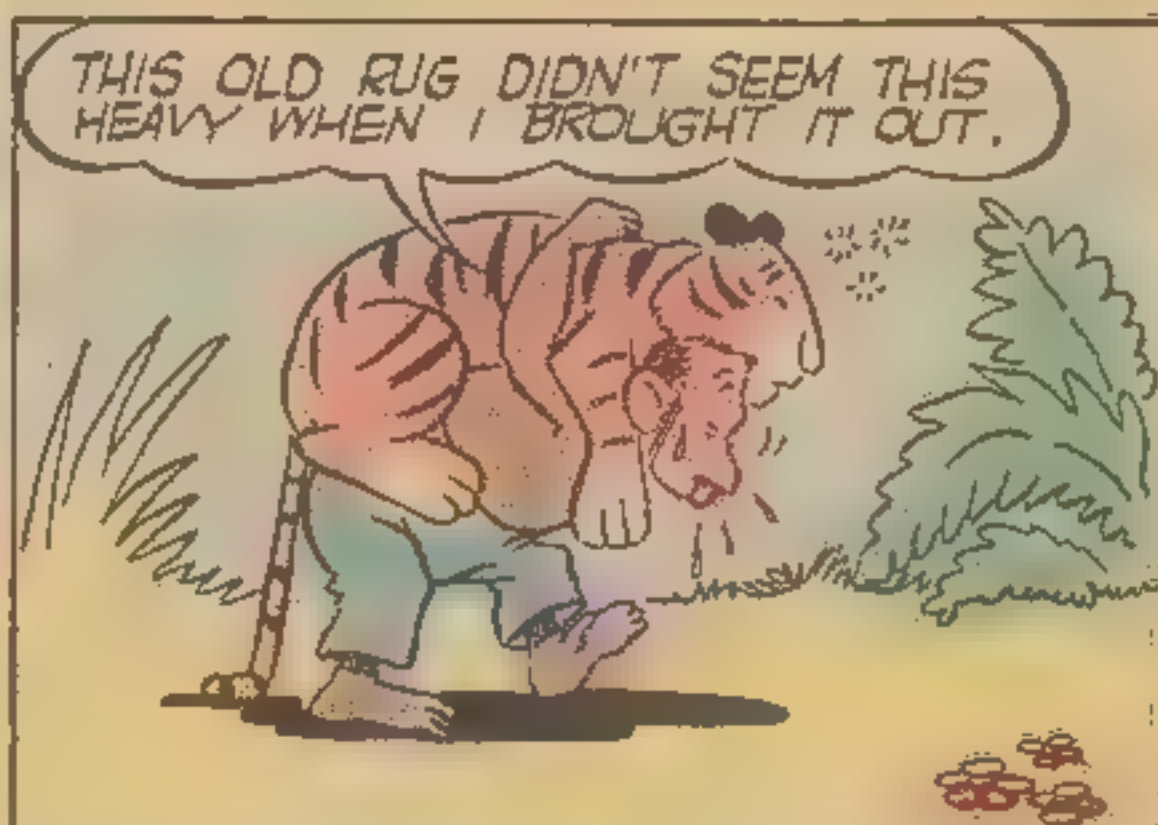
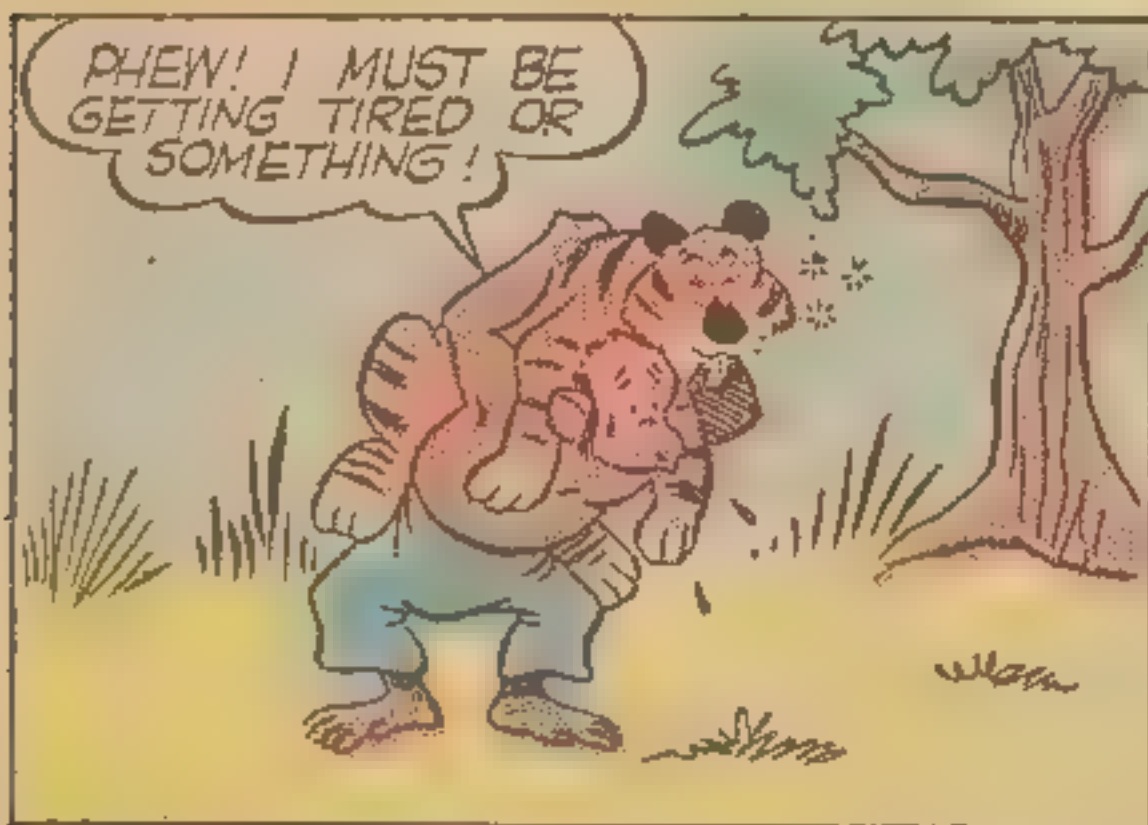
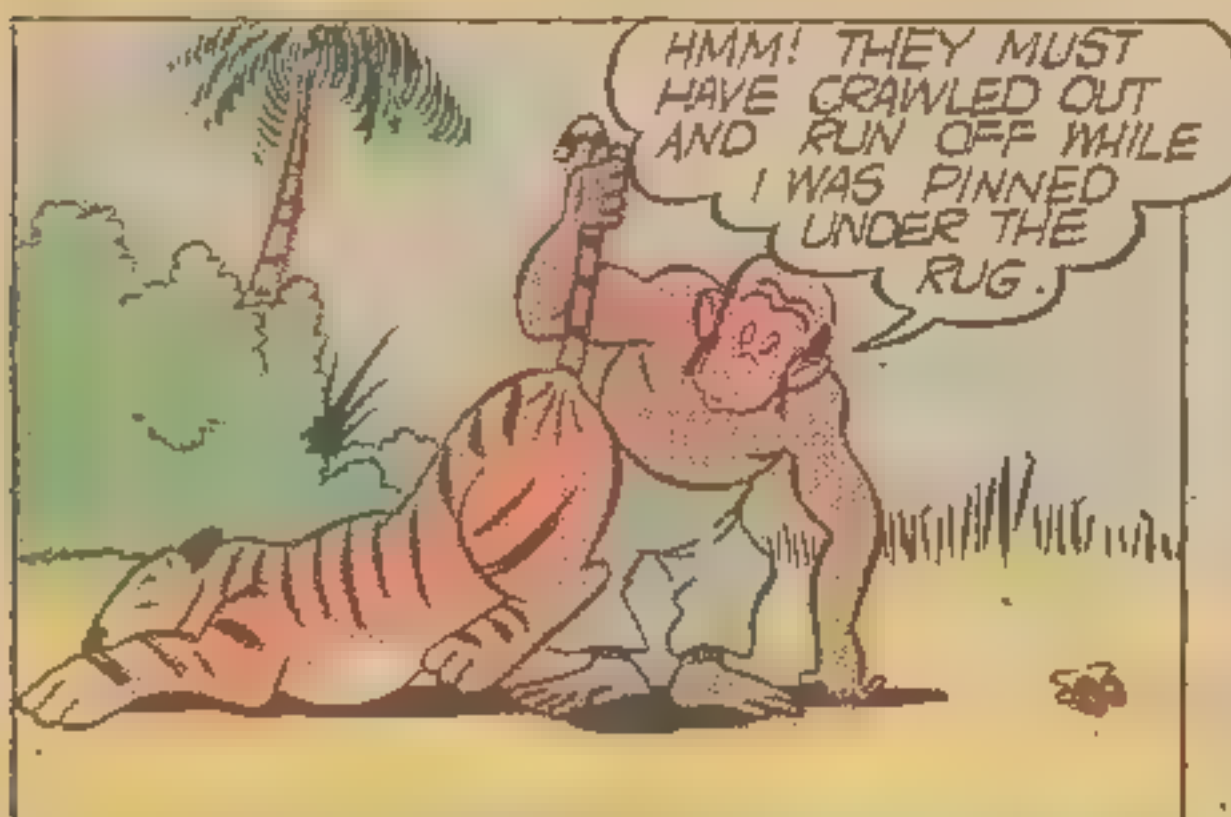
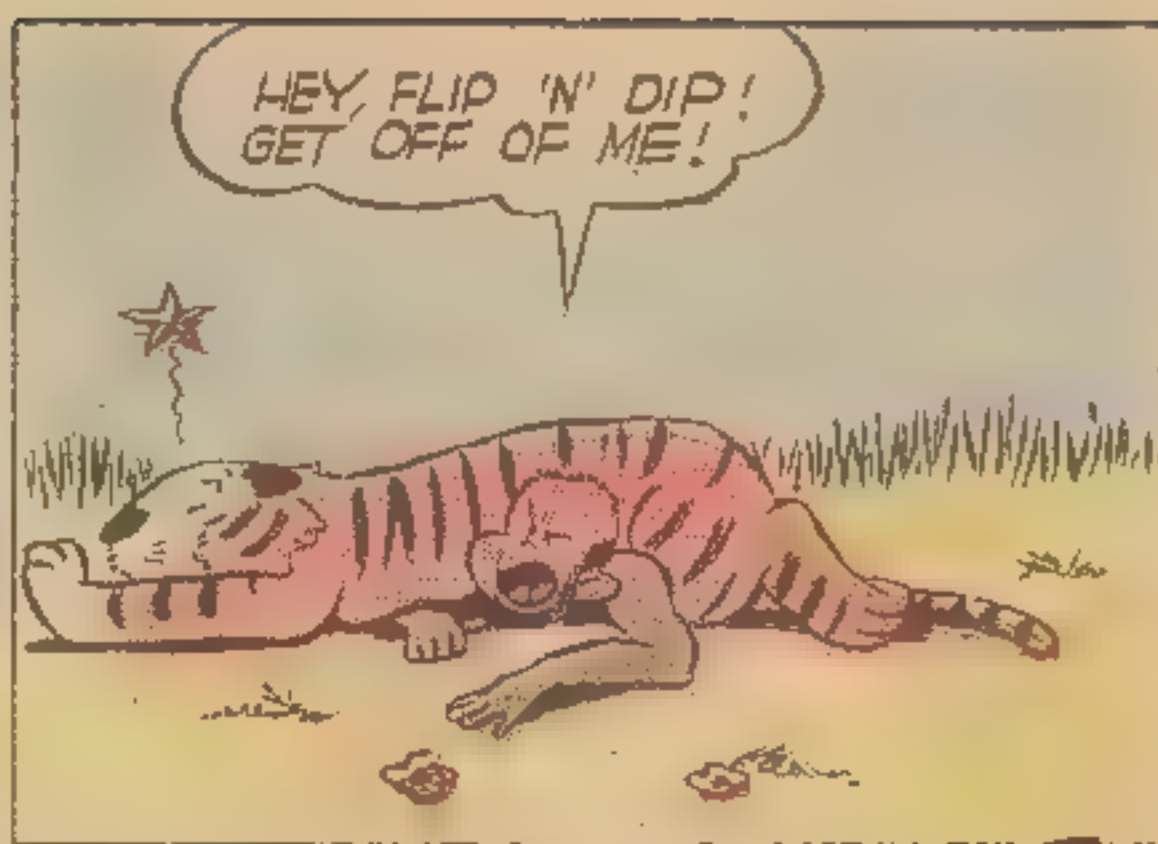


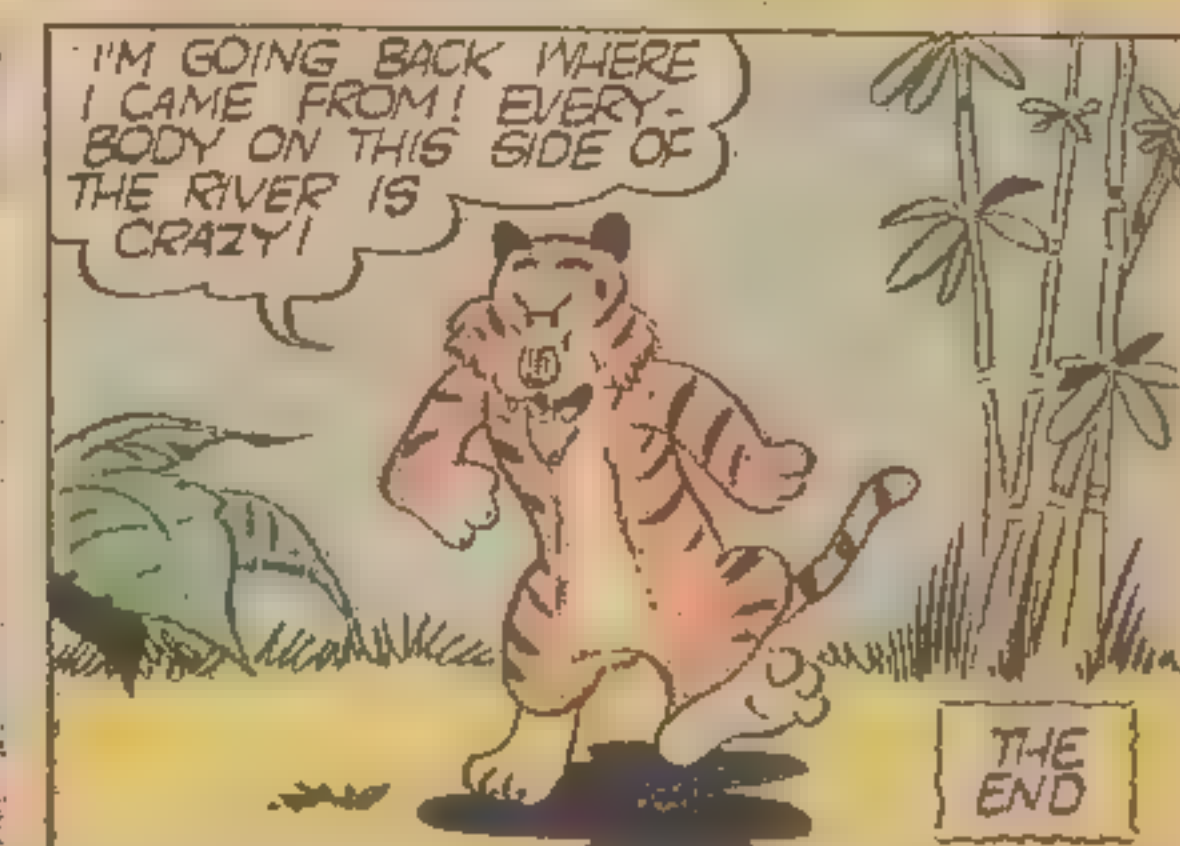
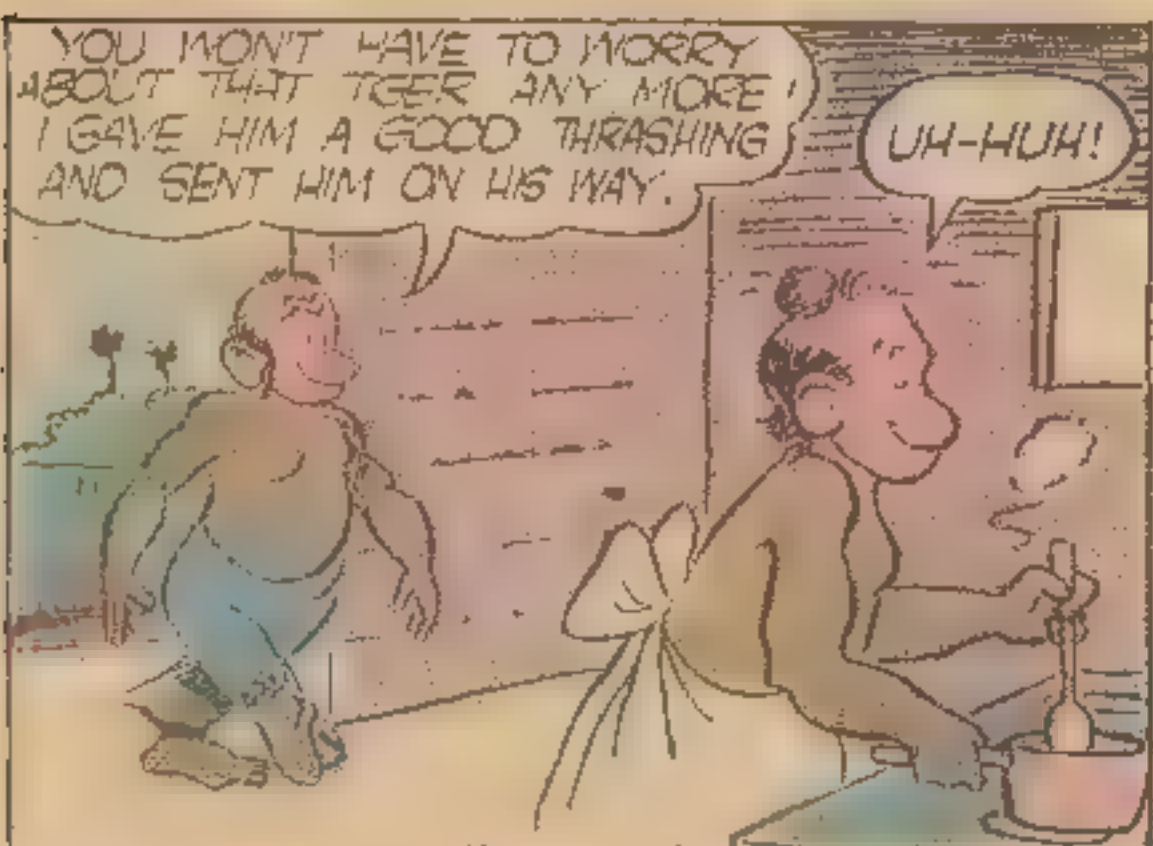
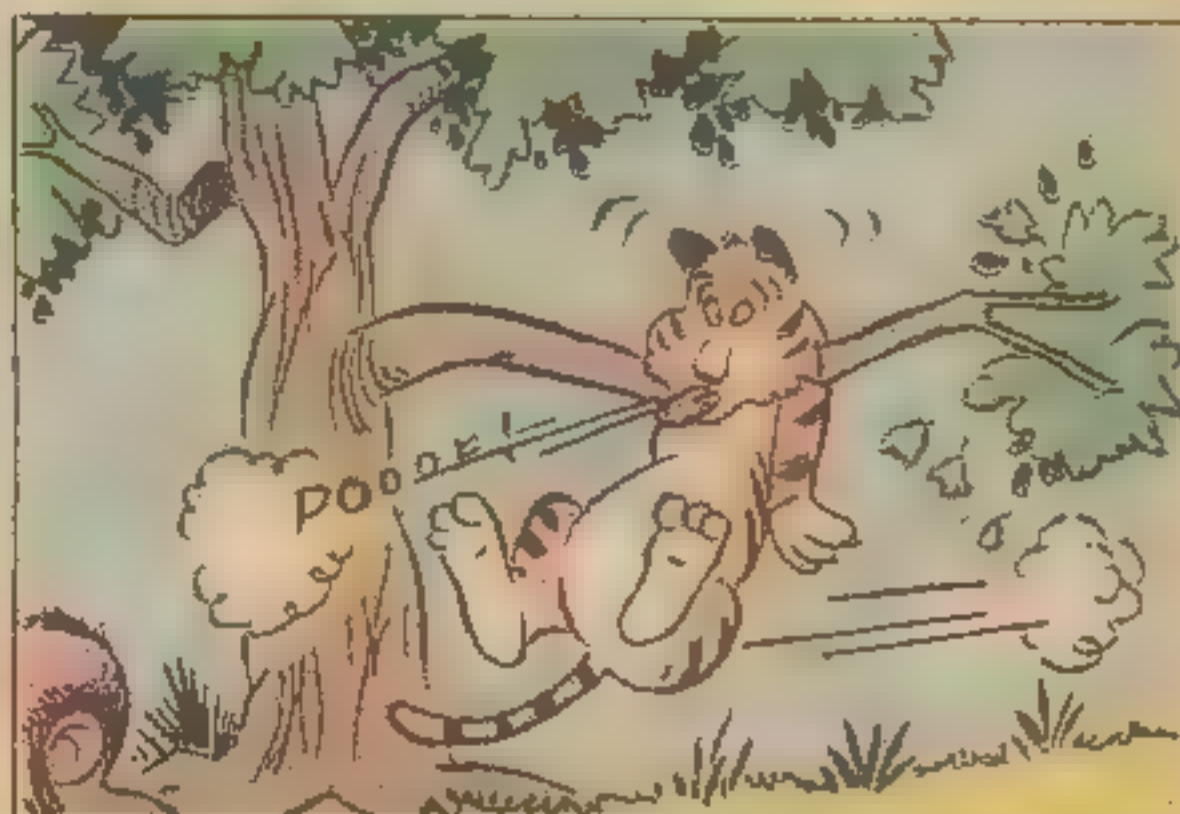
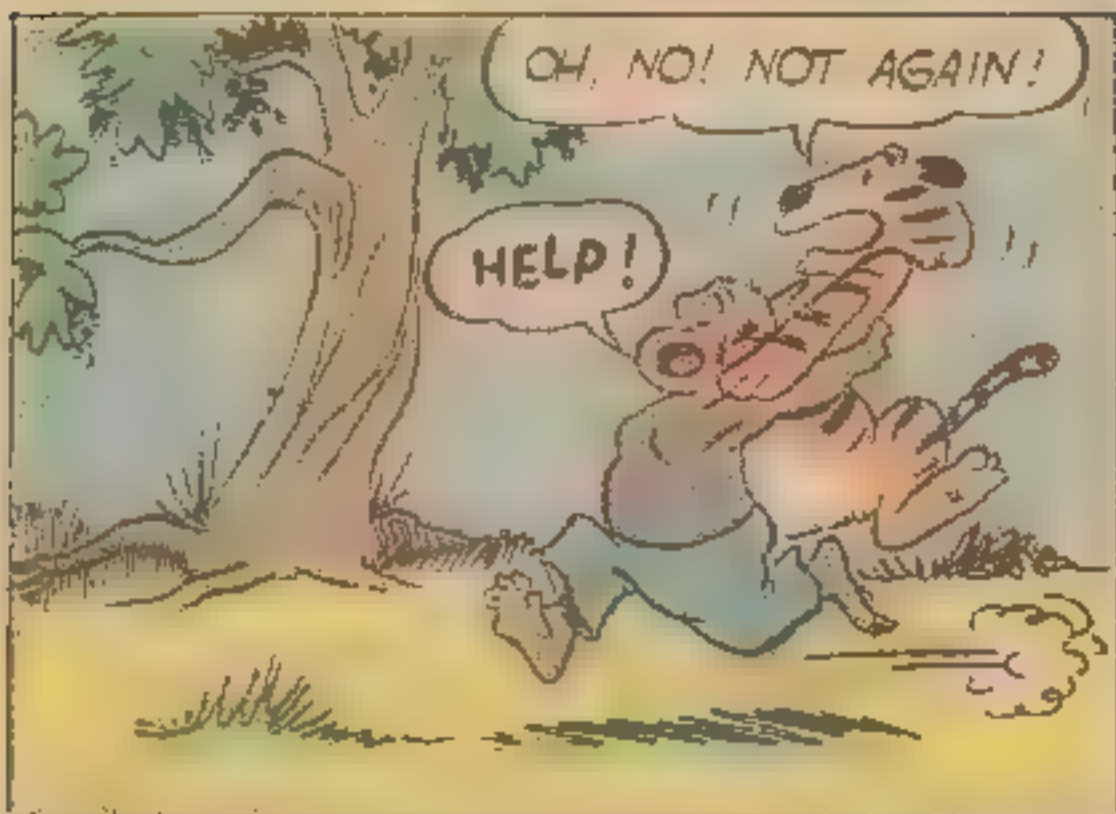
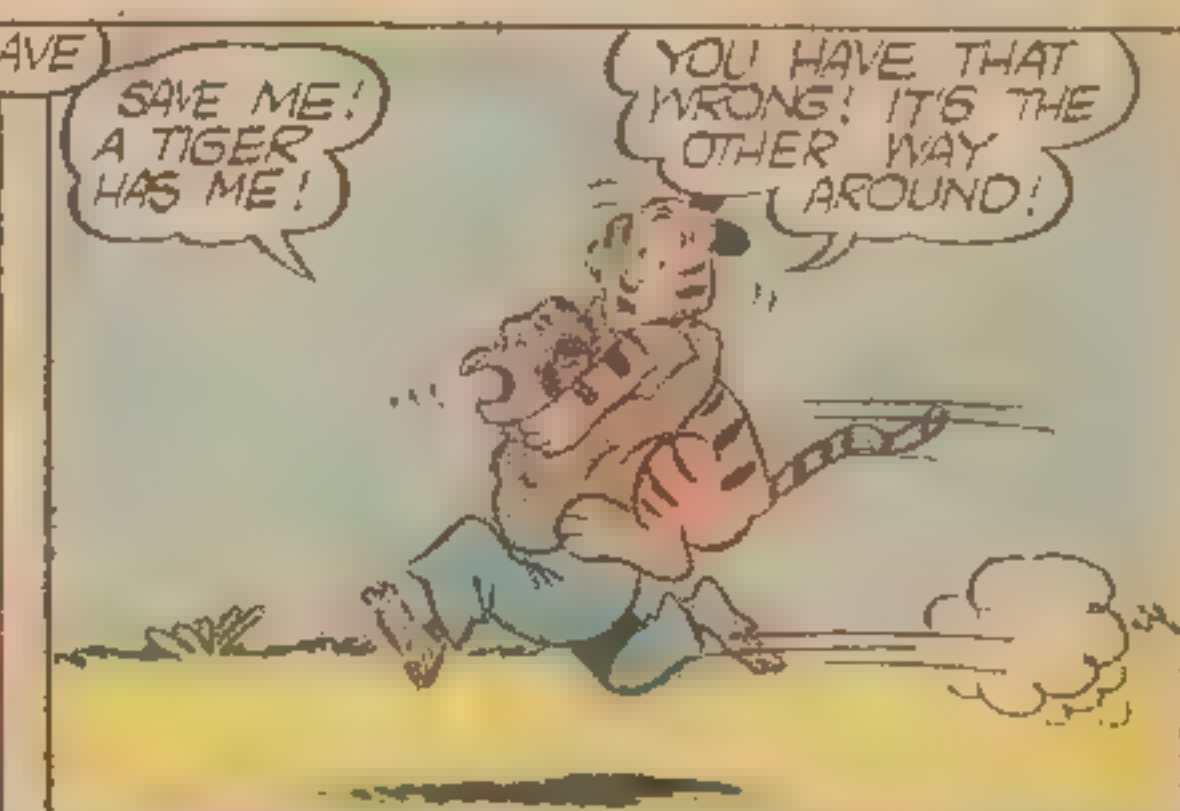
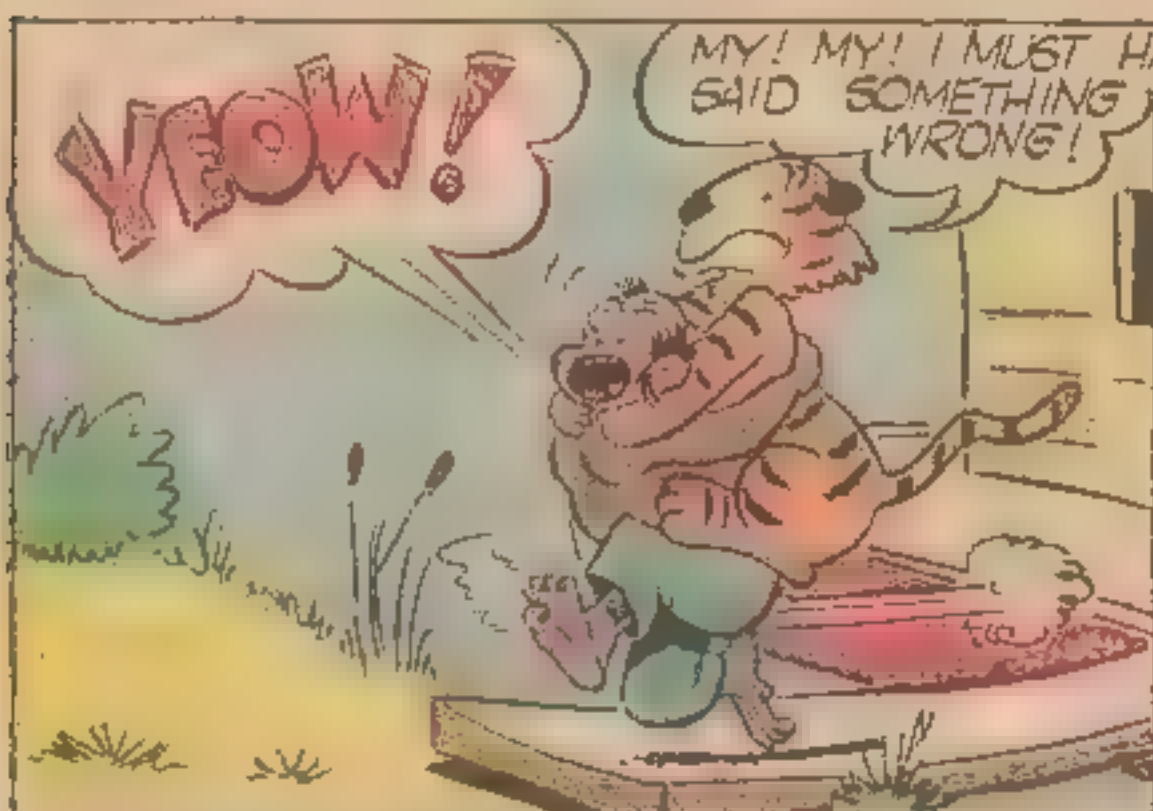
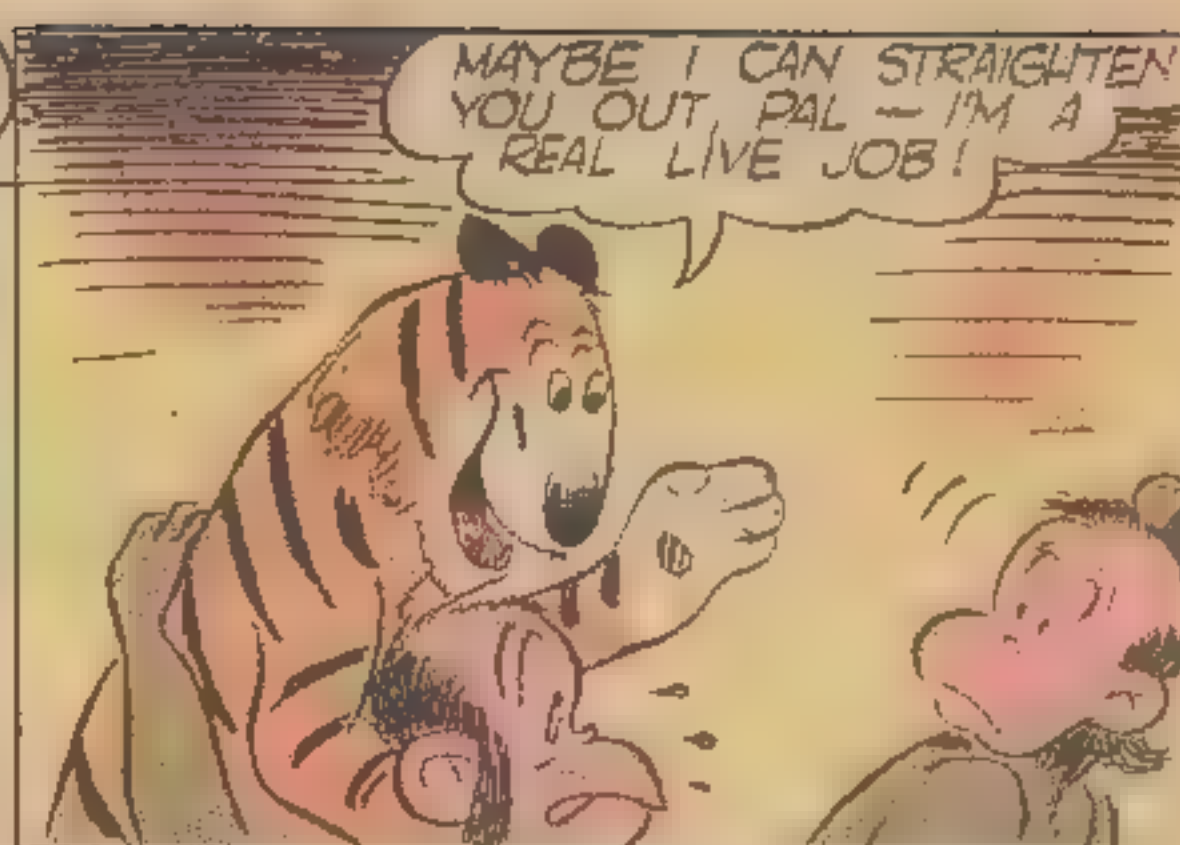
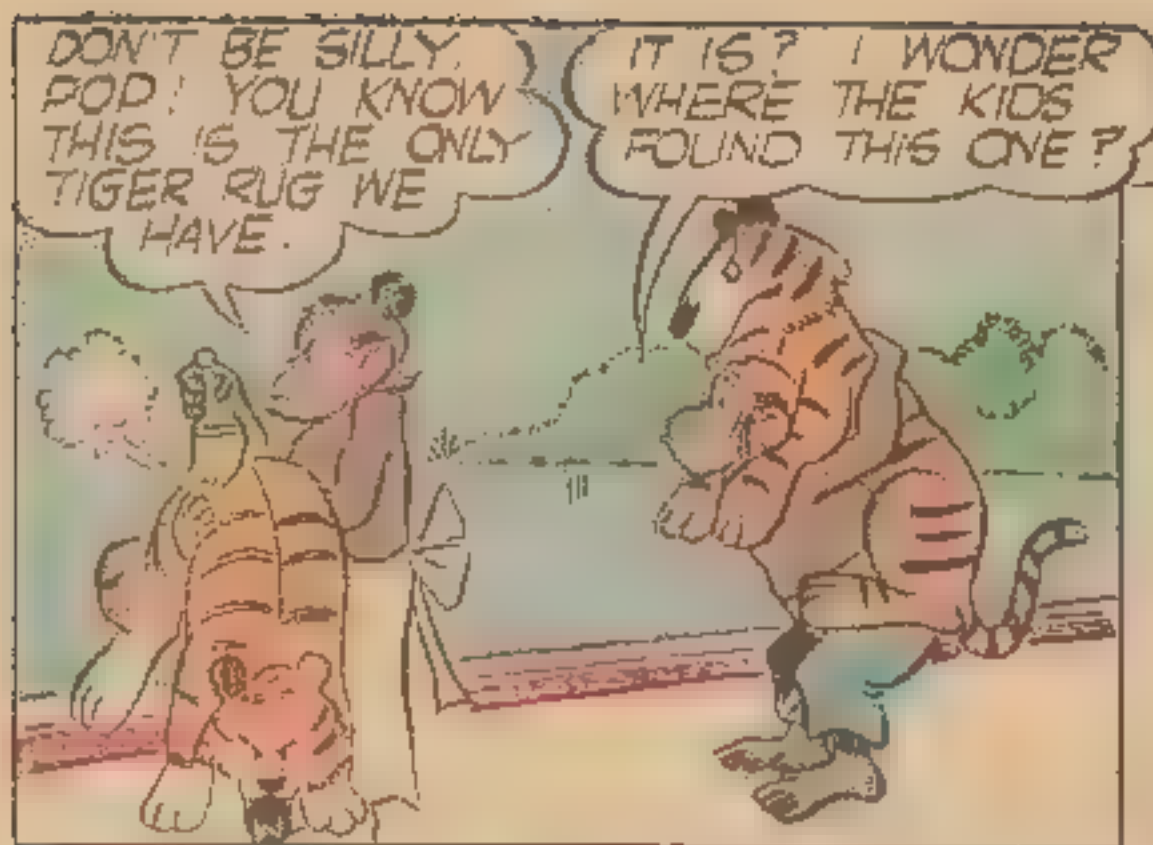












M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

WUFF

The
PRAIRIE
DOG.

HURRY ALONG, WUFF! YOU
MUSTN'T BE LATE ON THE
FIRST DAY OF
SCHOOL!

I WON'T,
MOM!

AND HOLD ON TIGHT TO THE
TEACHER'S APPLE! DON'T
DROP IT!

OKAY,
MOM!

IT WOULD BE AWFUL
IF I DROPPED THIS
APPLE AND IT GOT
ALL DIRTY! THEN
NOBODY WOULD
ENJOY IT!

RATHER THAN LET A THING LIKE
THAT HAPPEN, PERHAPS
I'D BETTER...

CRUNCH!
KLOP!

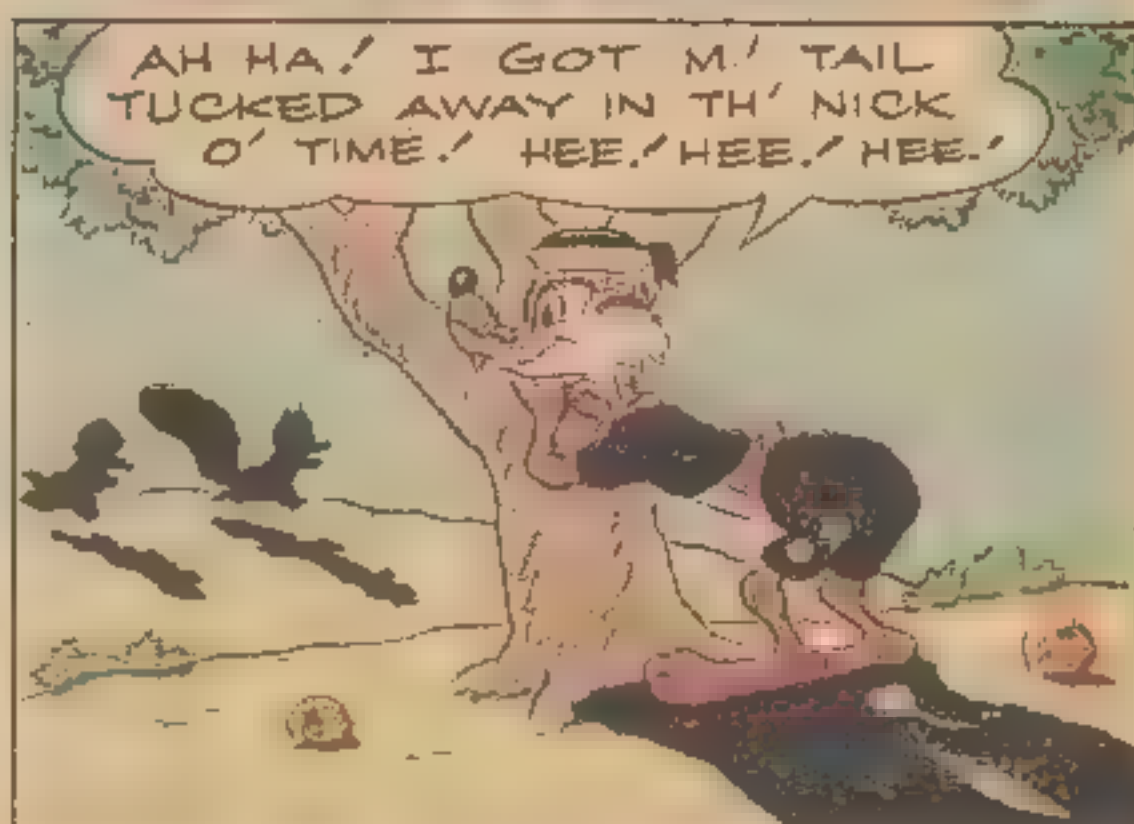
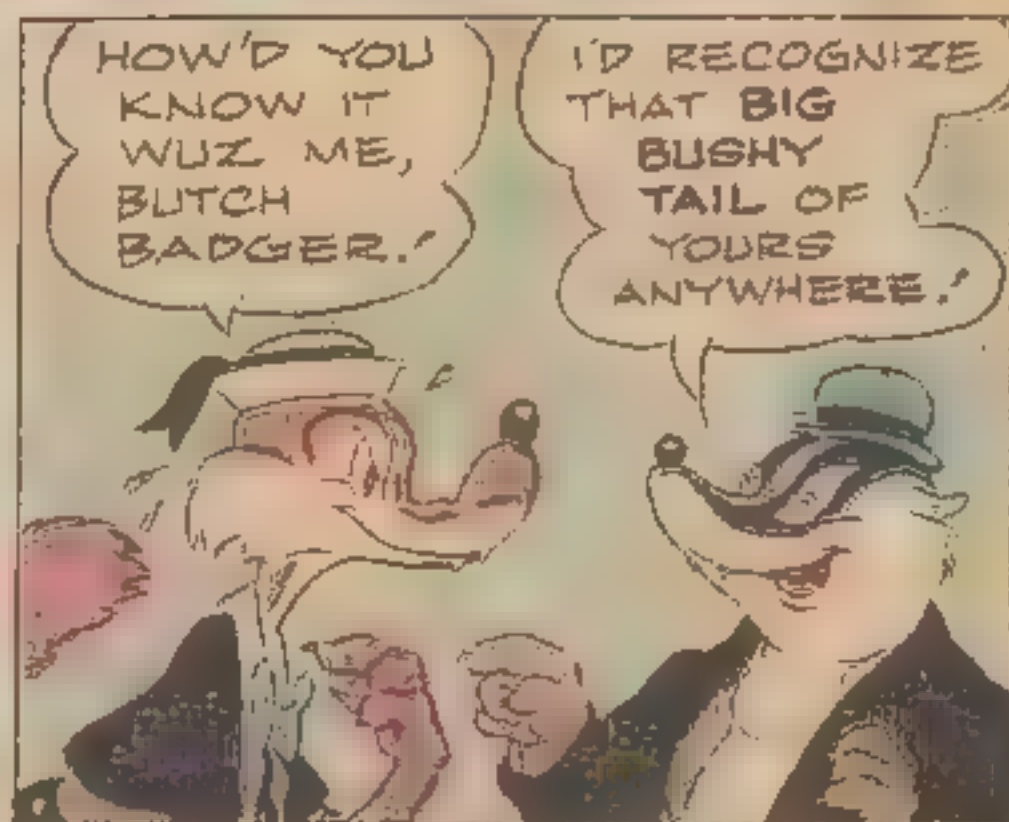
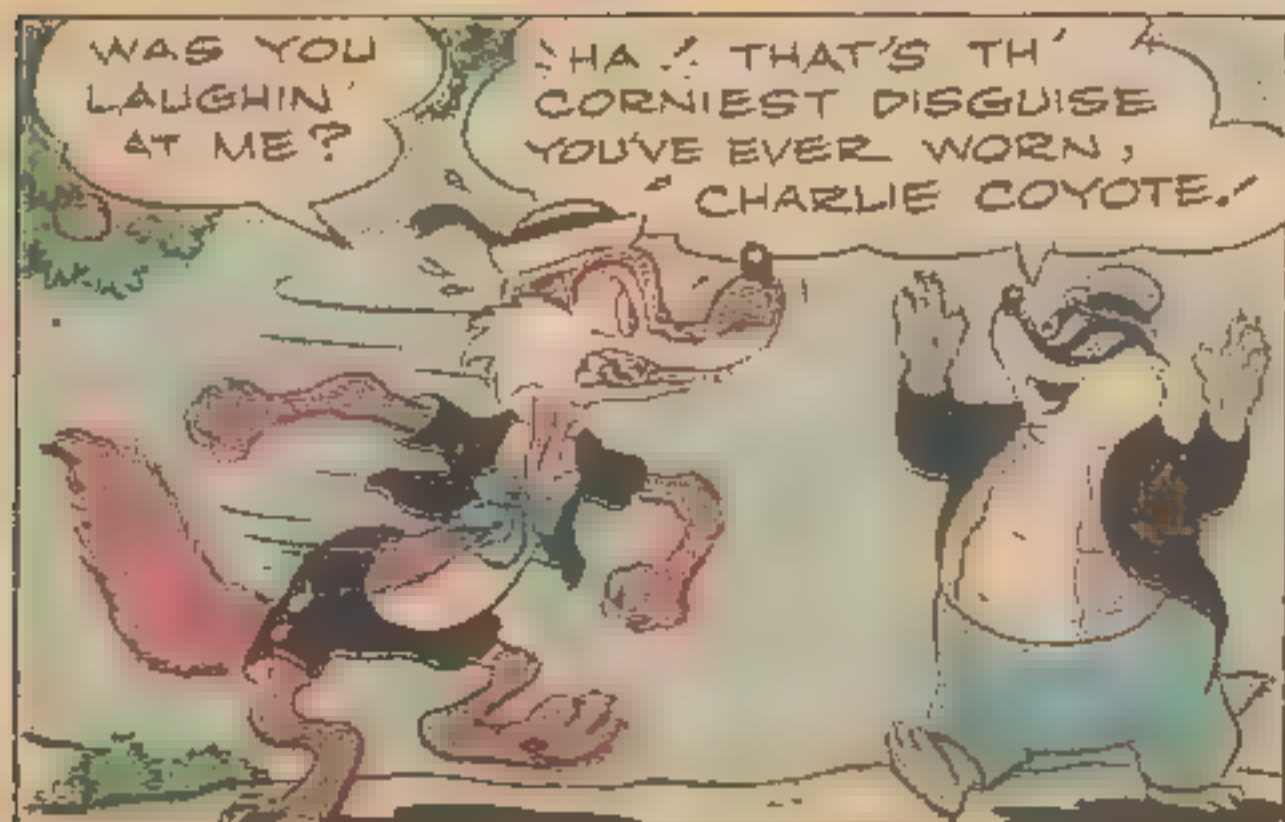
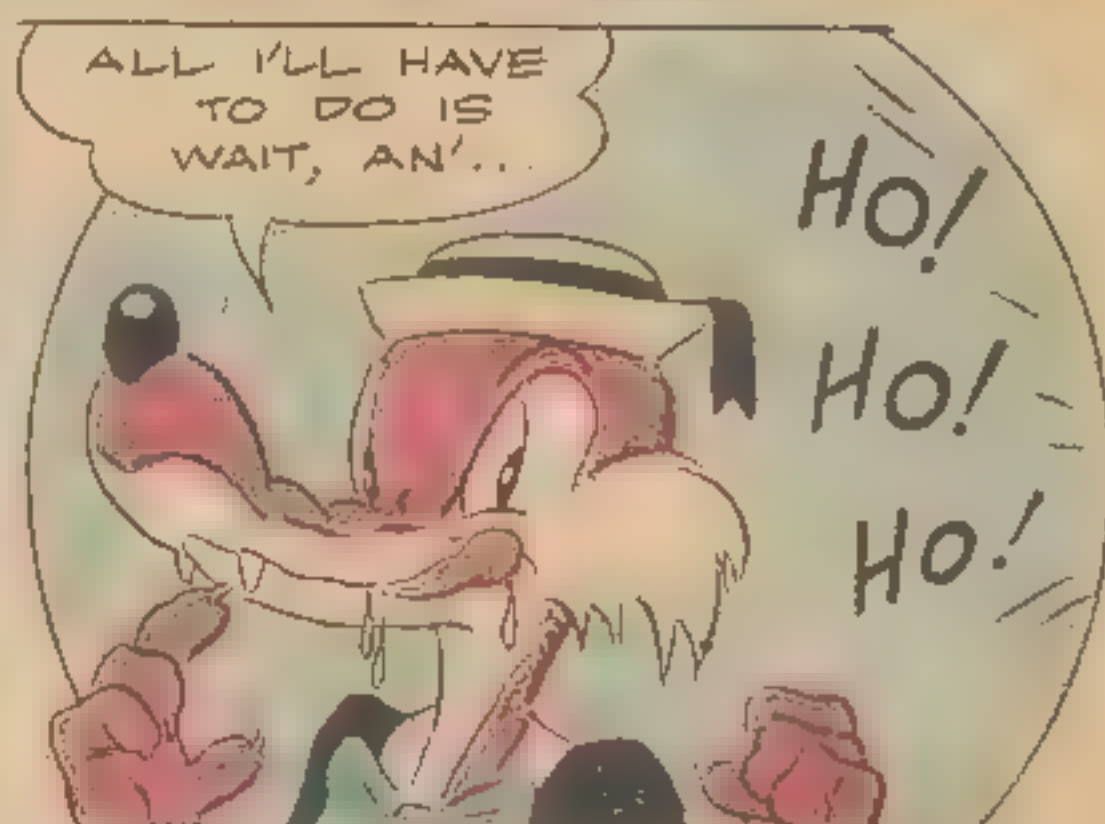
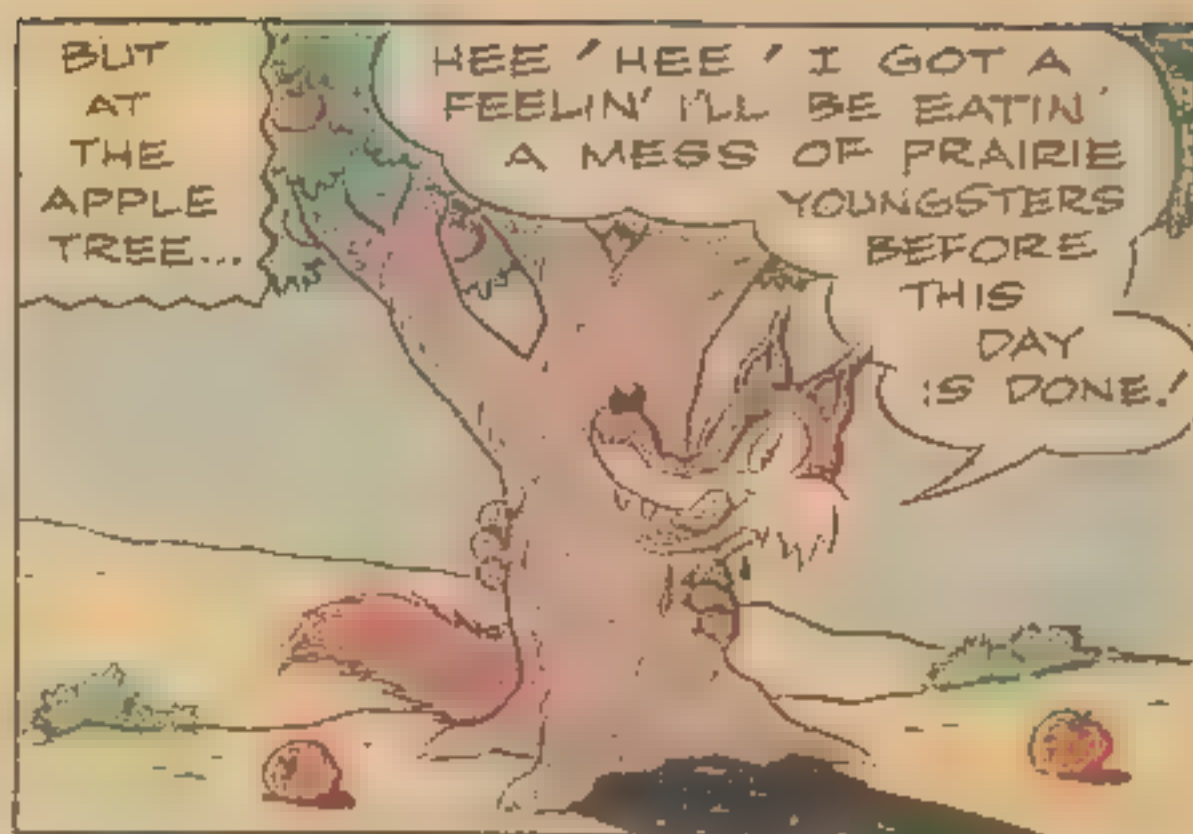
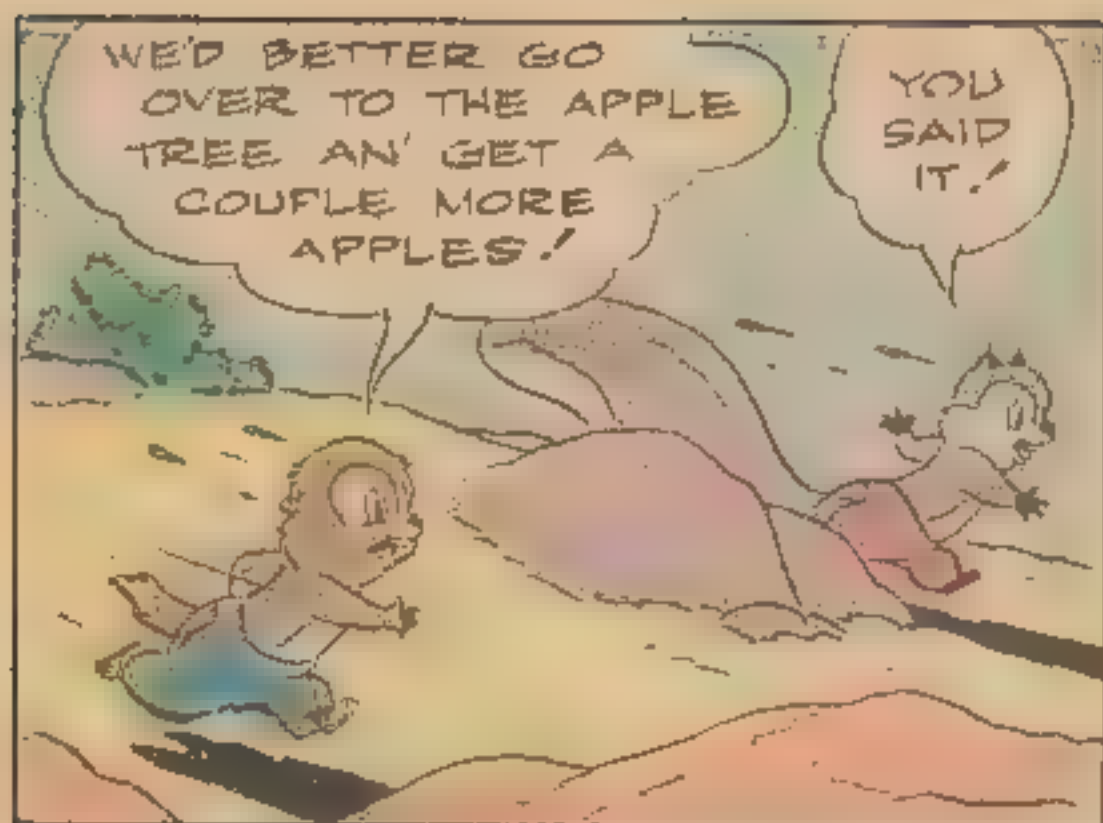
SHAME ON YOU, WUFF! I'LL
BET YOUR MOTHER GAVE
YOU THAT APPLE TO
GIVE TO THE
TEACHER!

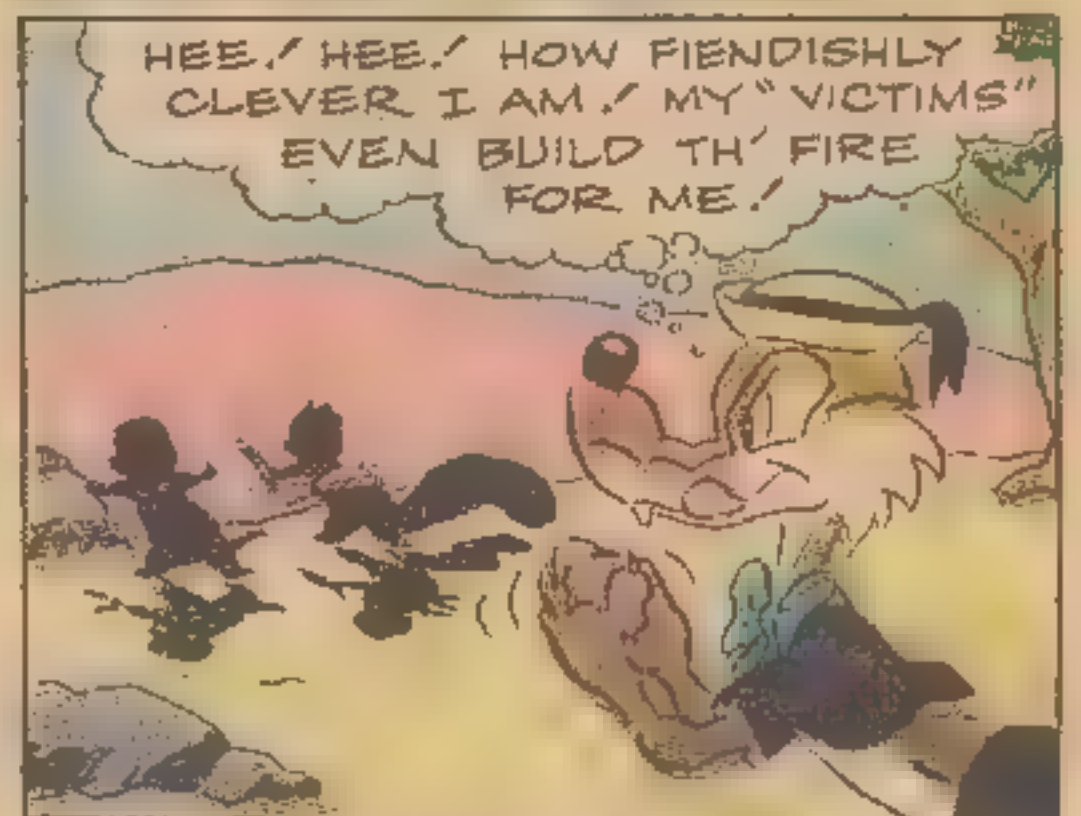
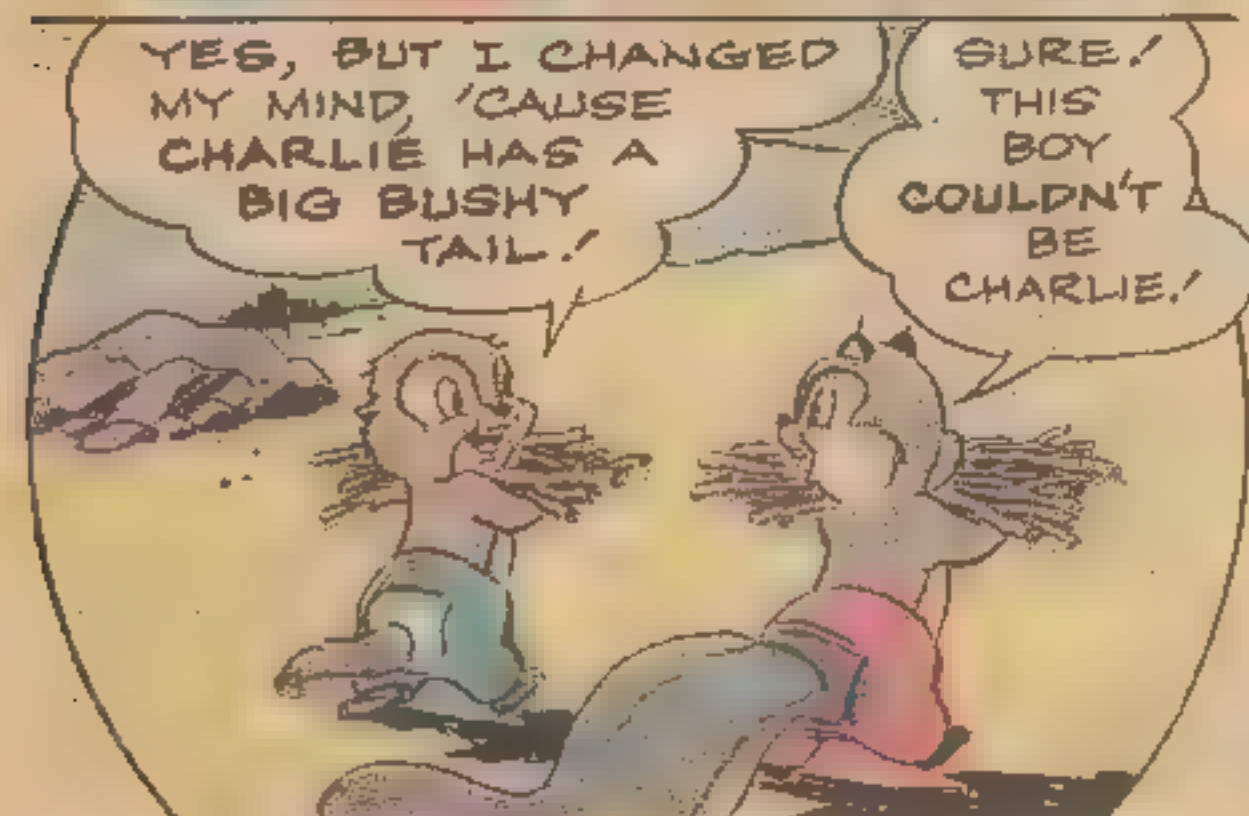
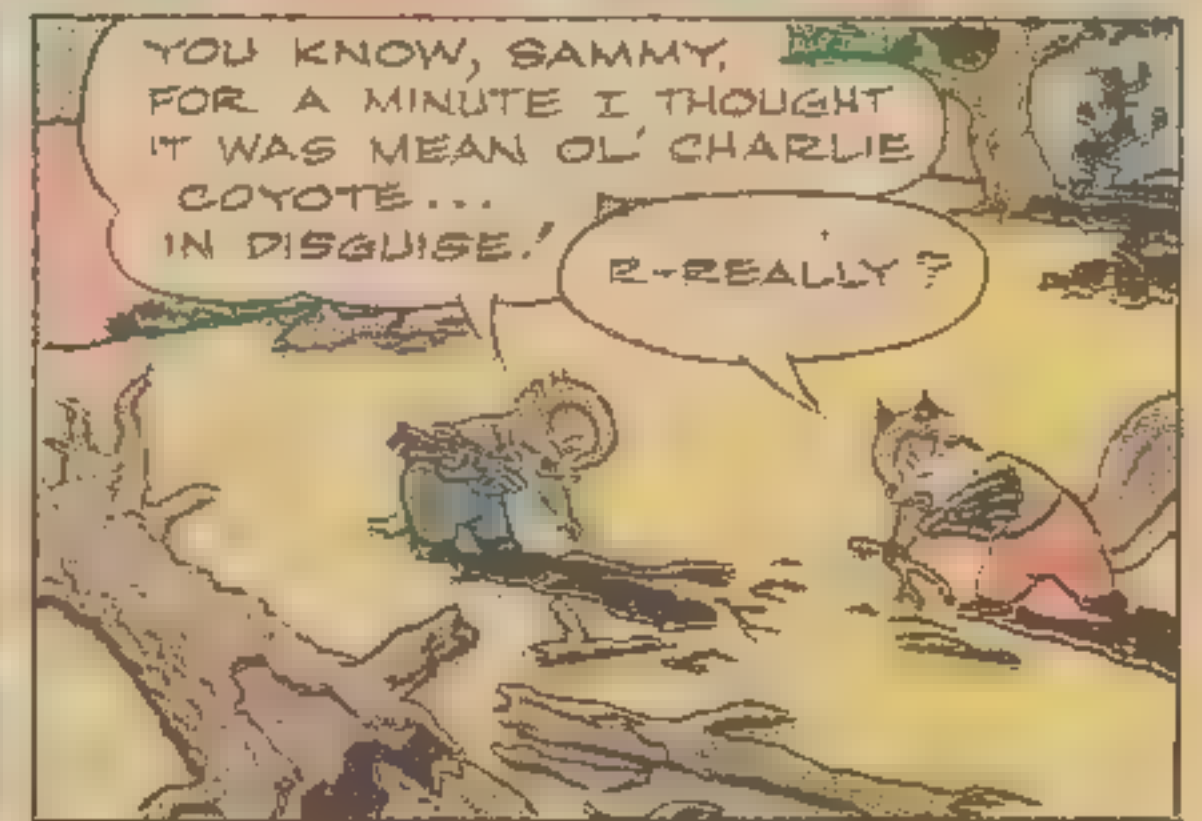
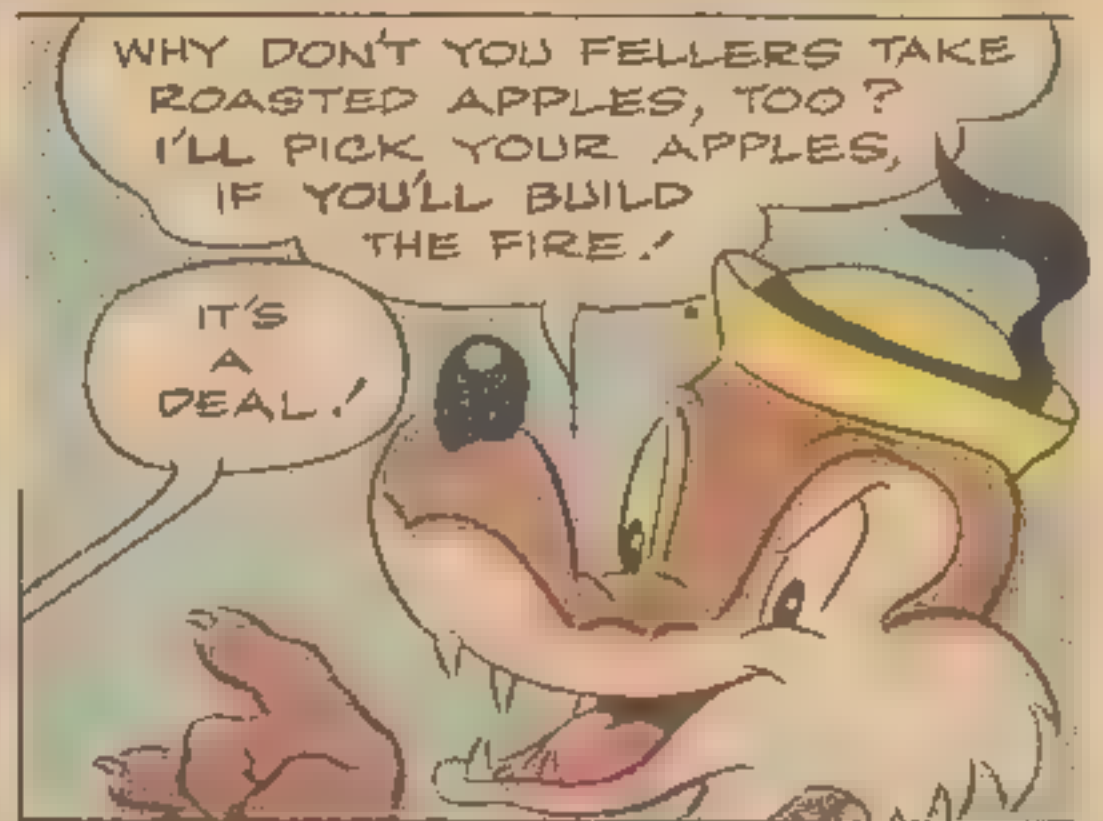
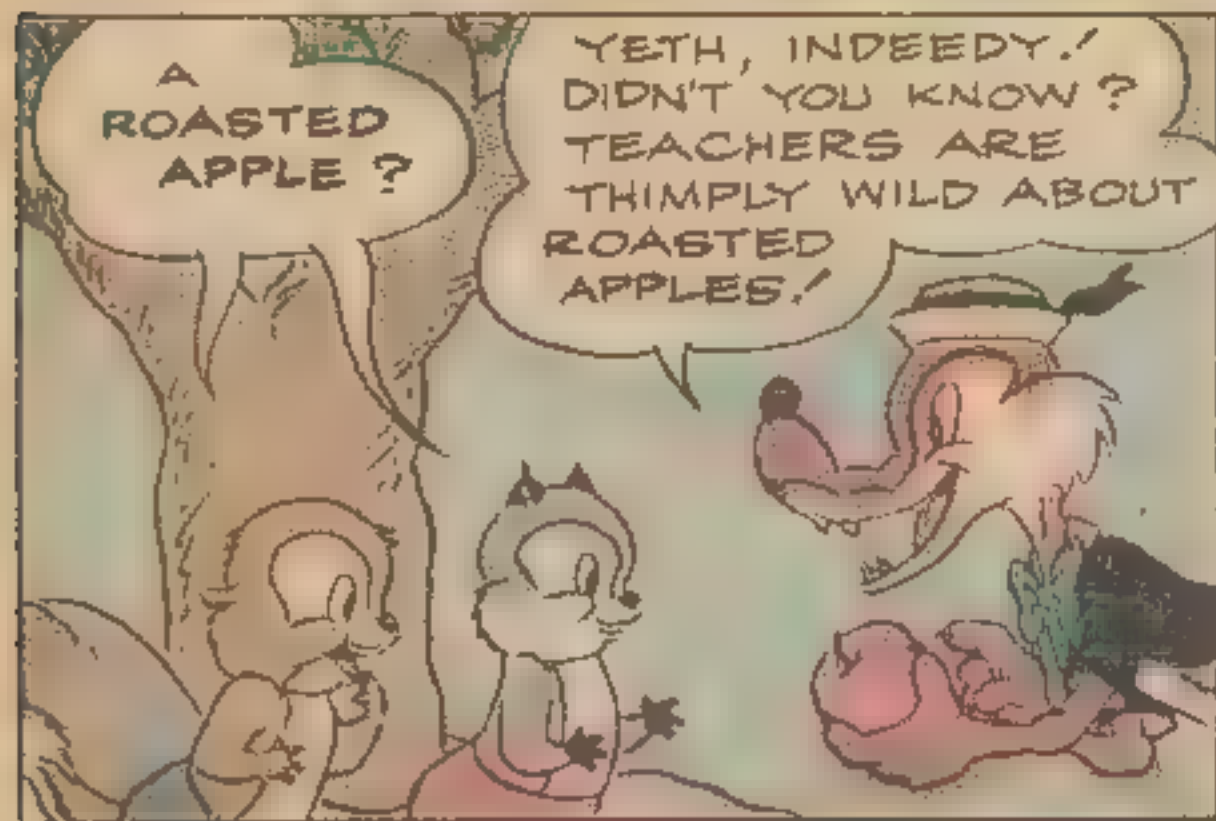
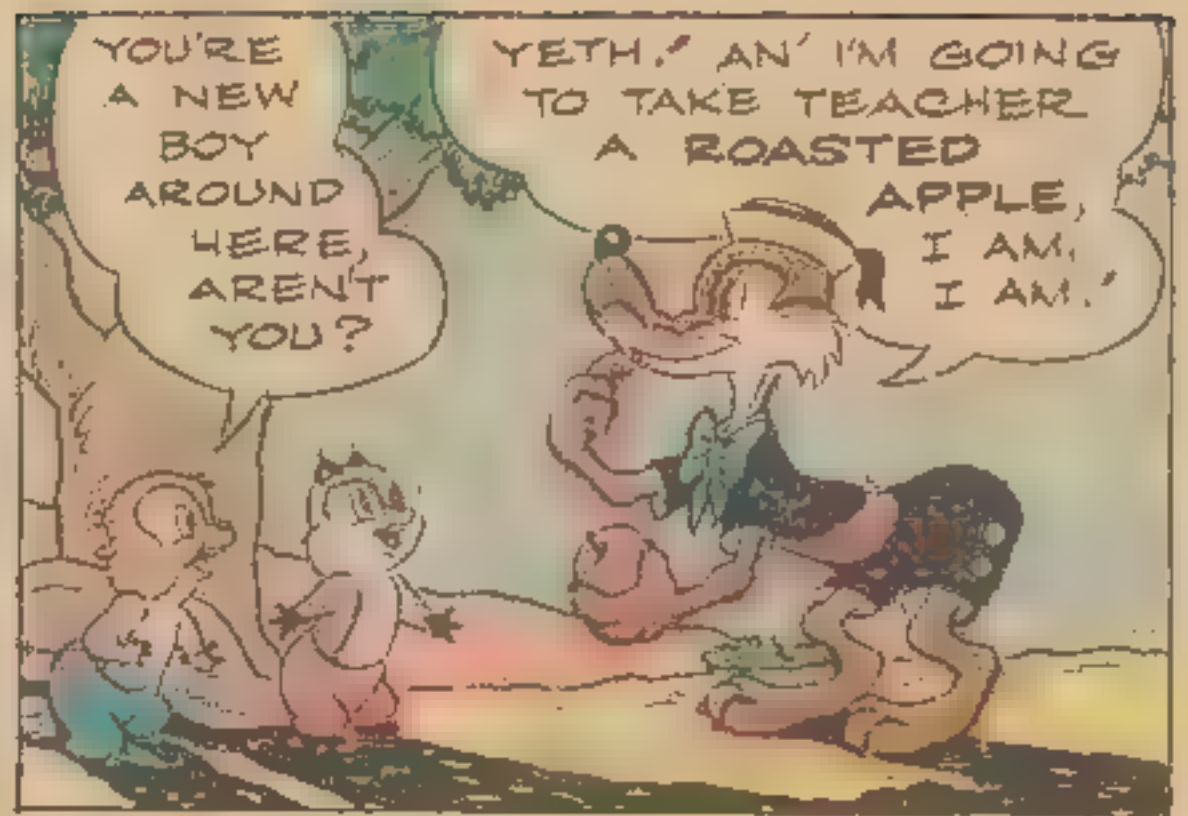
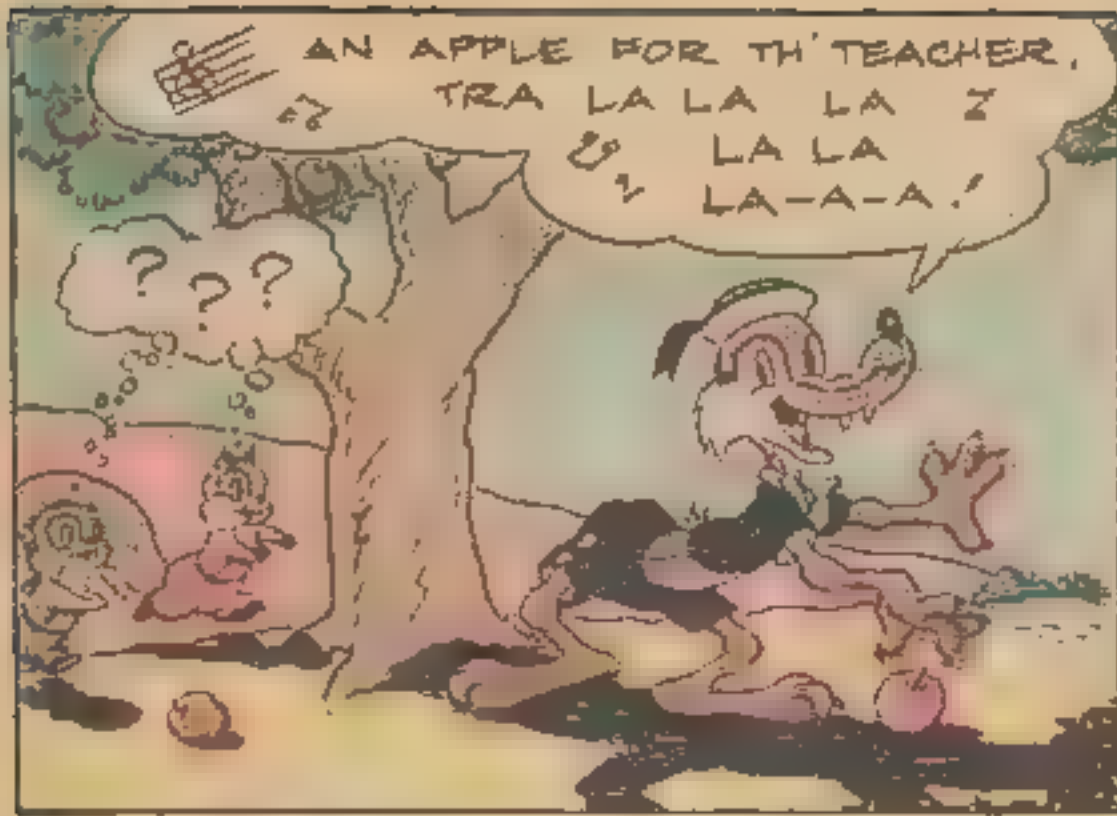
YOU SHOULD TALK,
SAMMY SQUIRREL!
WHERE'S YOUR
APPLE?

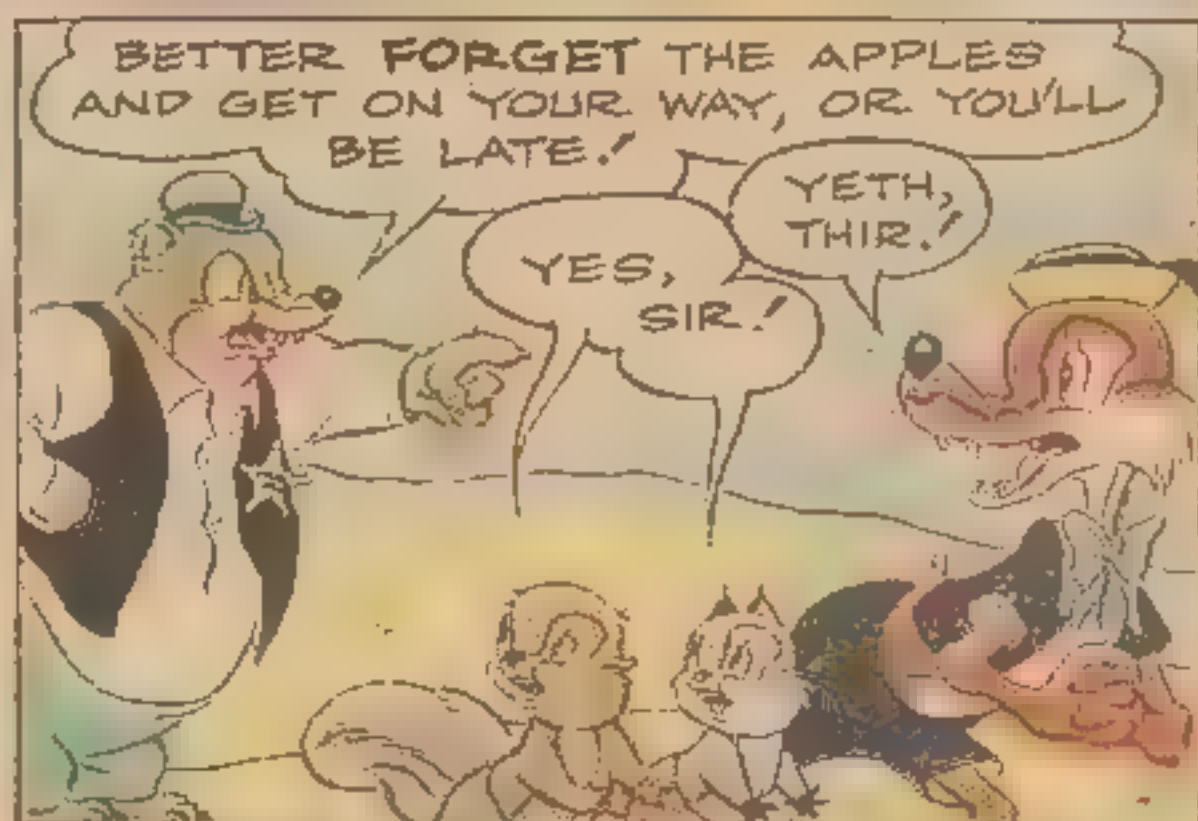
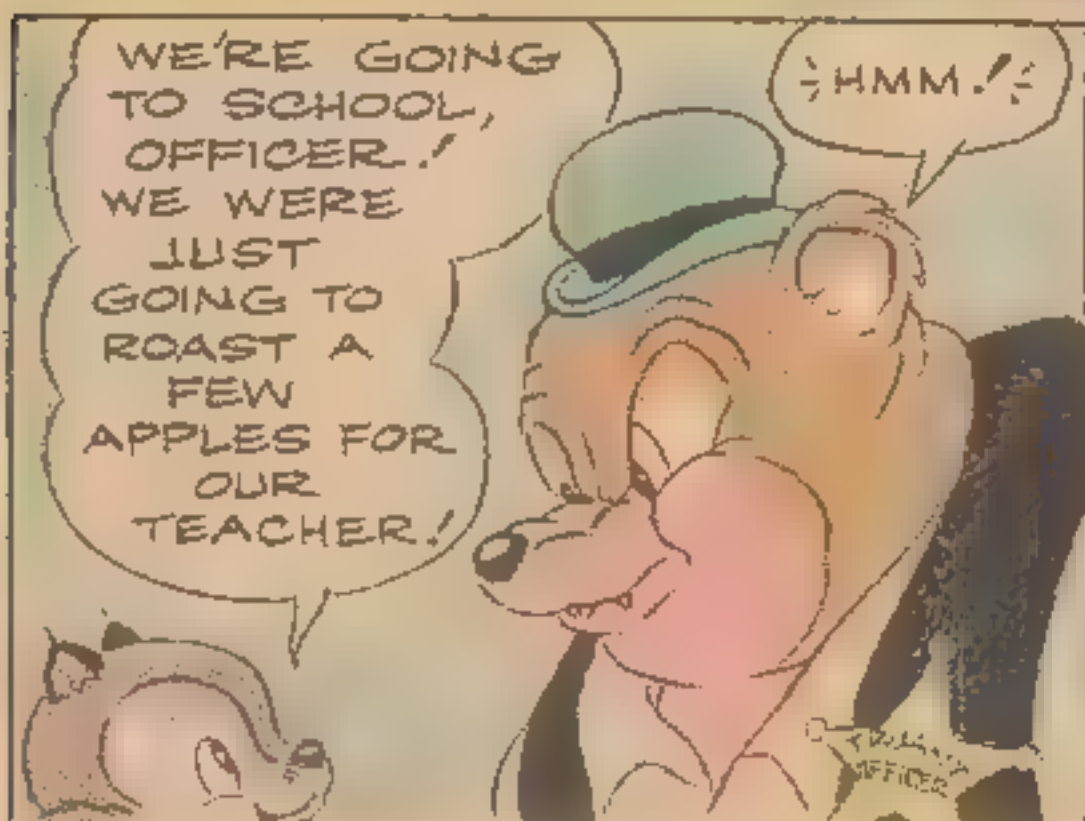
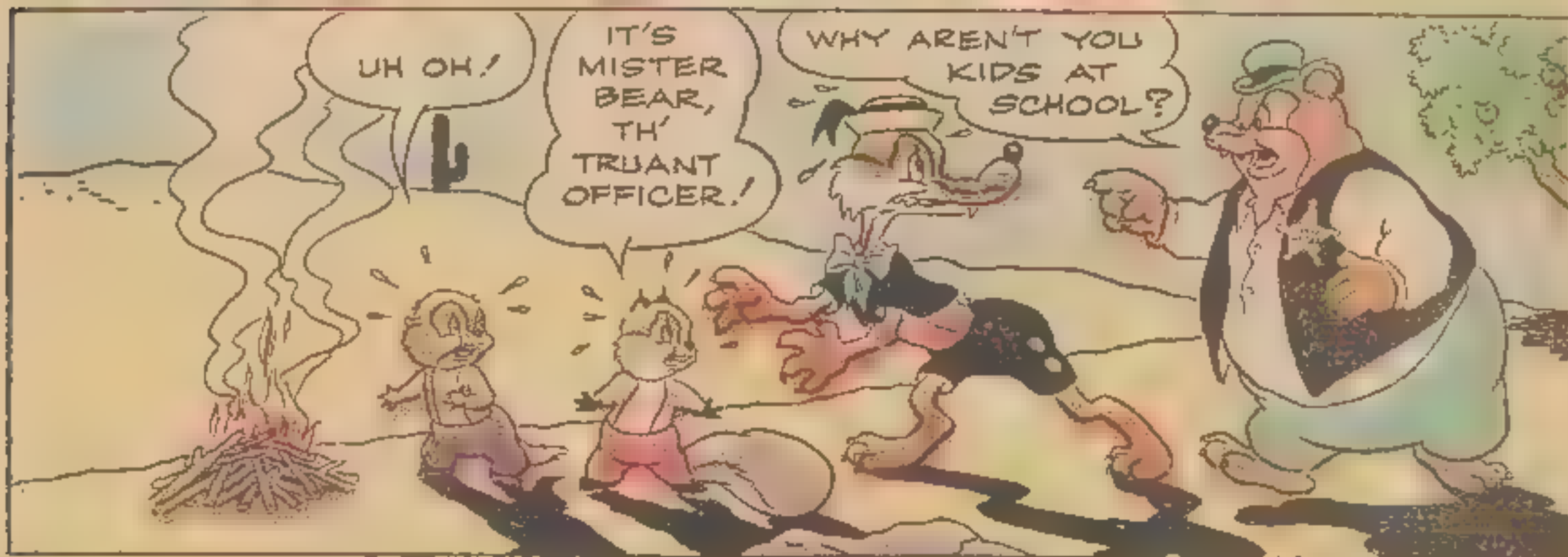
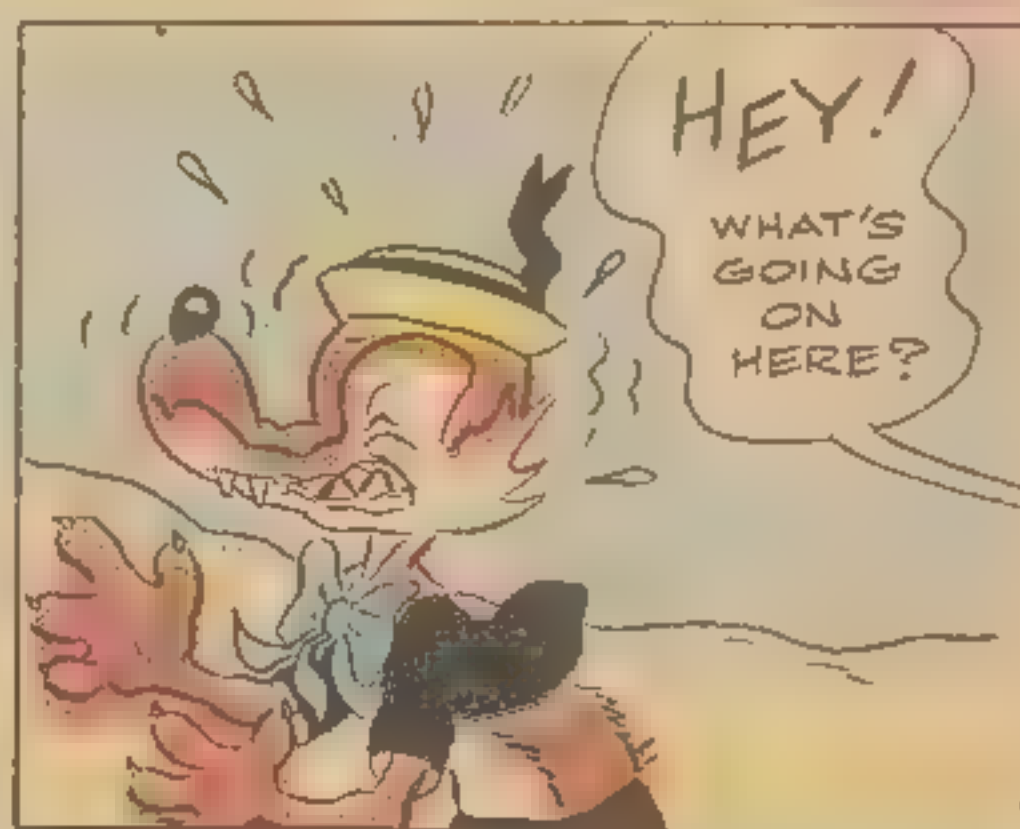
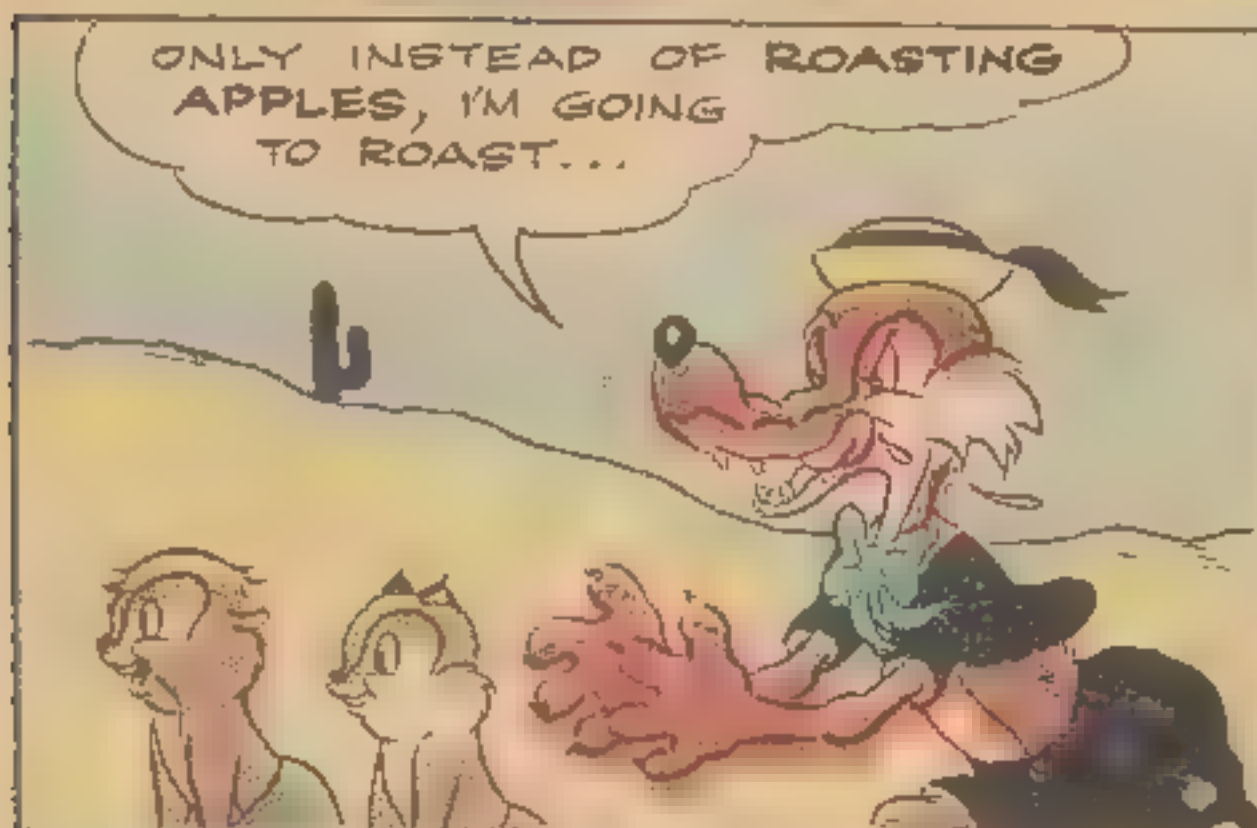
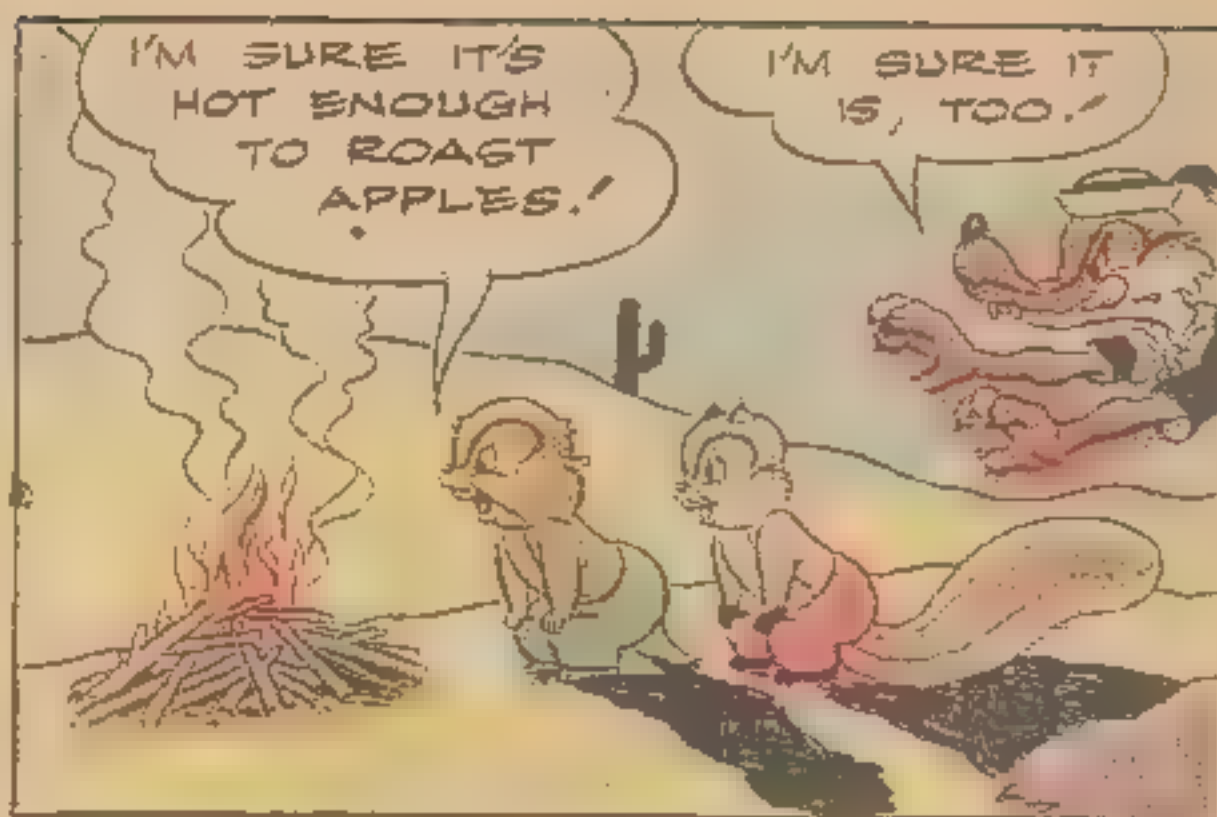
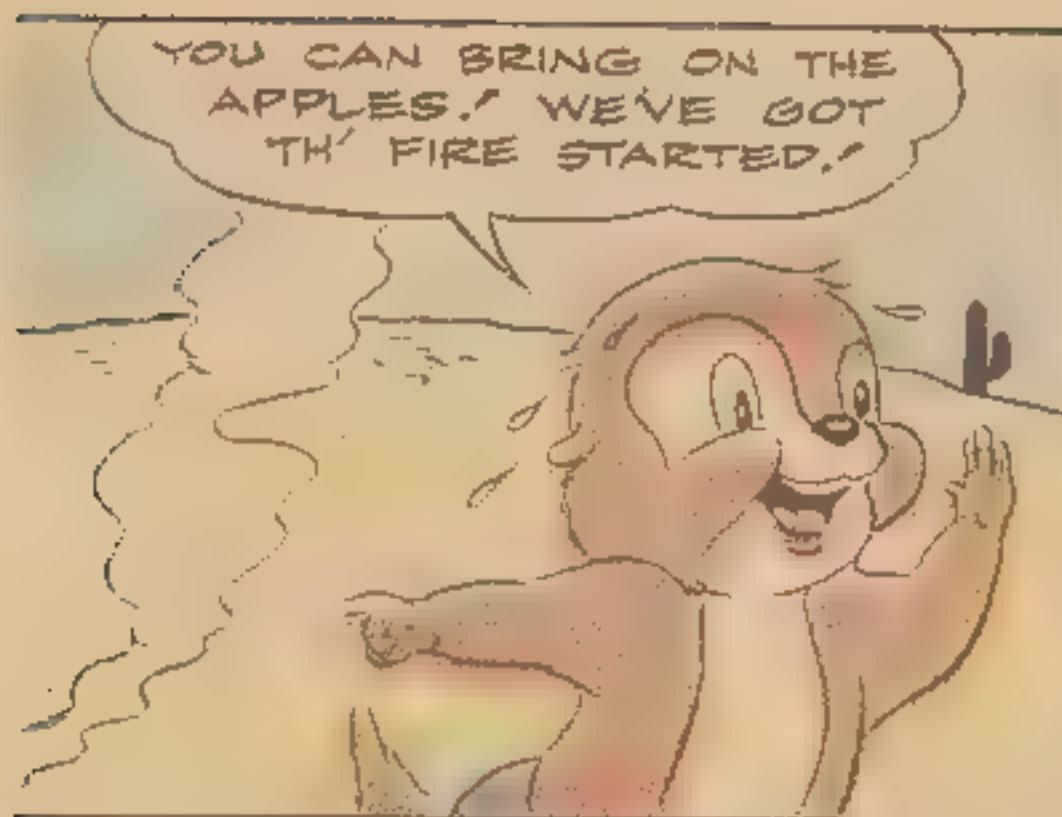
I ATE
MINE,
TOO!
TEE! HEE!

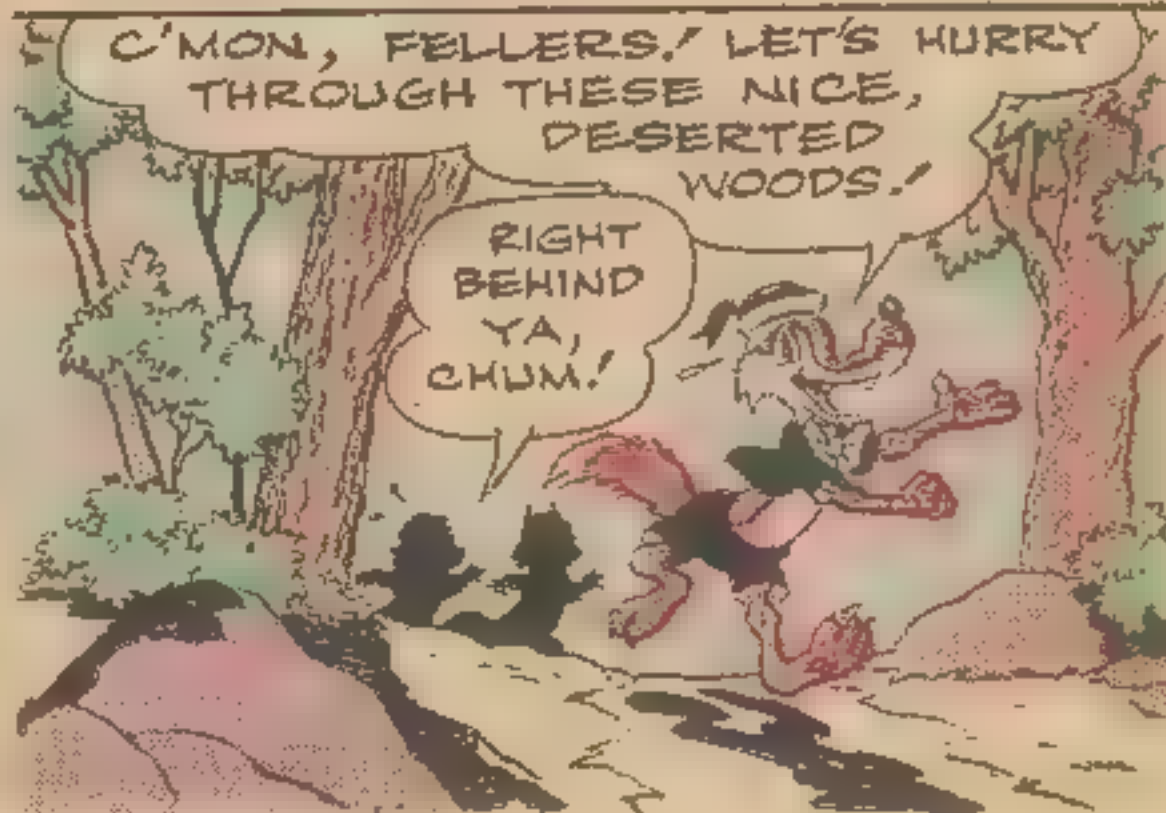
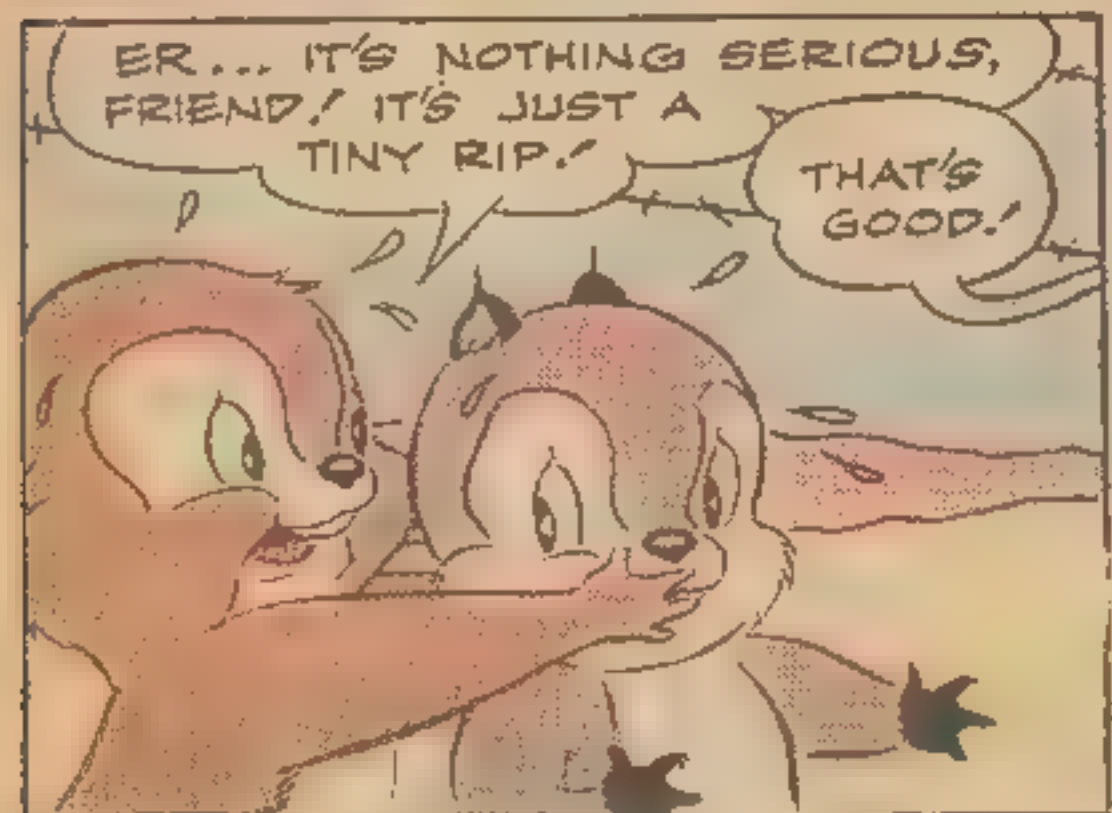
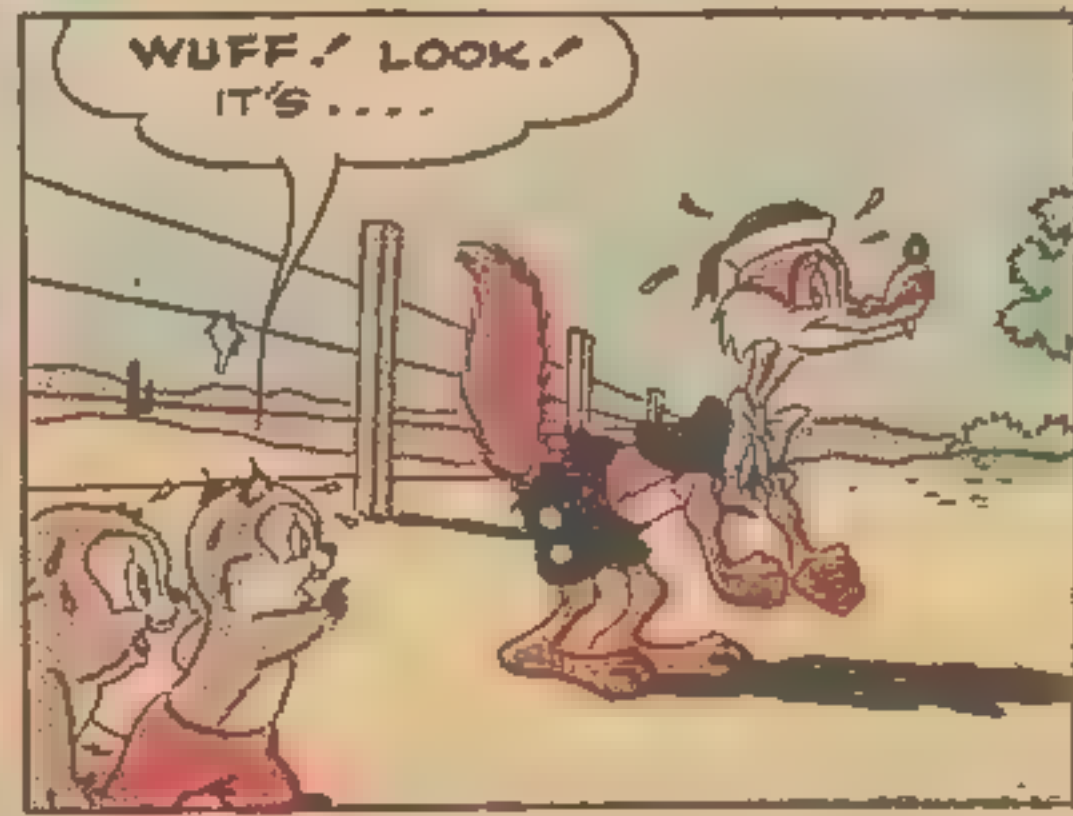
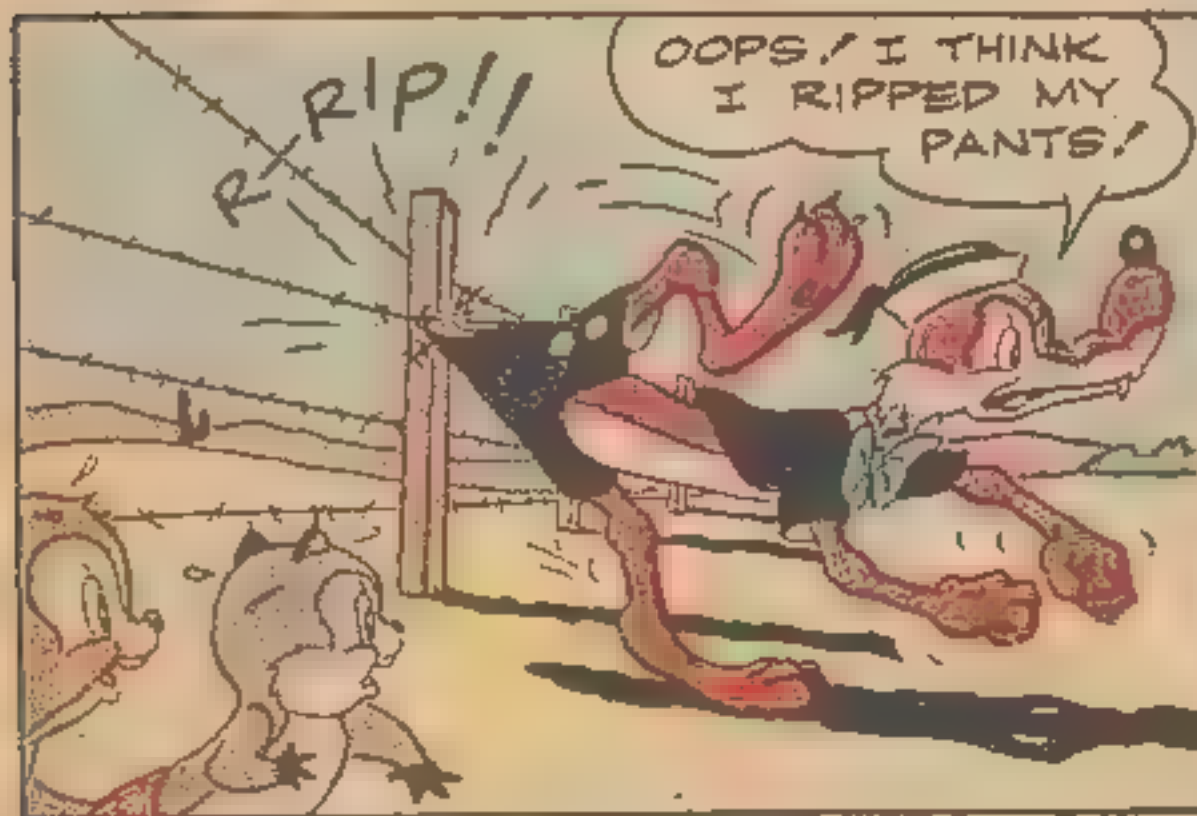
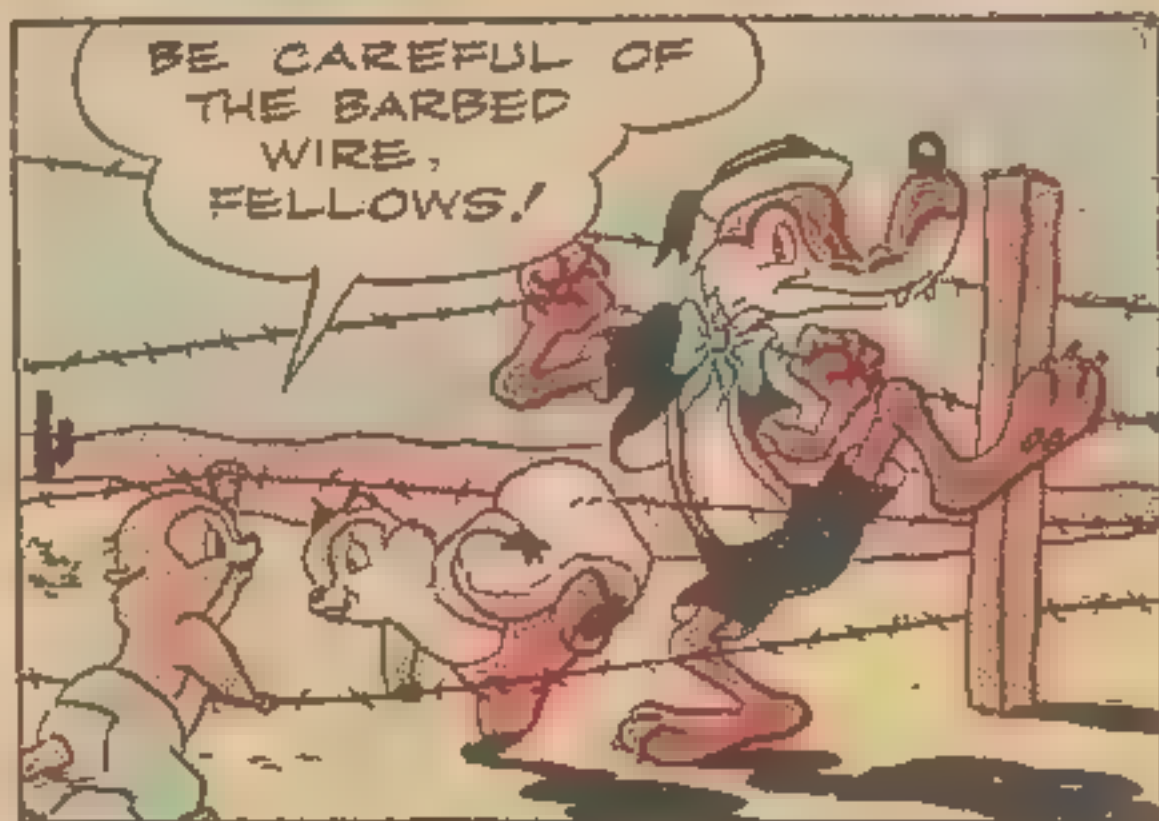
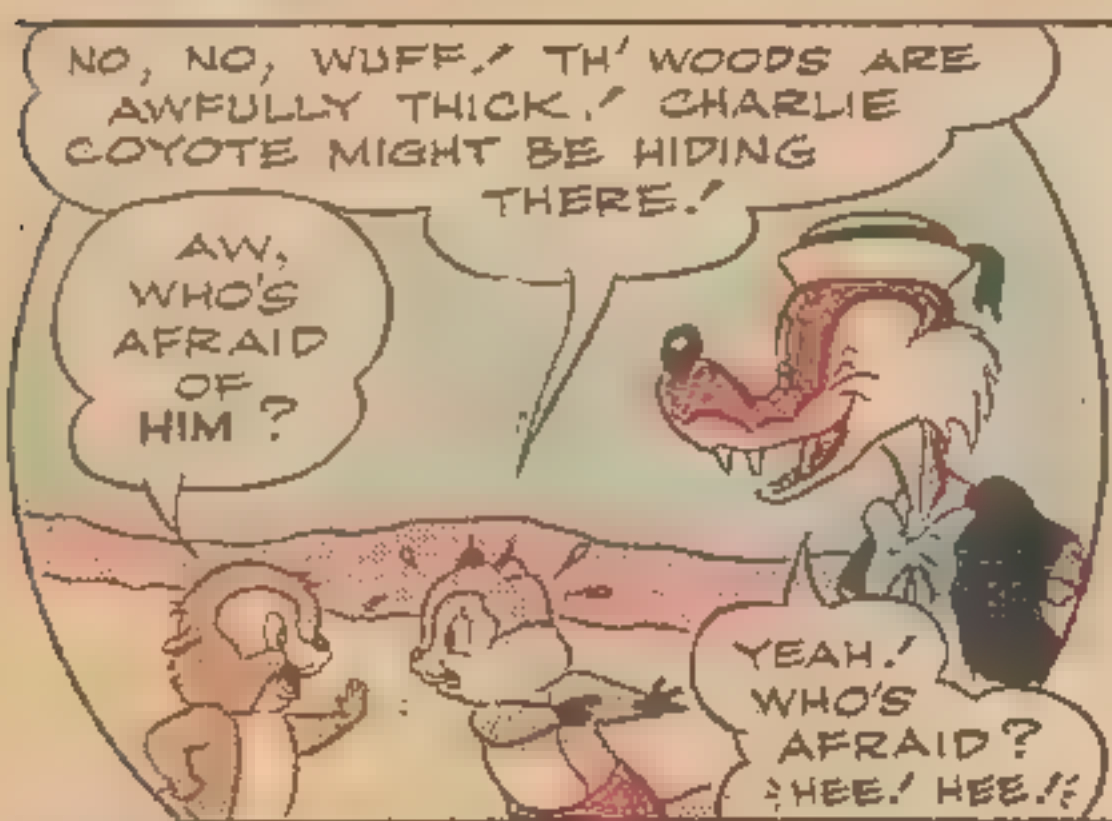
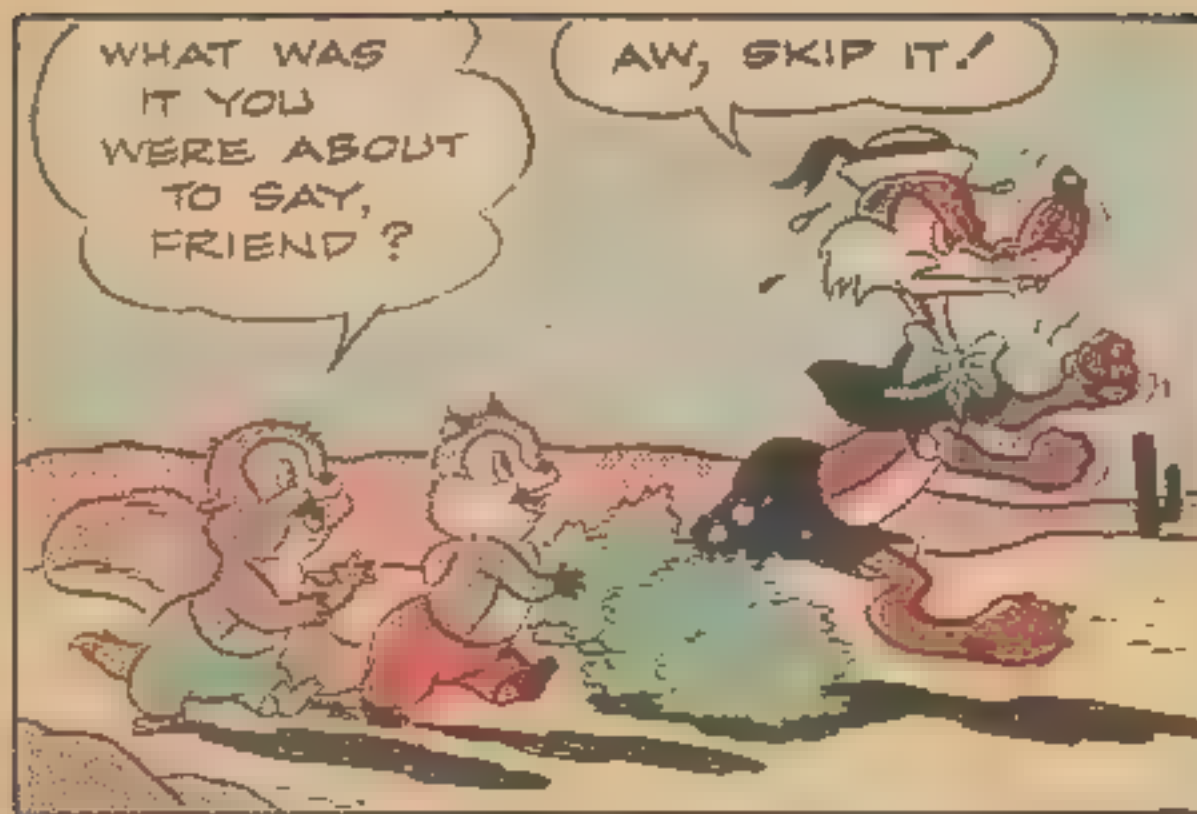
JEEPERS! I JUST THOUGHT OF
SOMETHING! SUPPOSE OUR
MOTHERS SHOULD ASK OUR
TEACHER HOW SHE
ENJOYED OUR
APPLES!

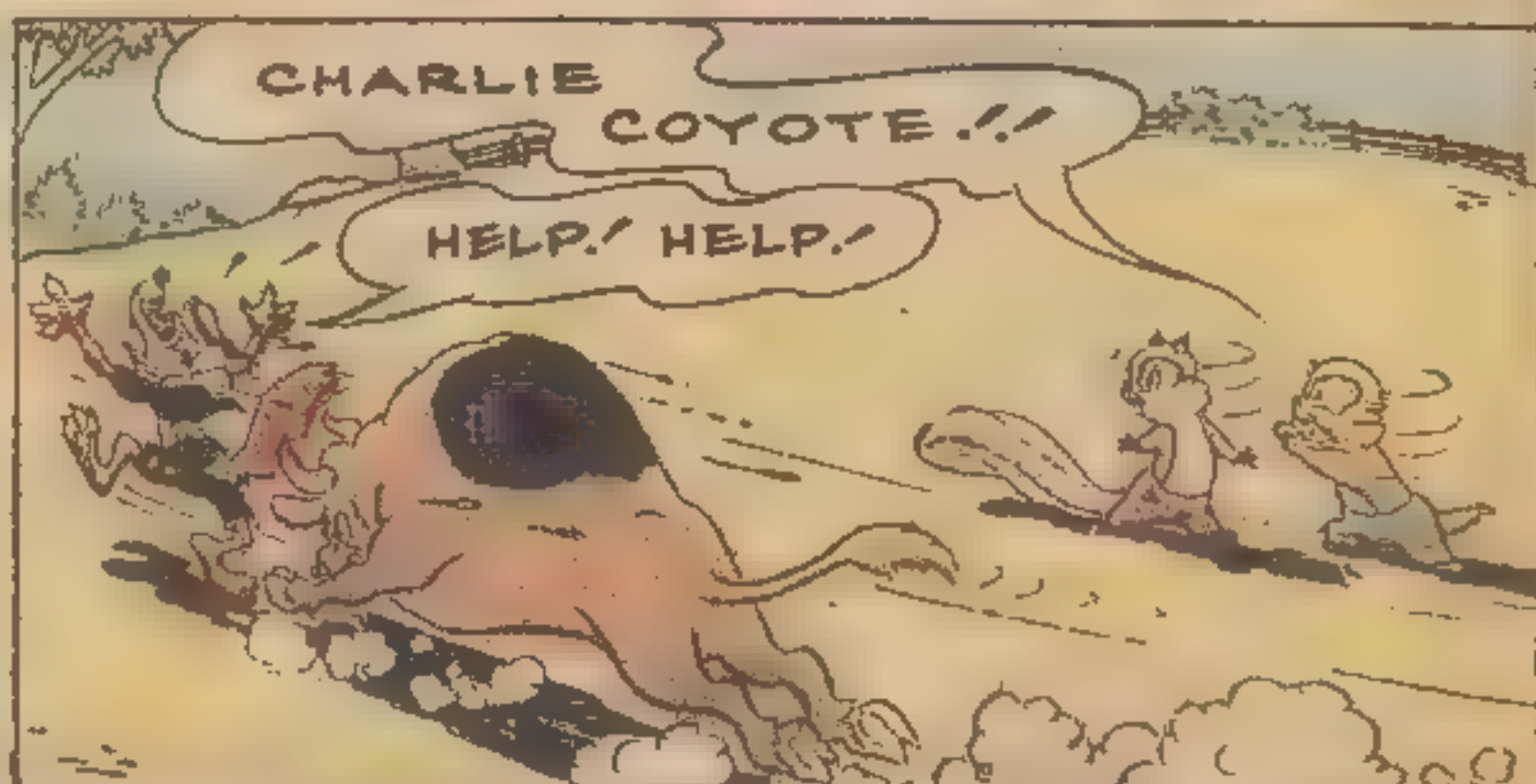
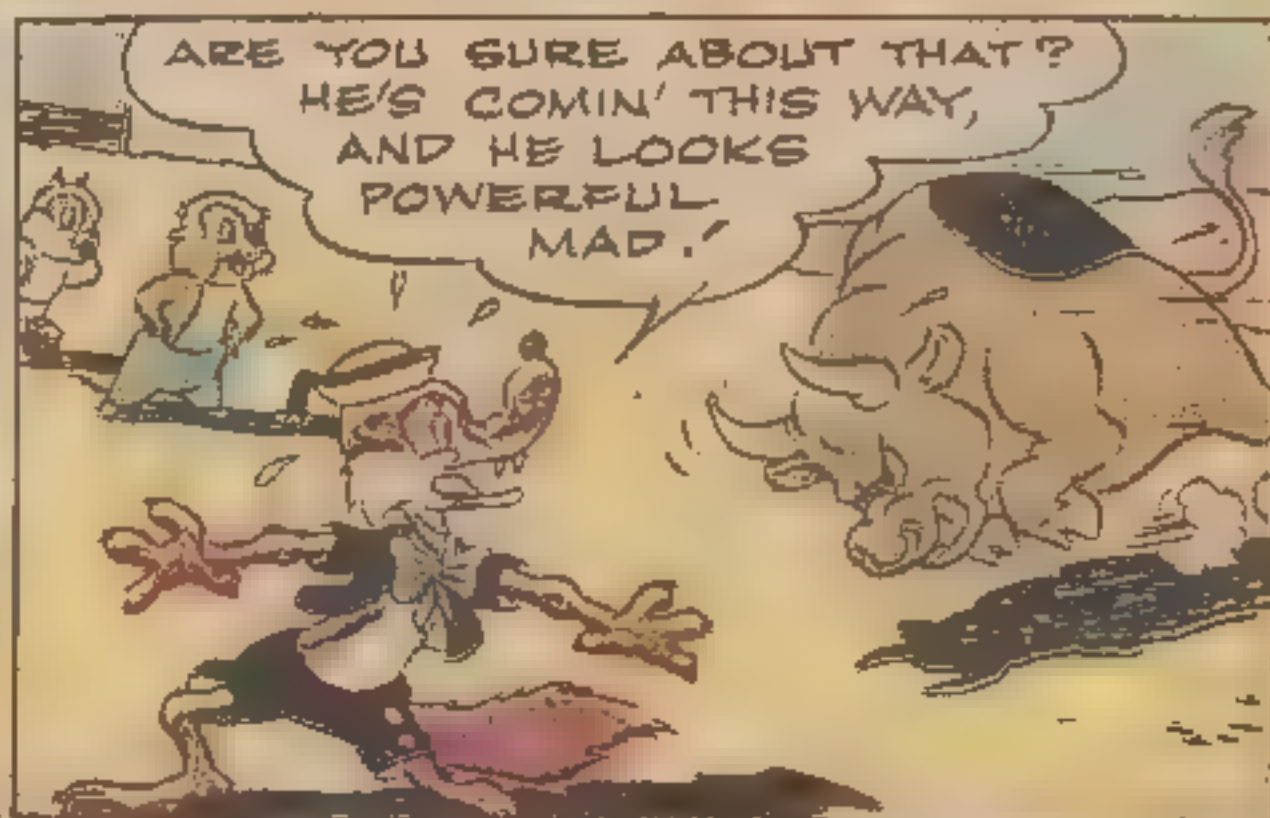
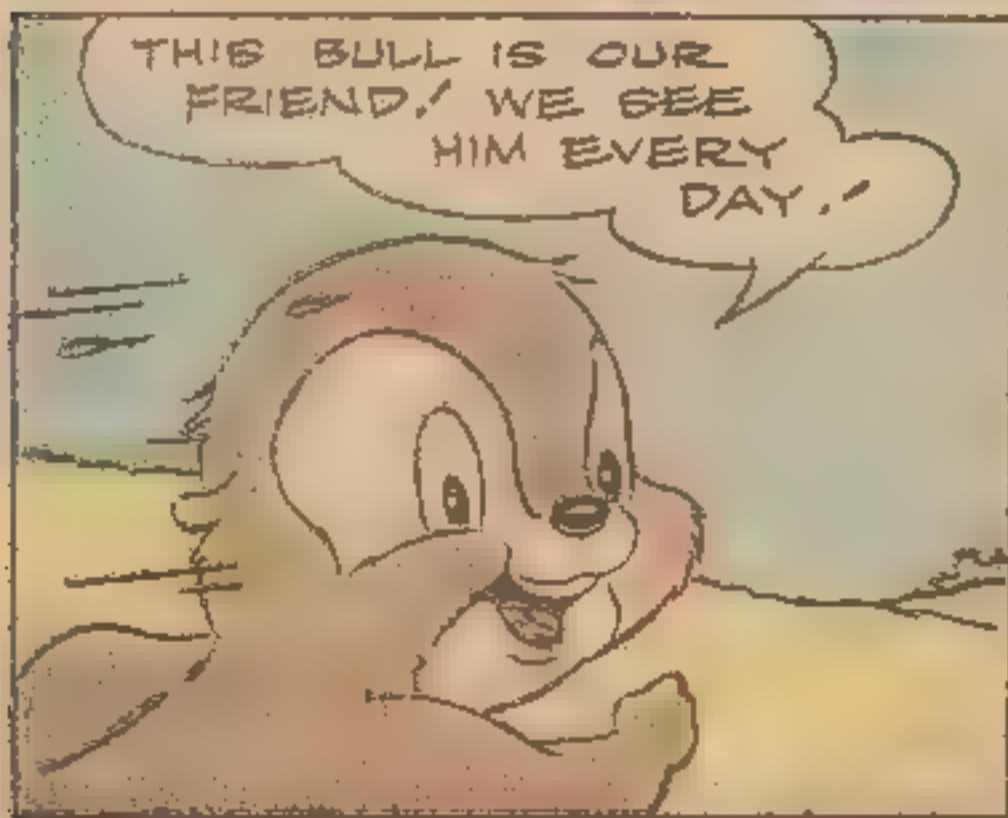
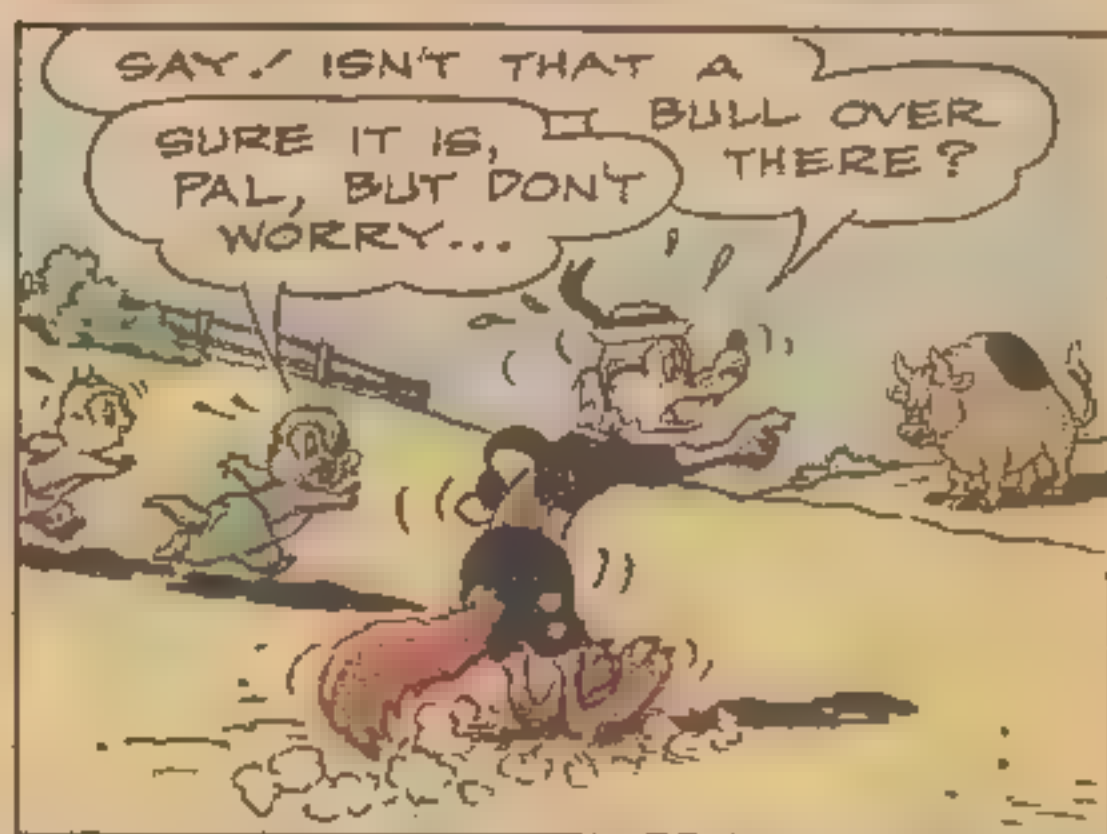
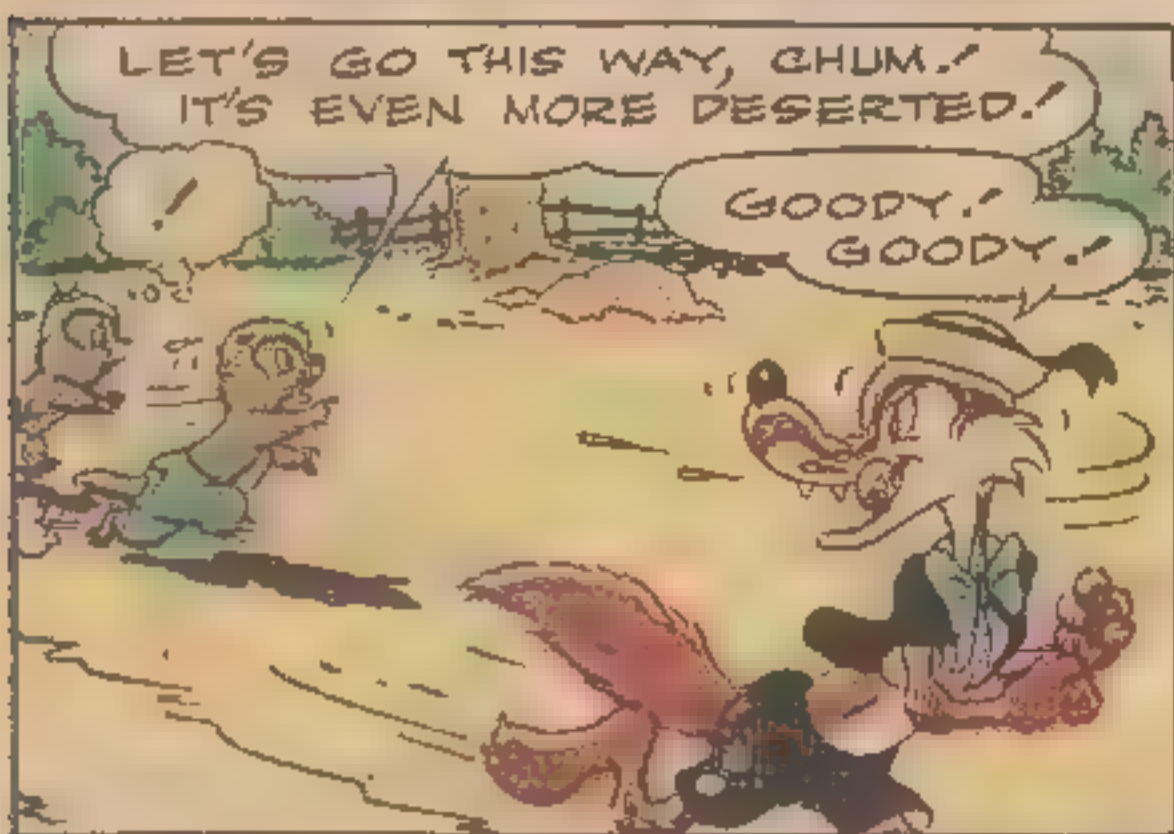
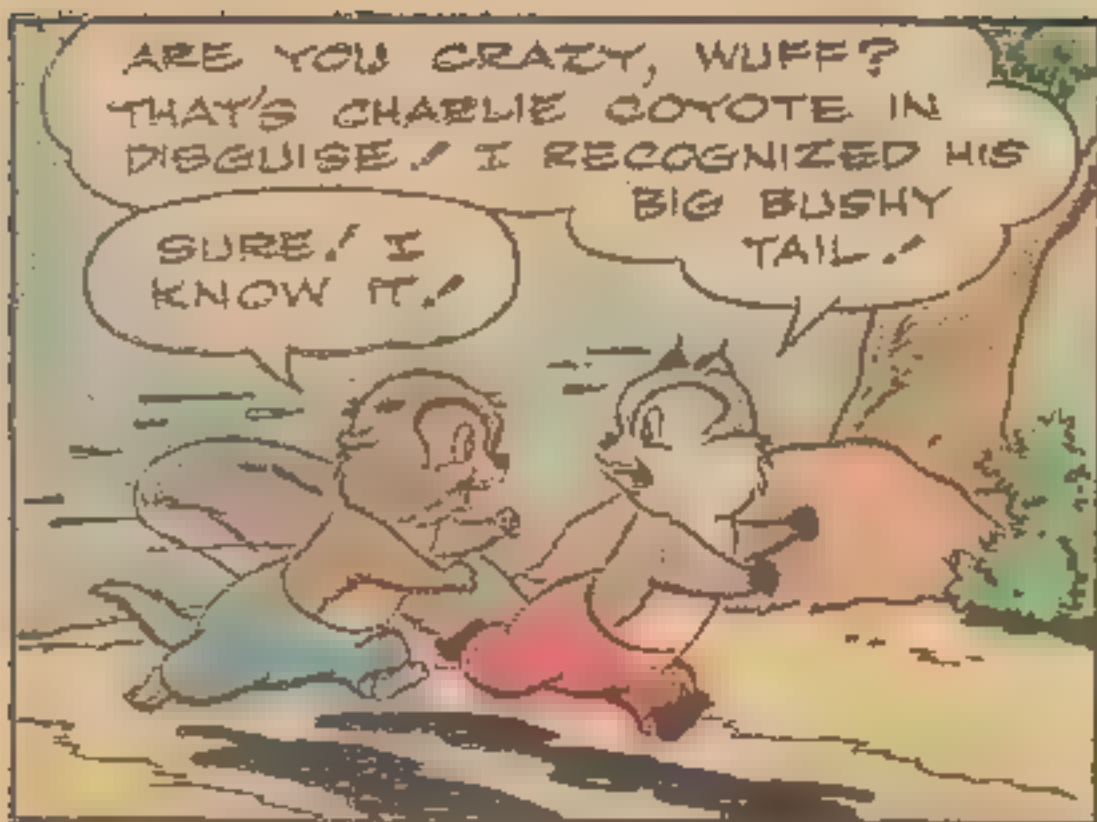
GOLLY!





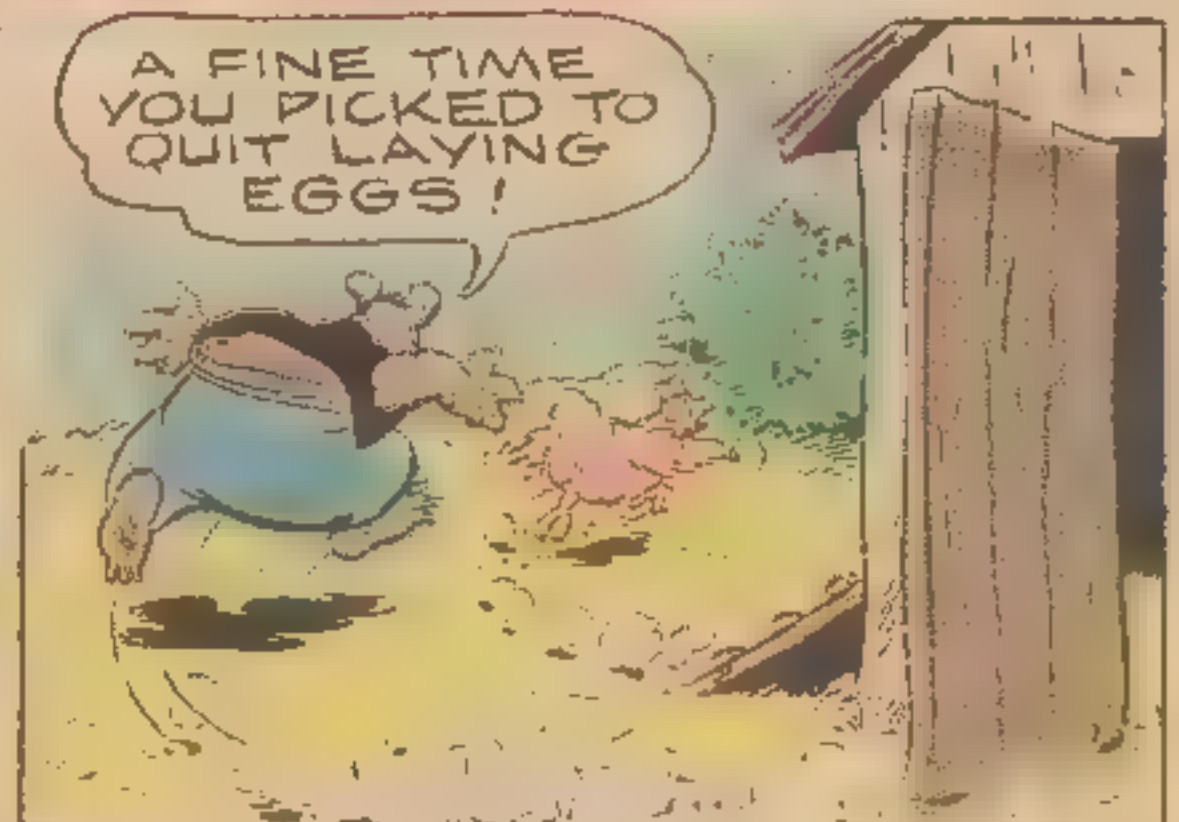
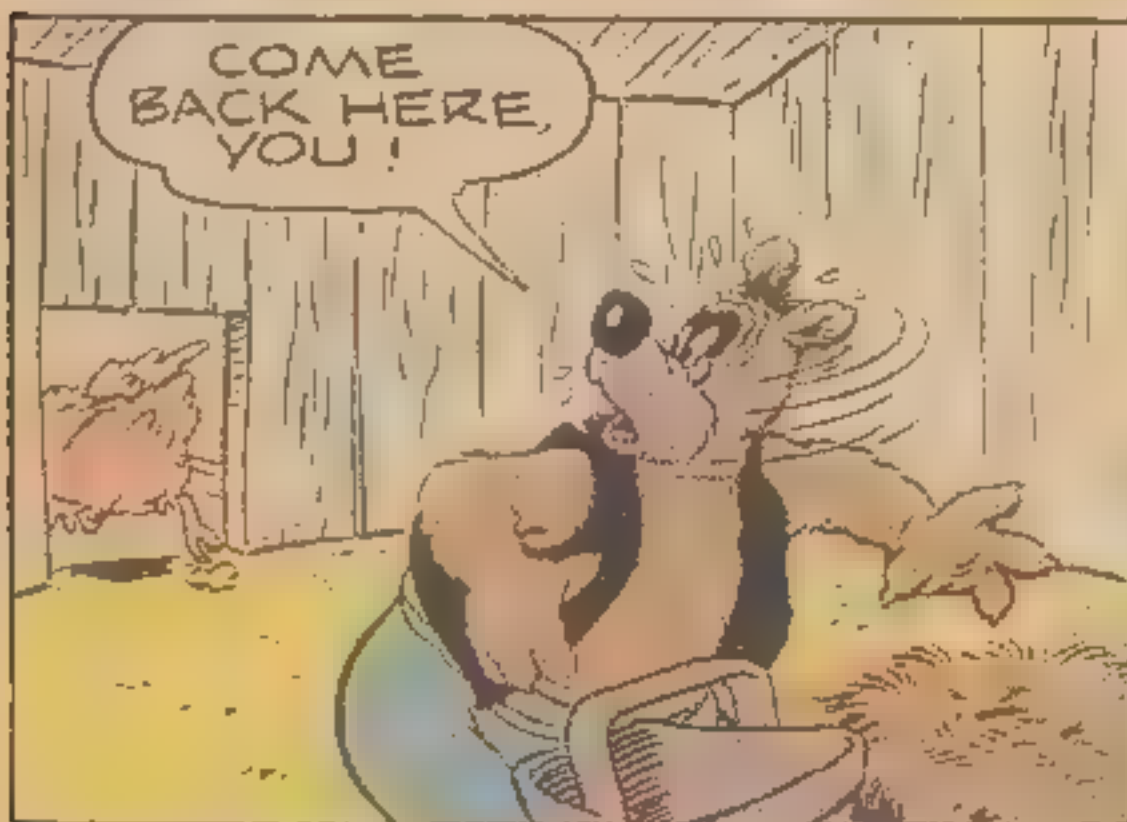
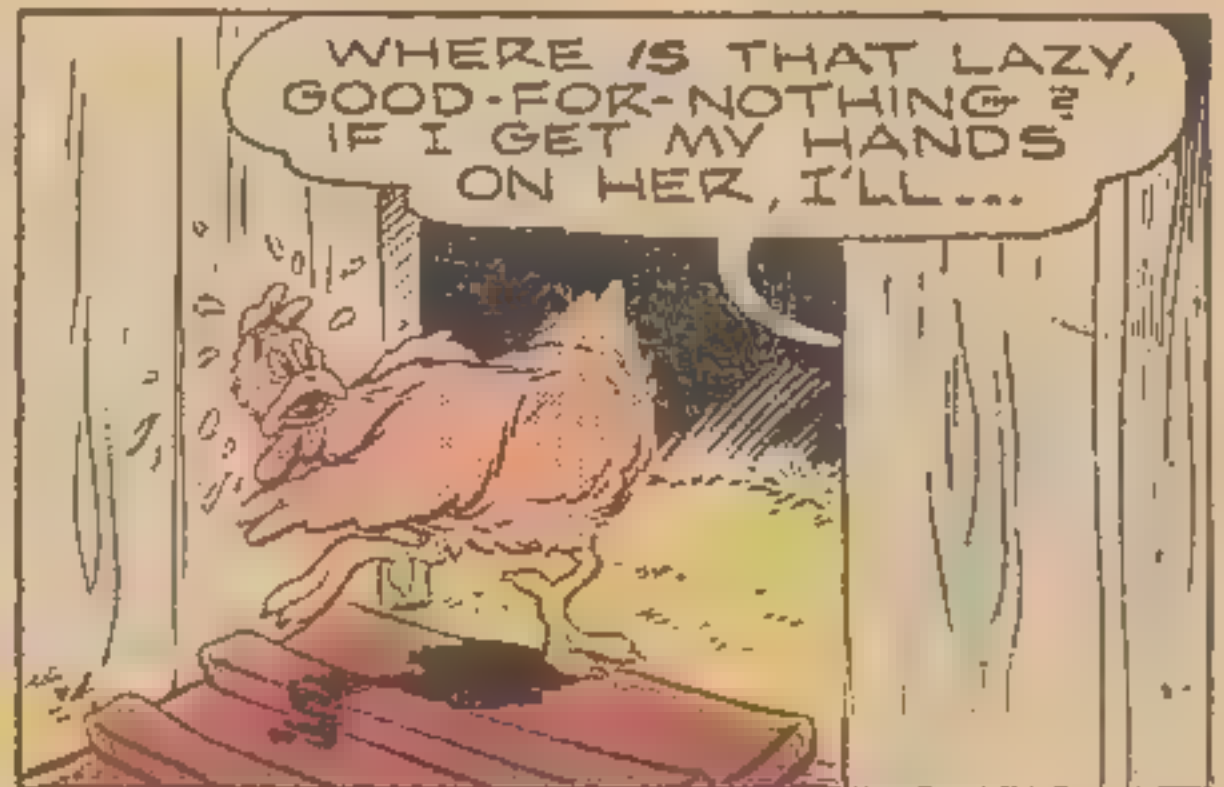
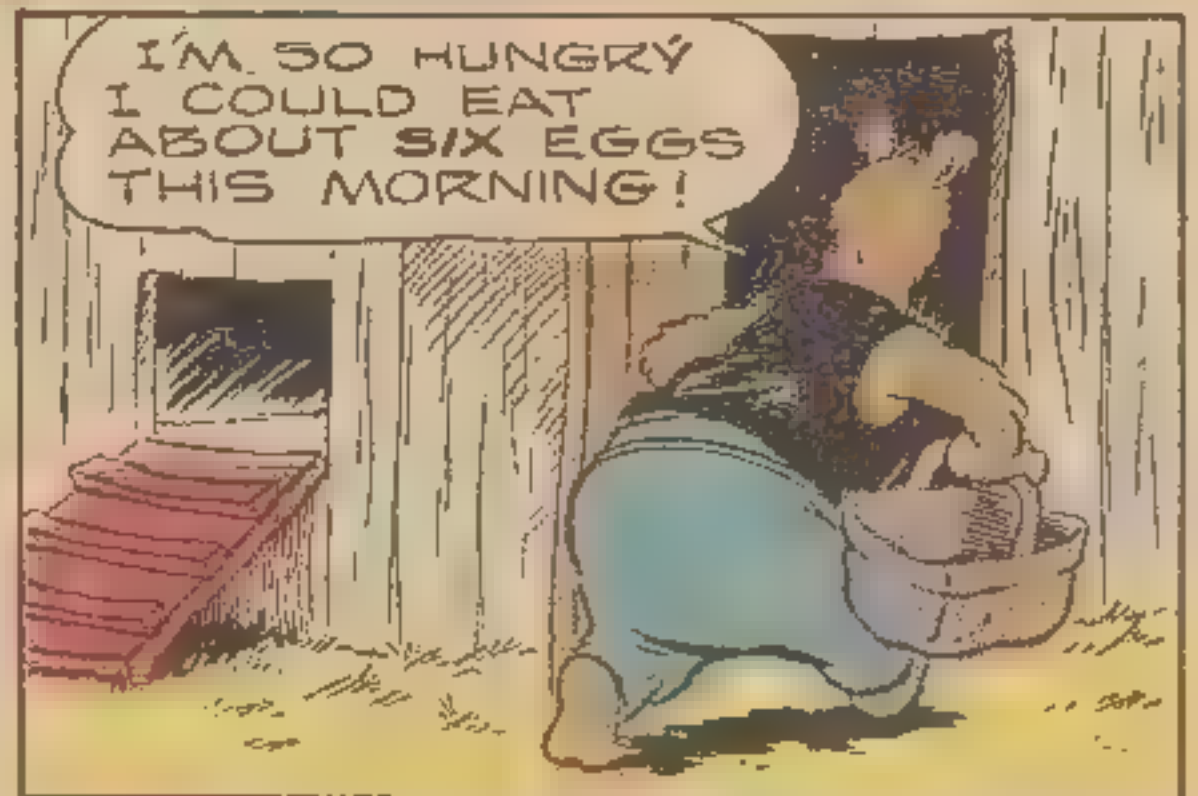


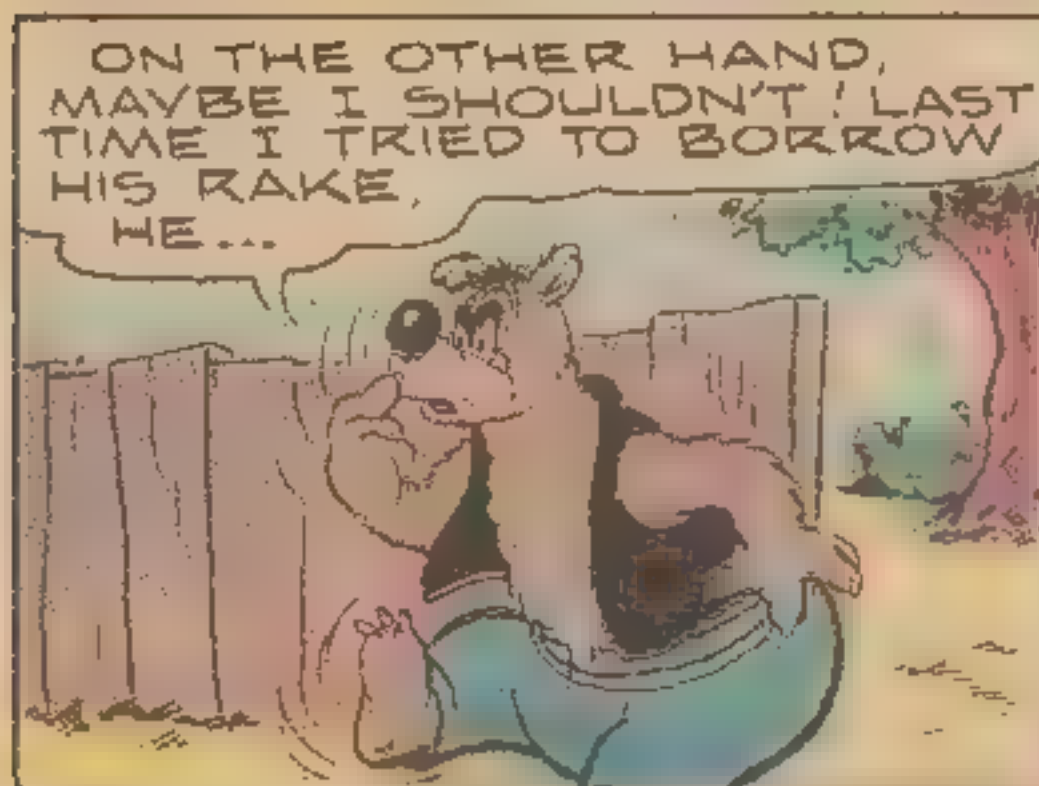
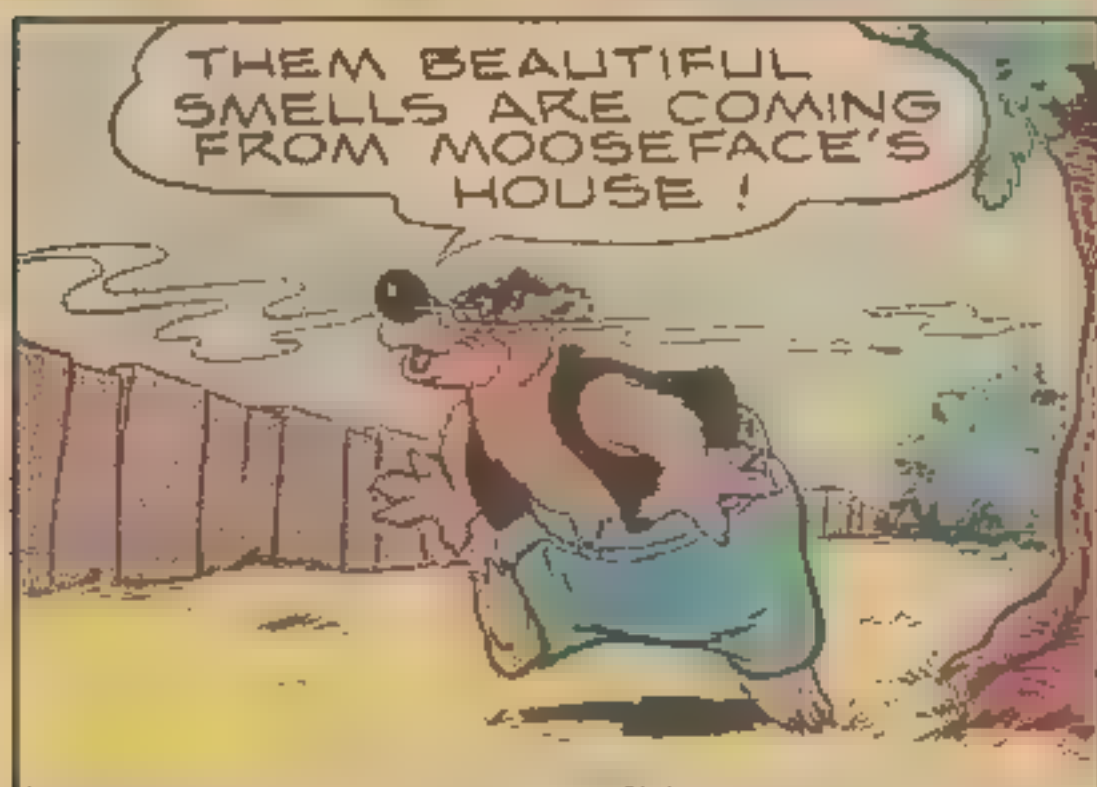
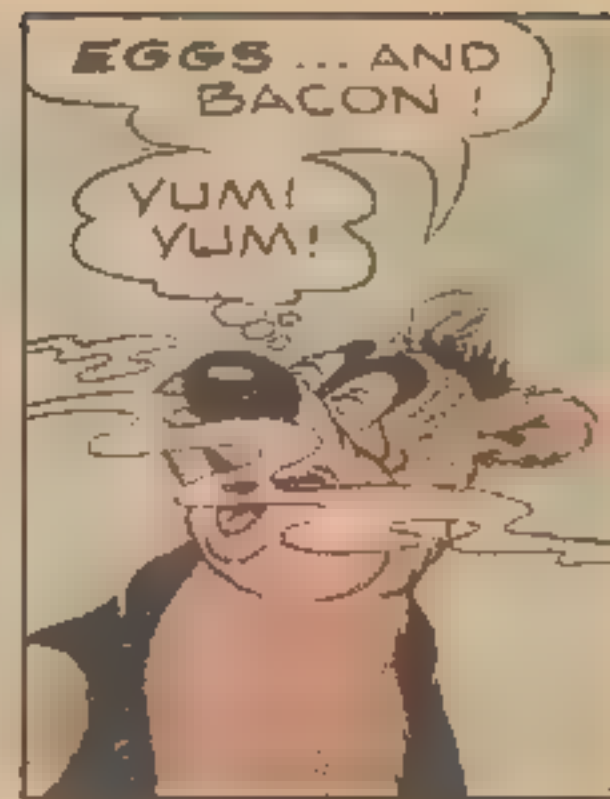
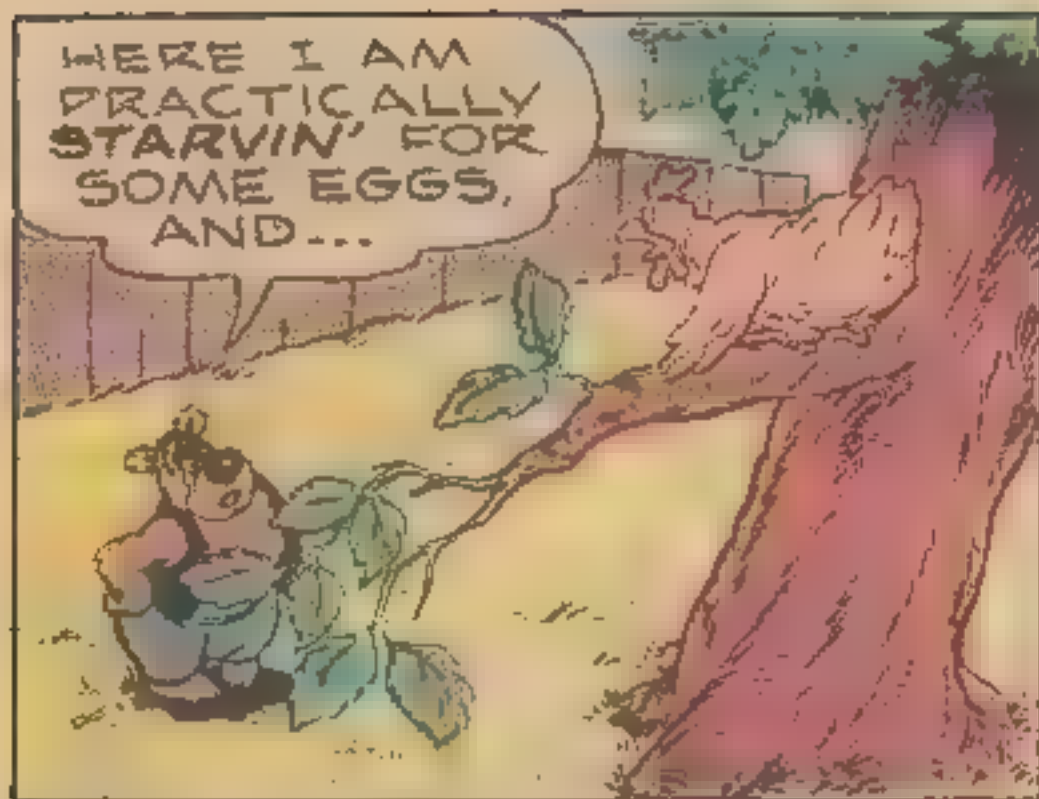




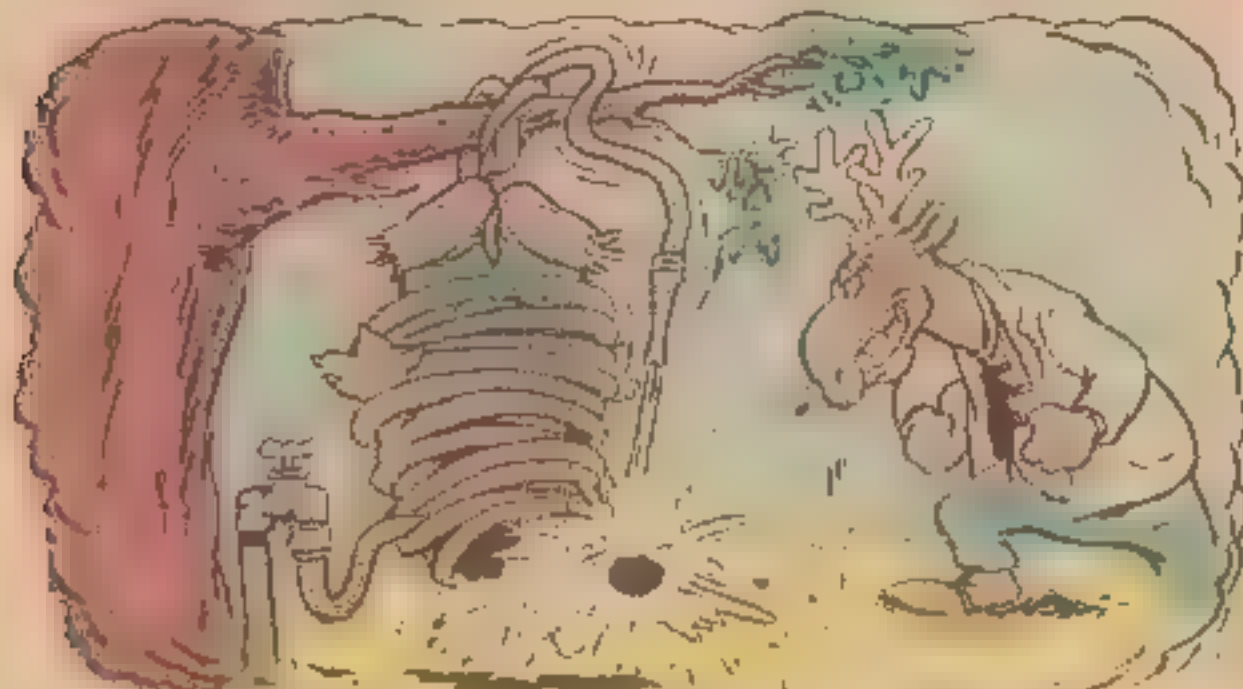
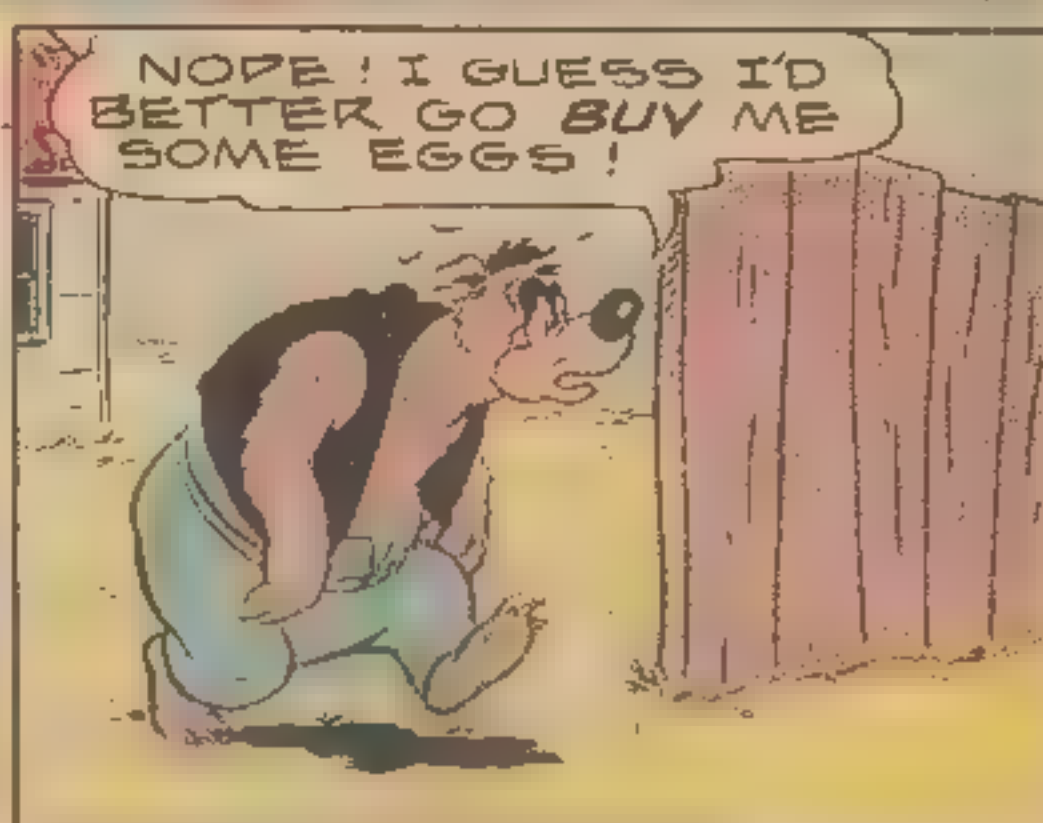
M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

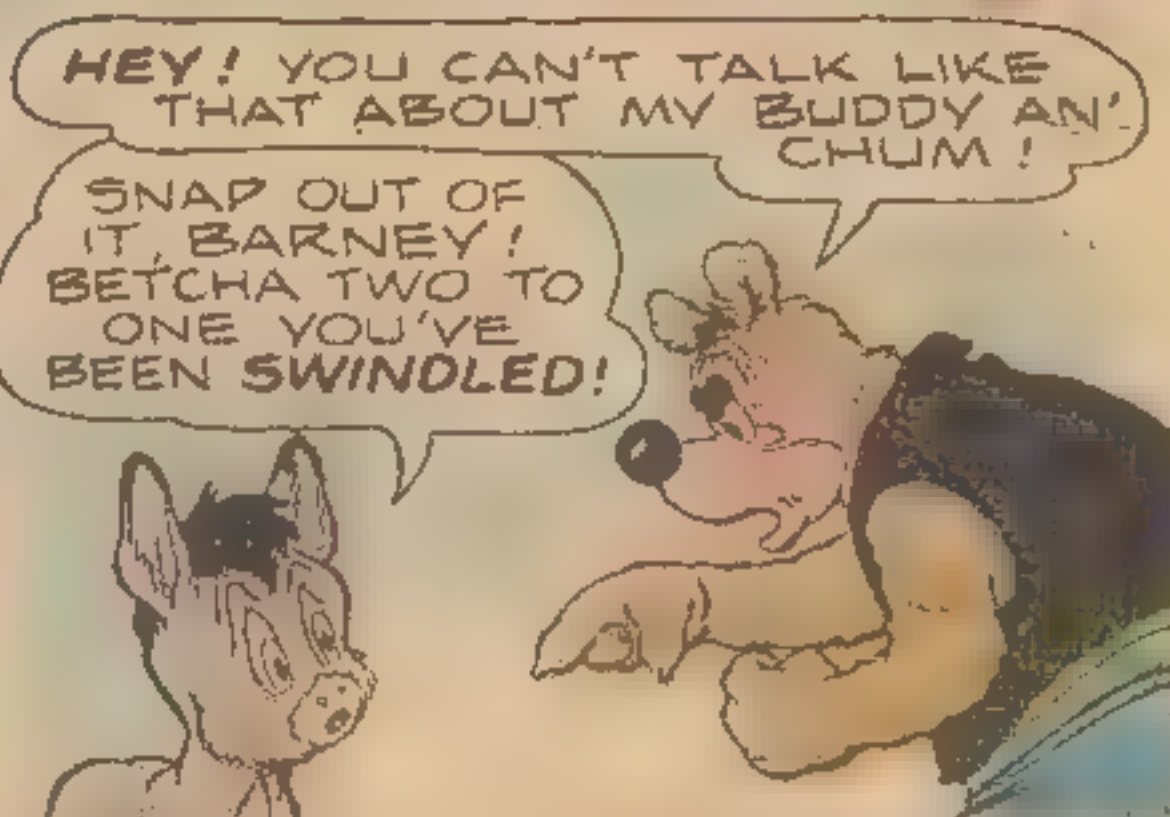
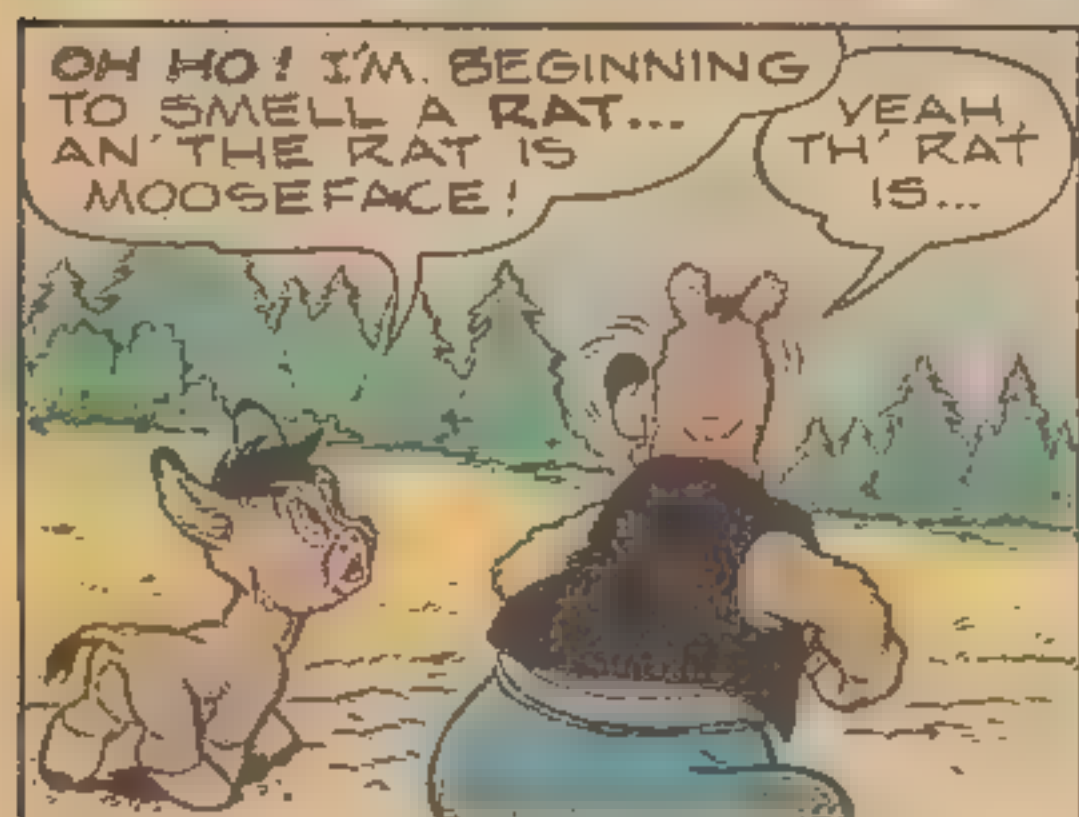
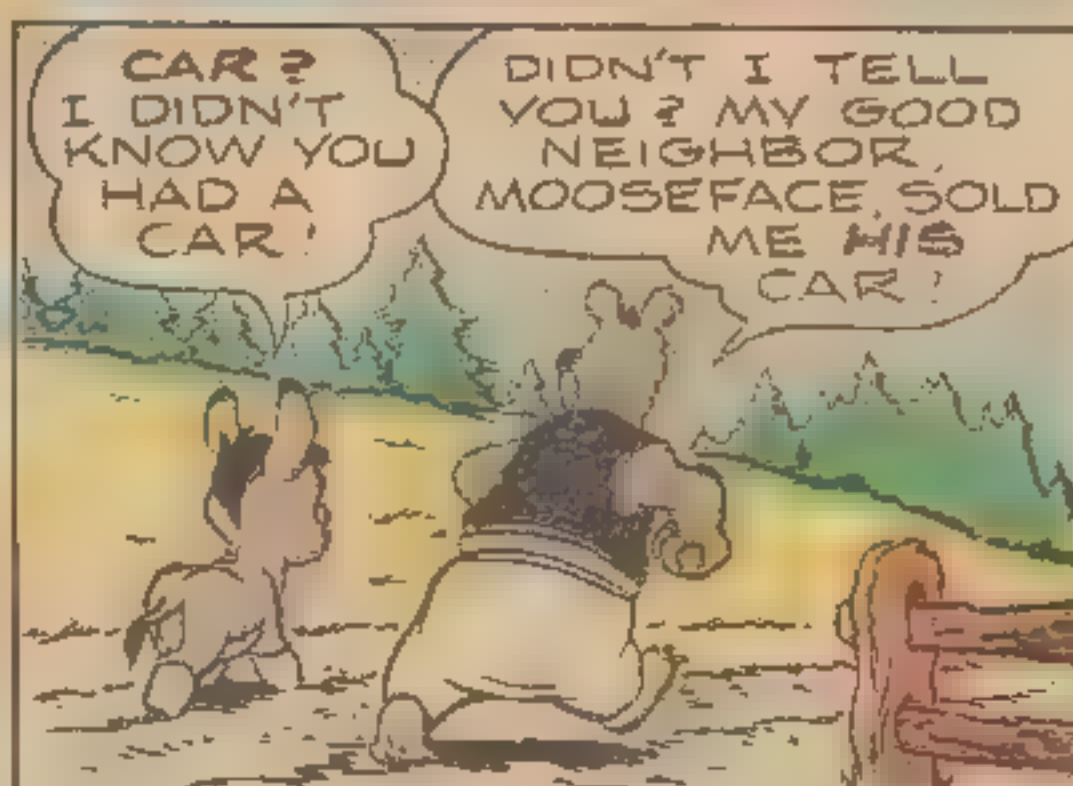
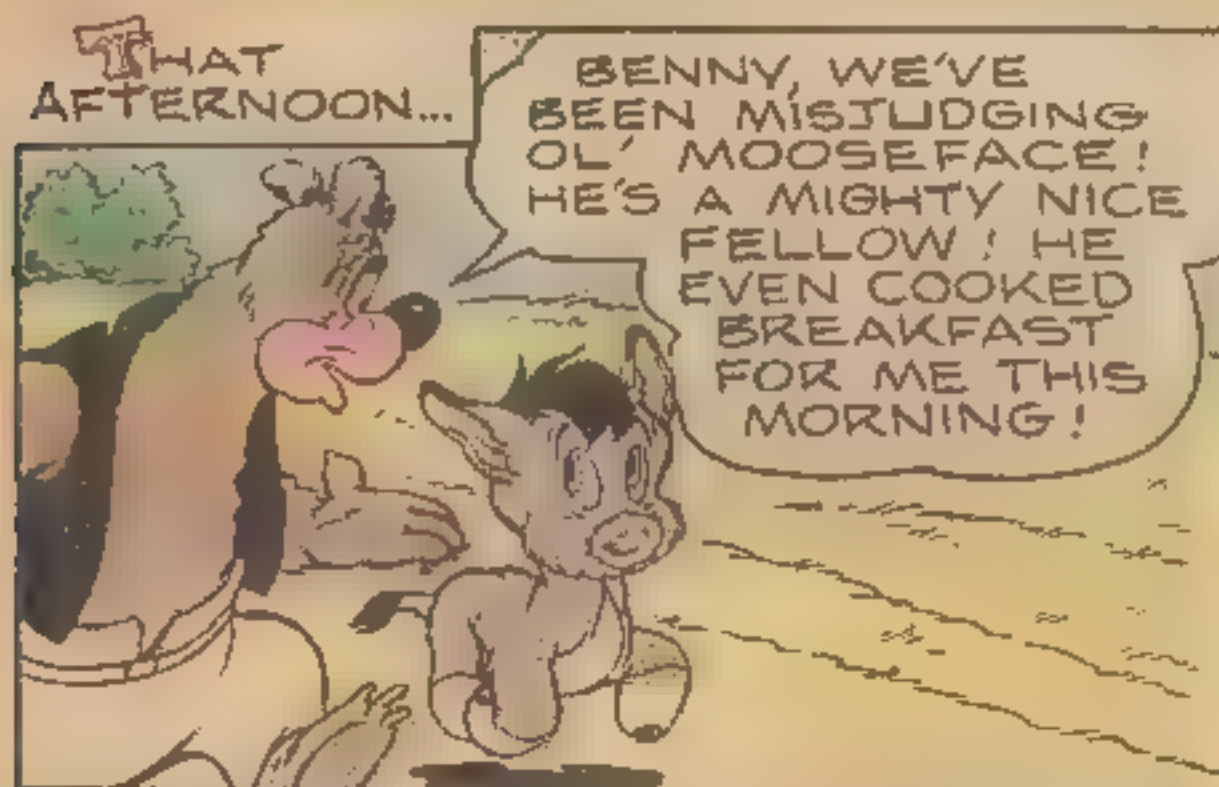
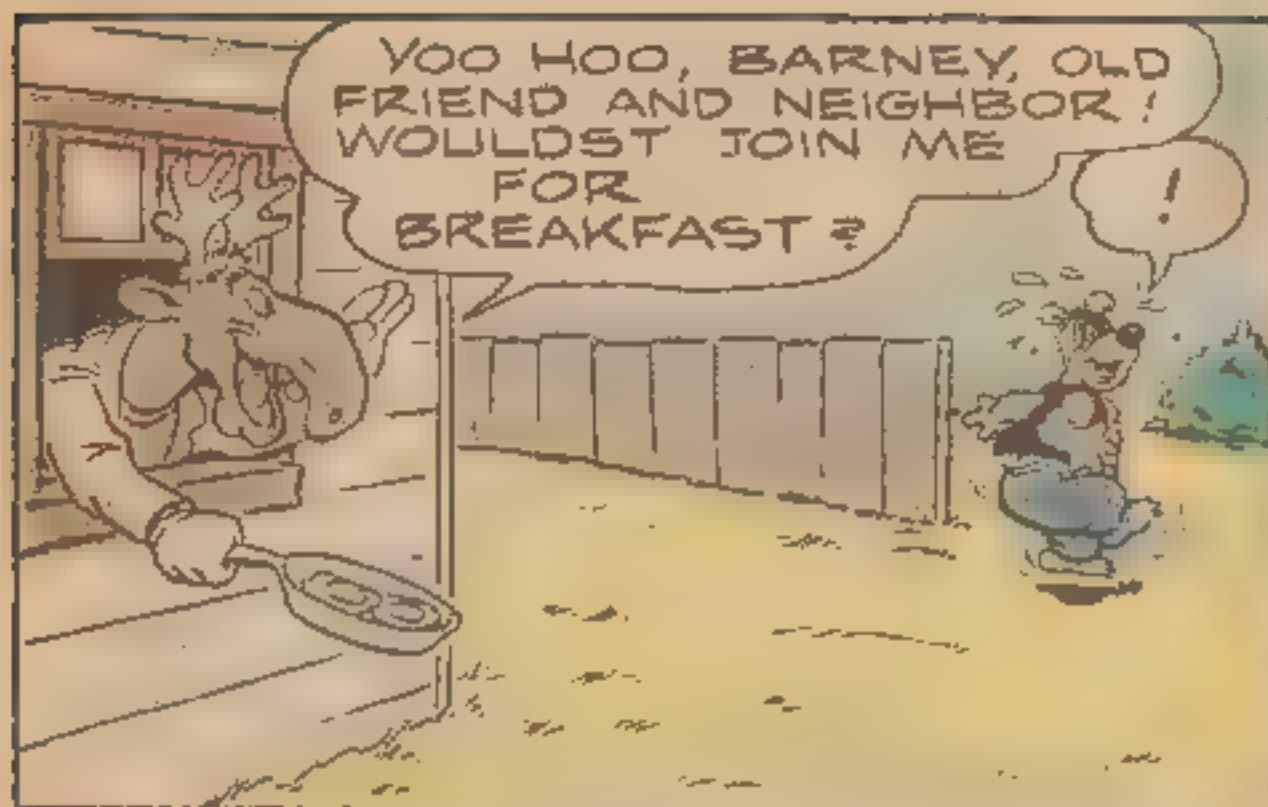
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

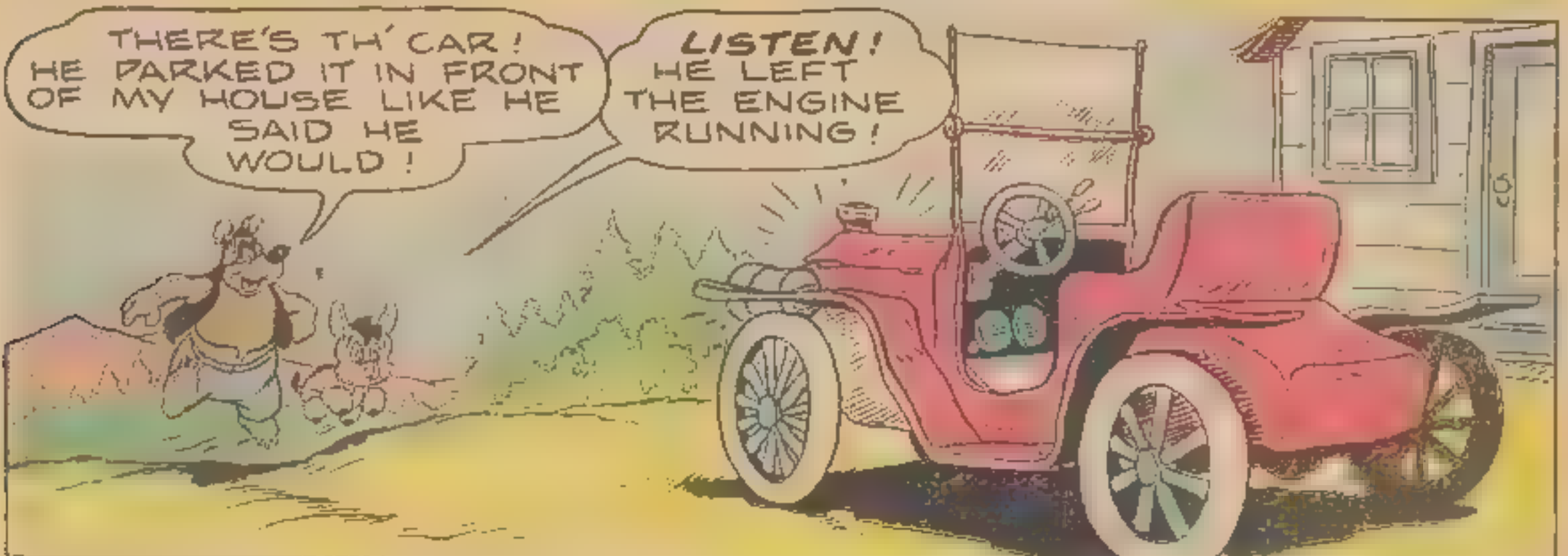
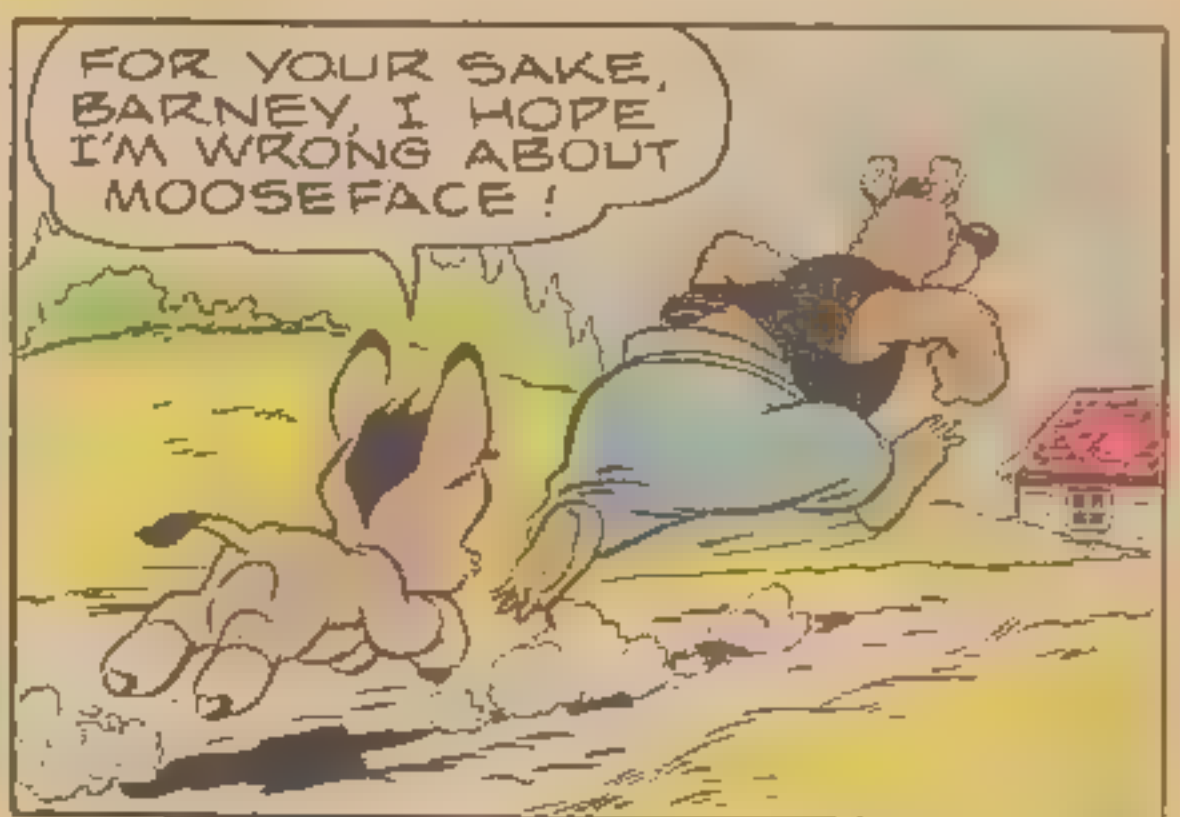
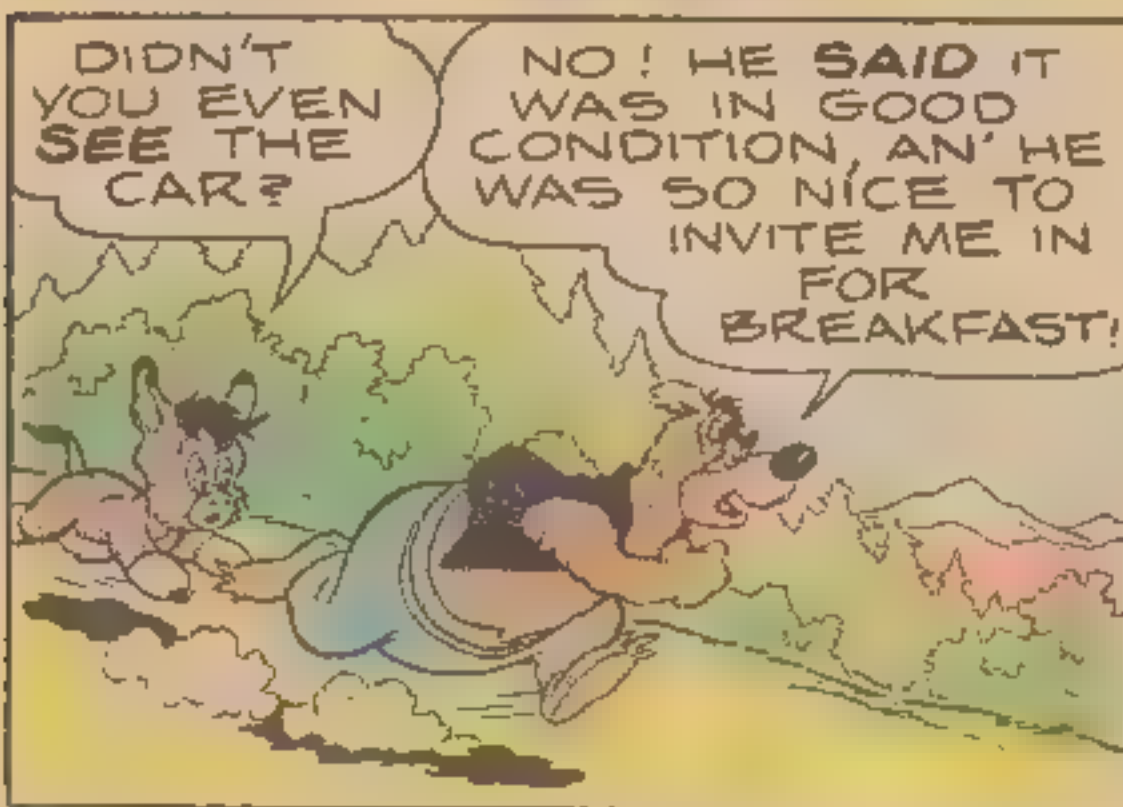
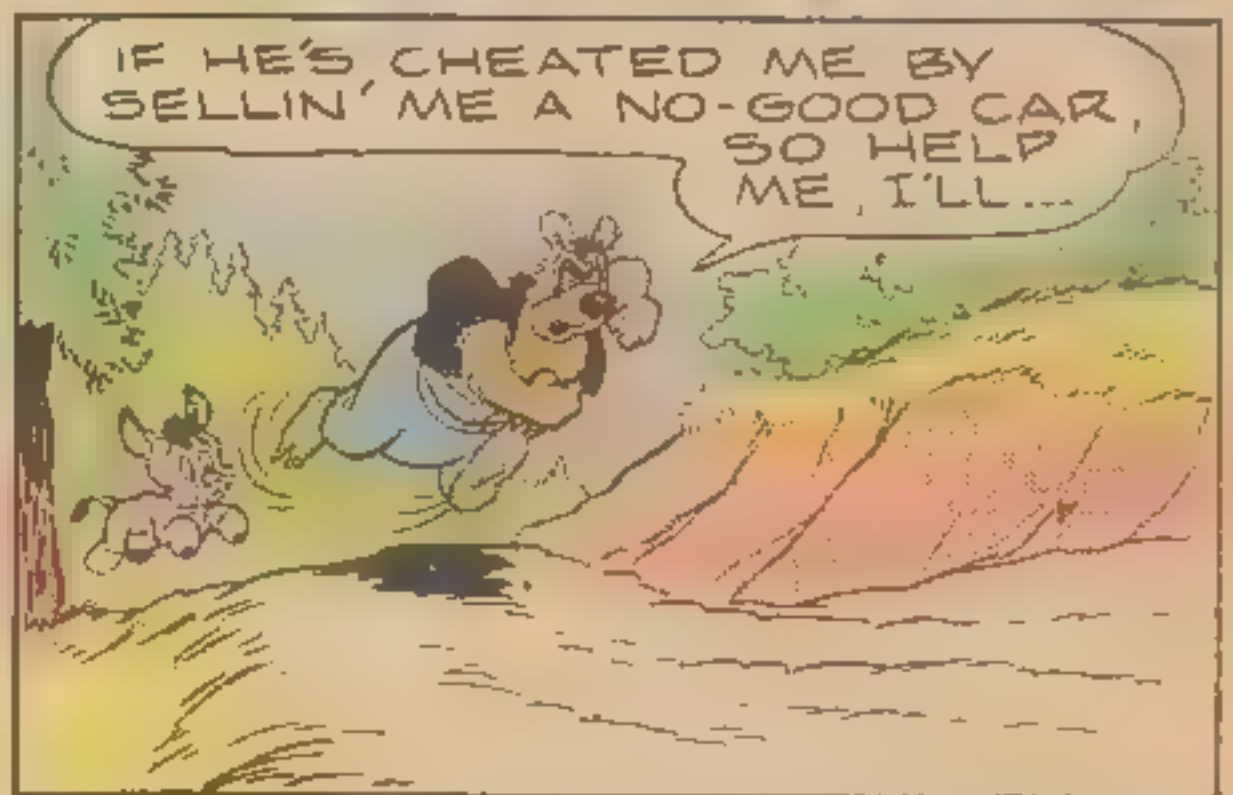
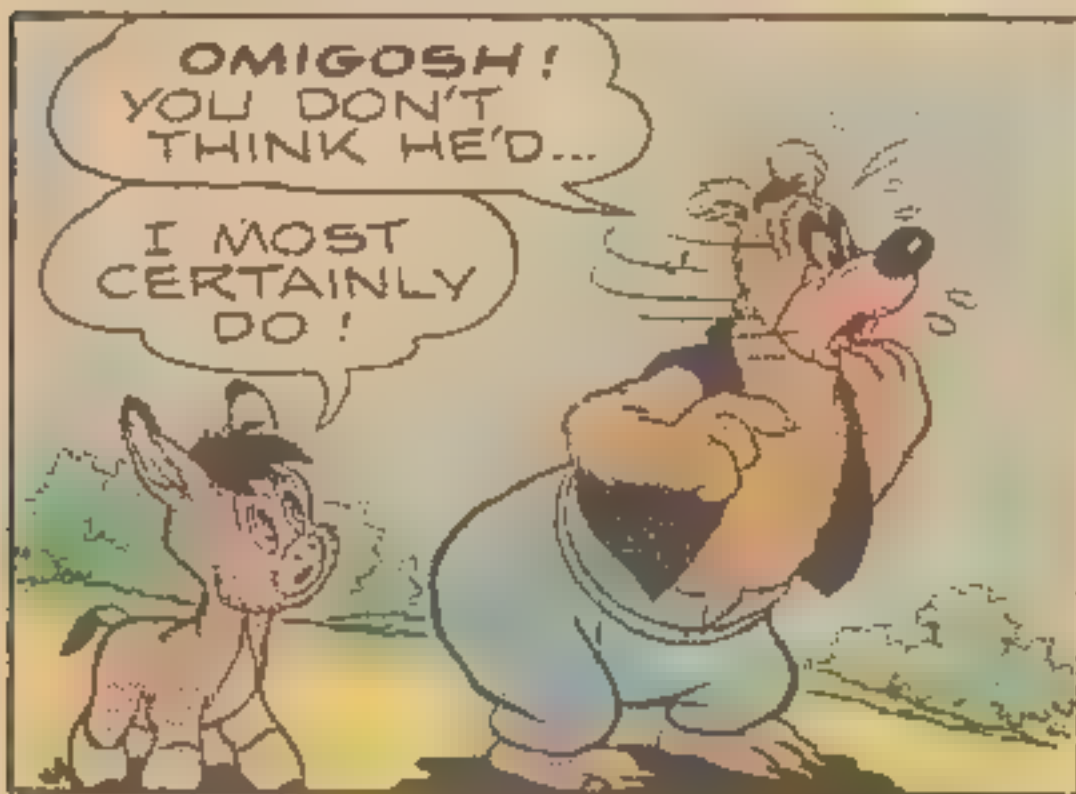
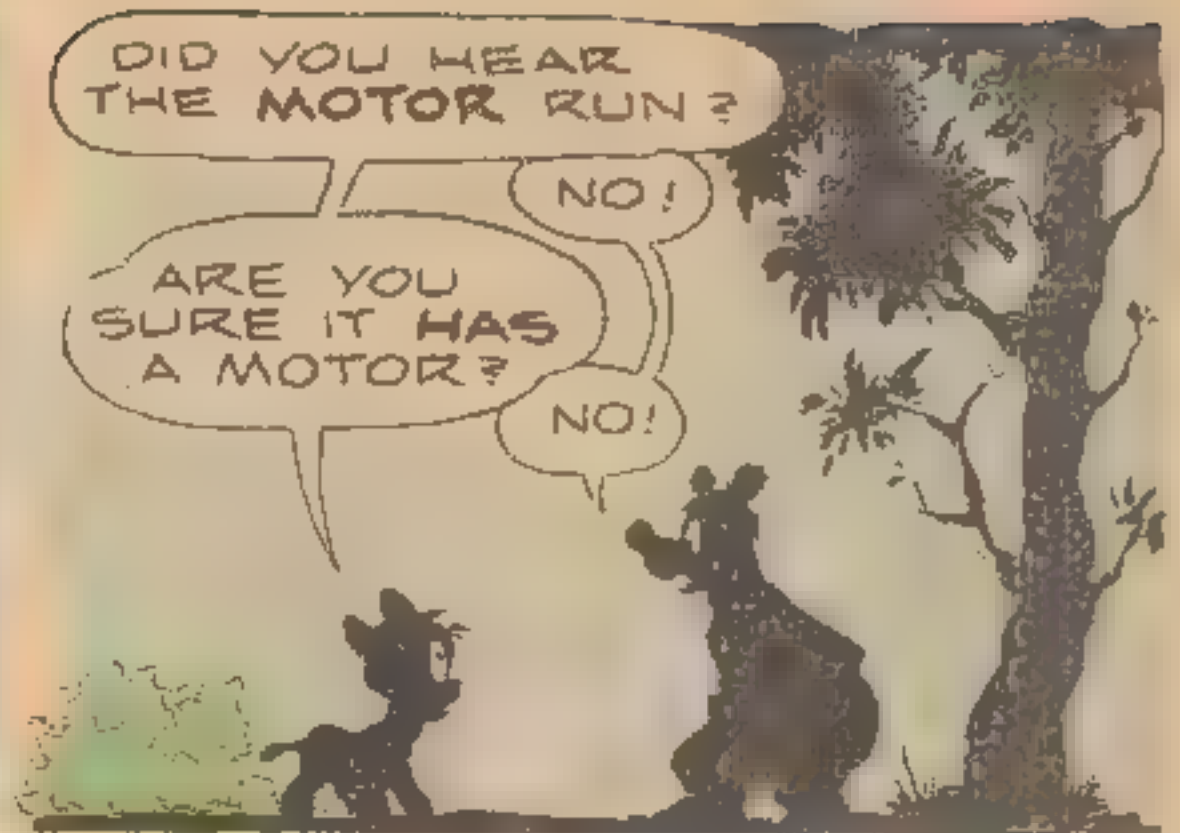
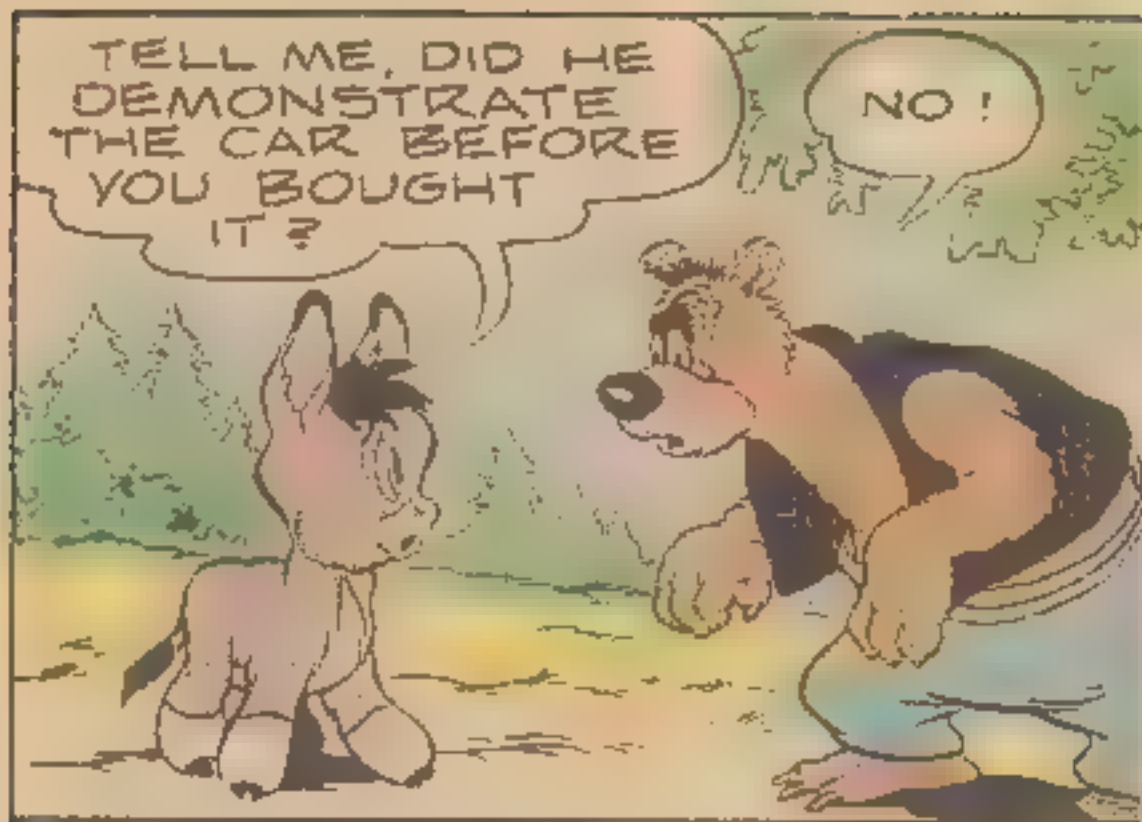


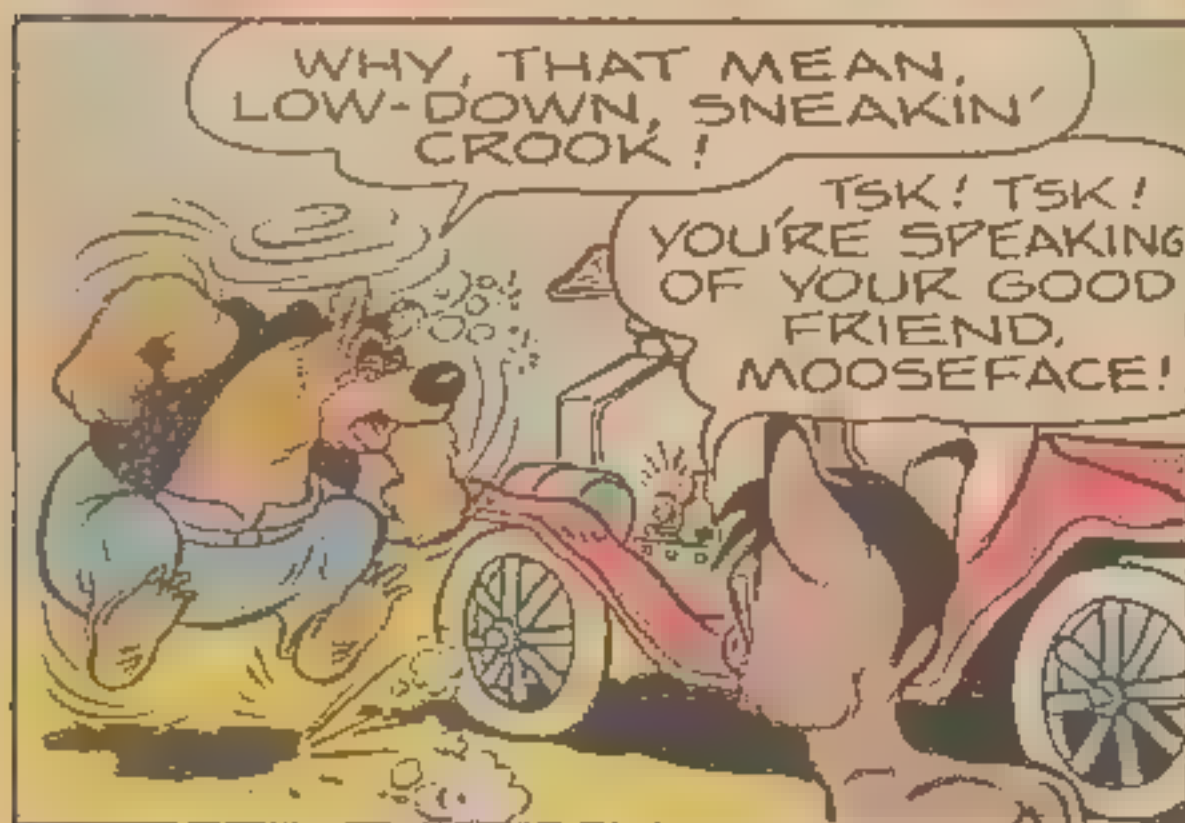
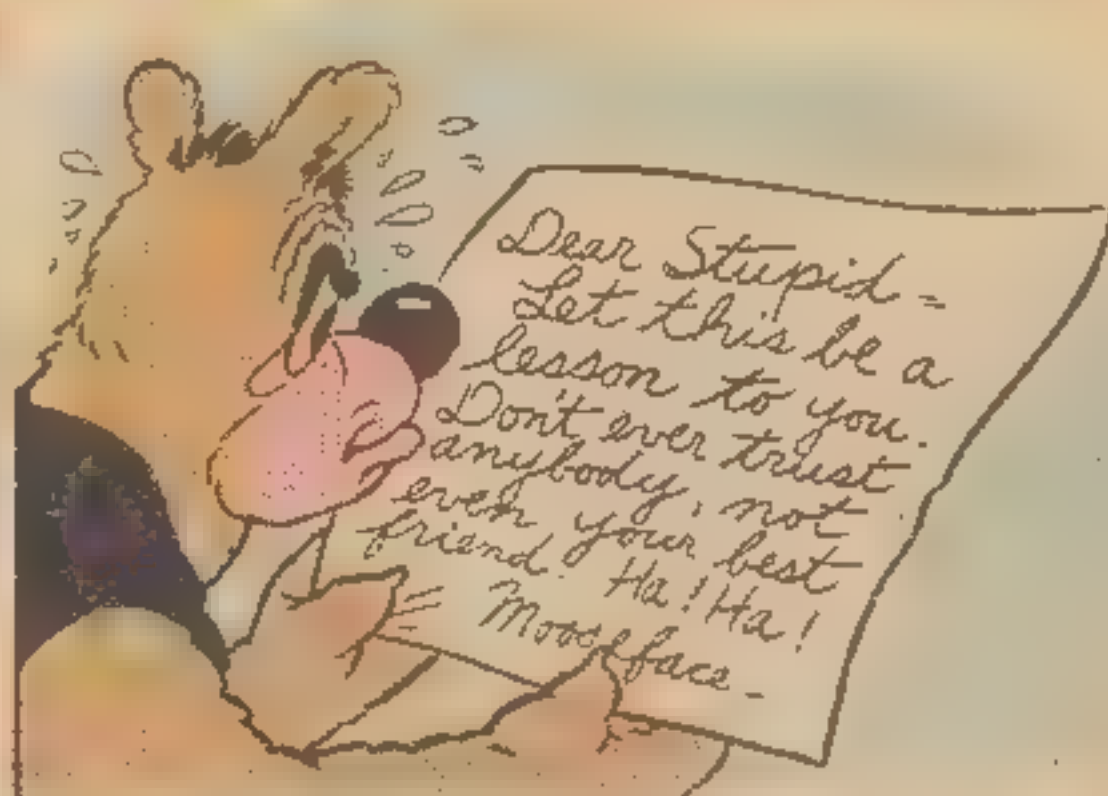
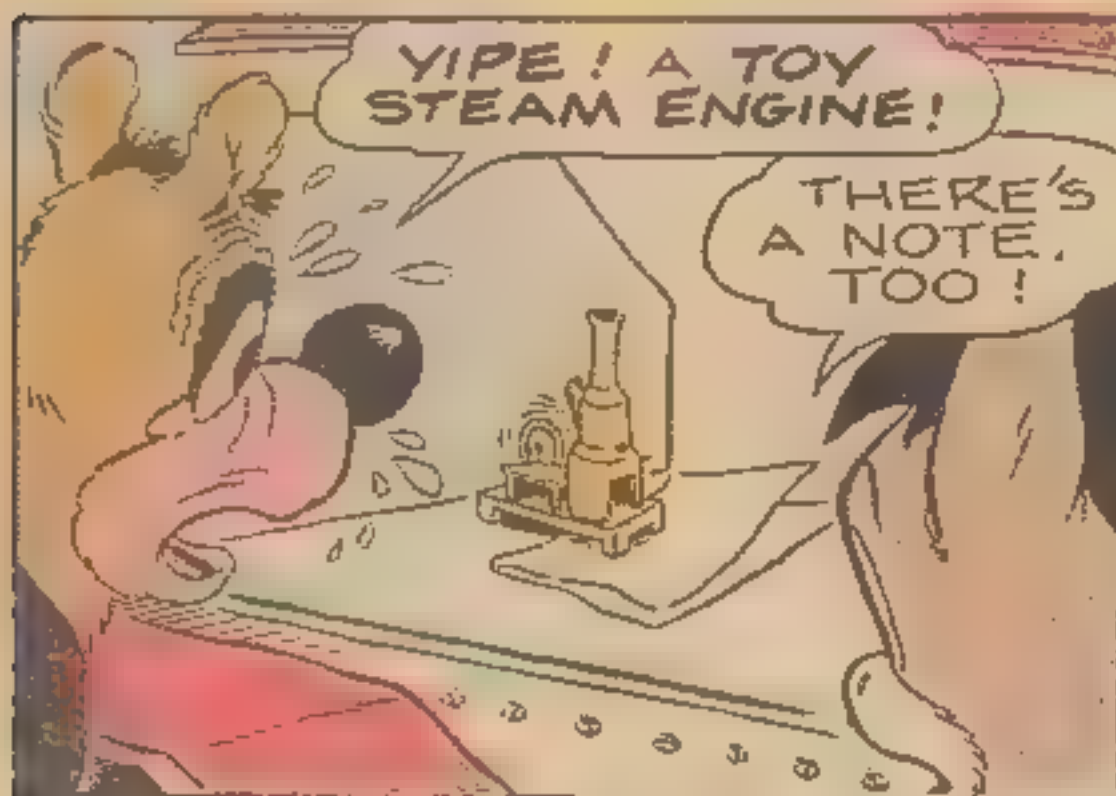
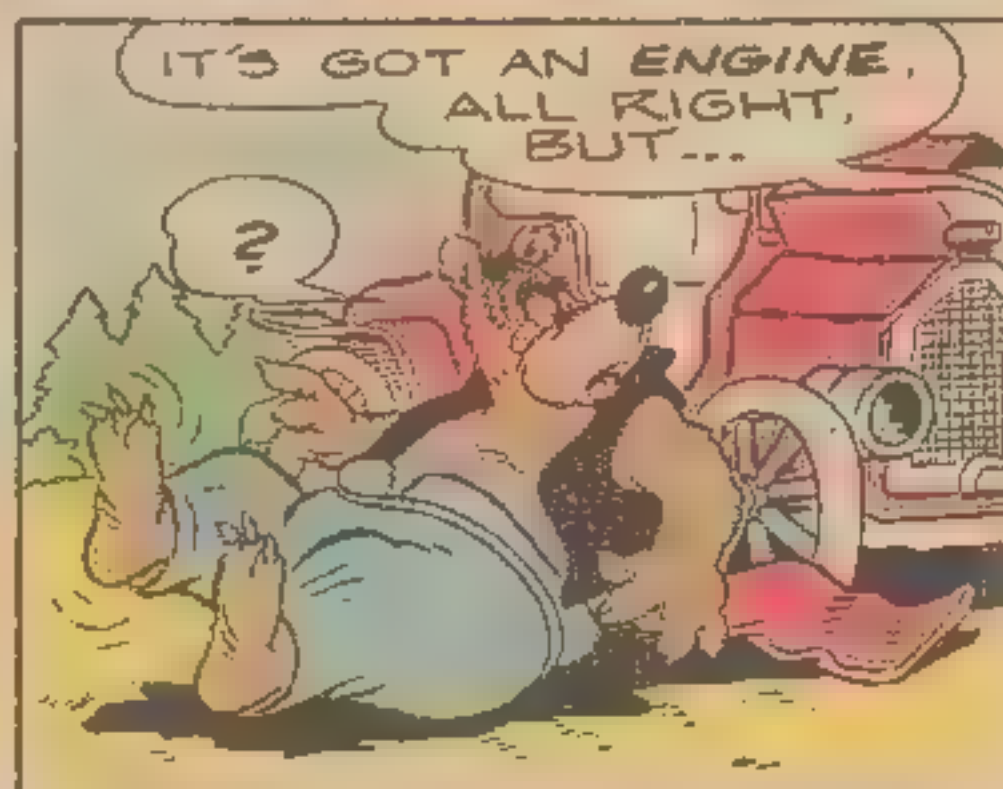
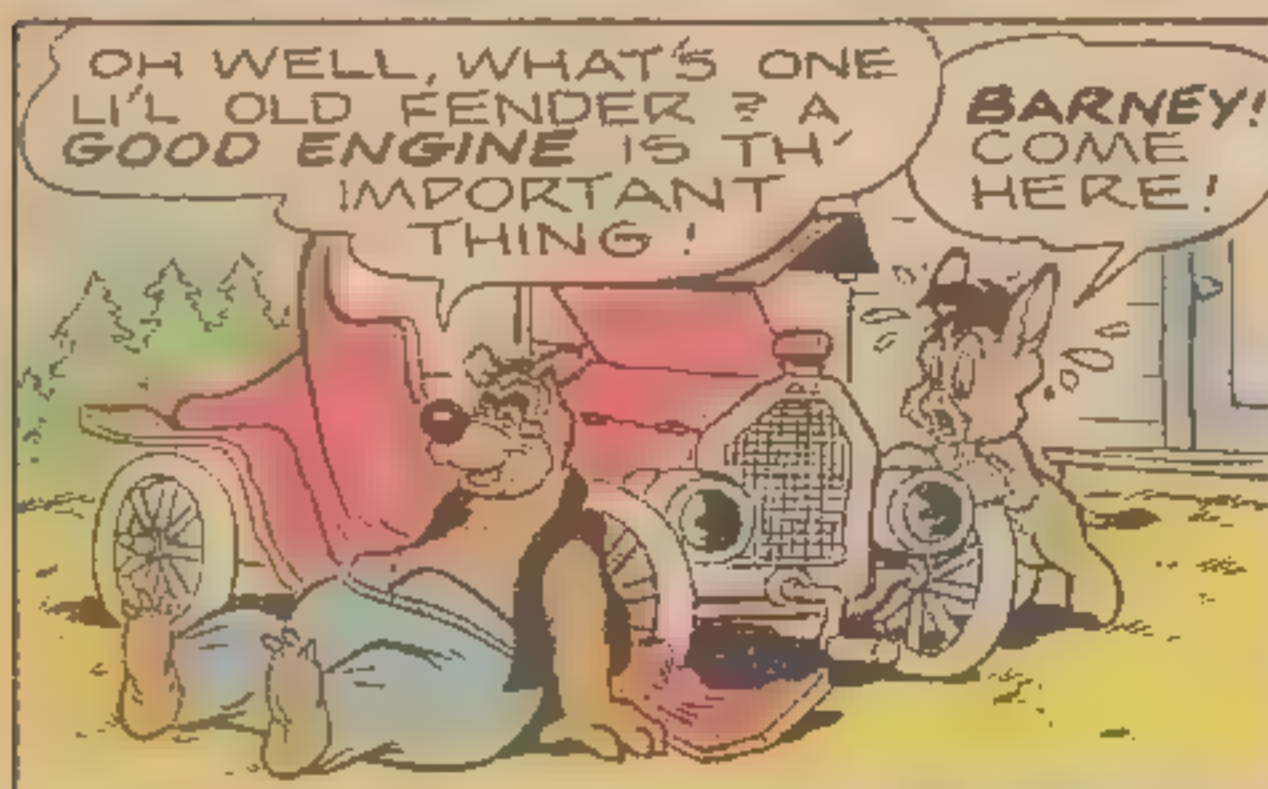
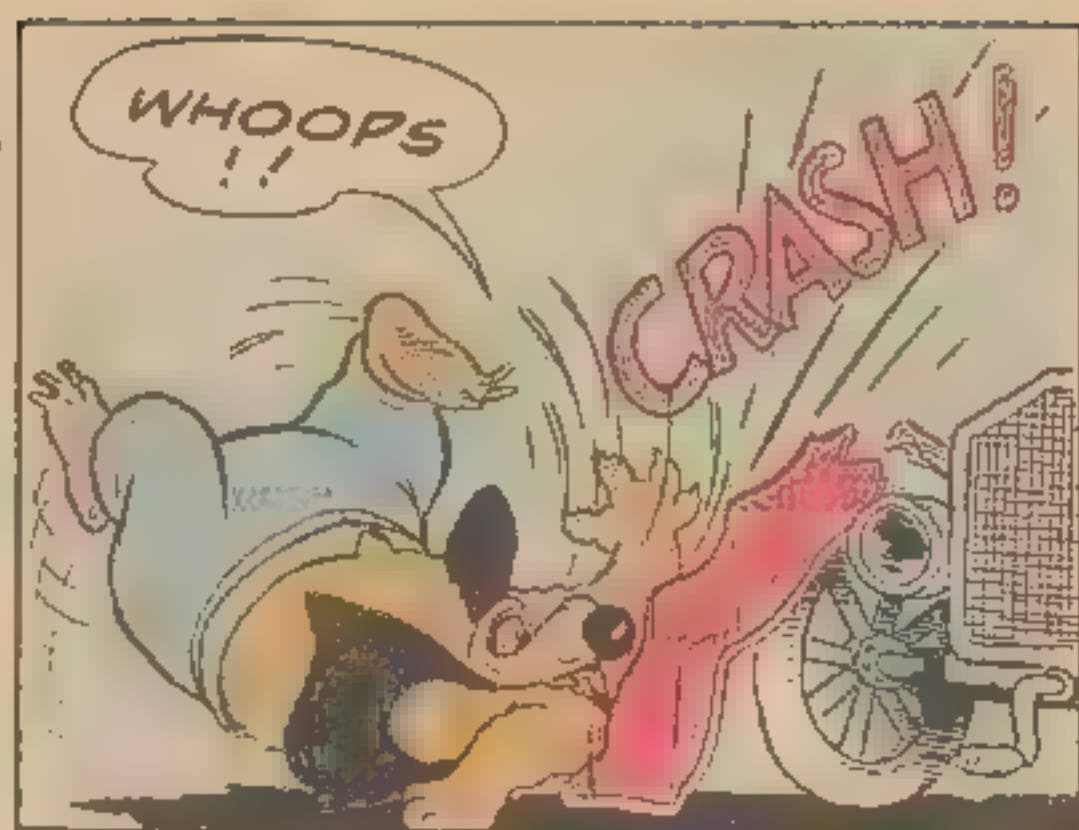
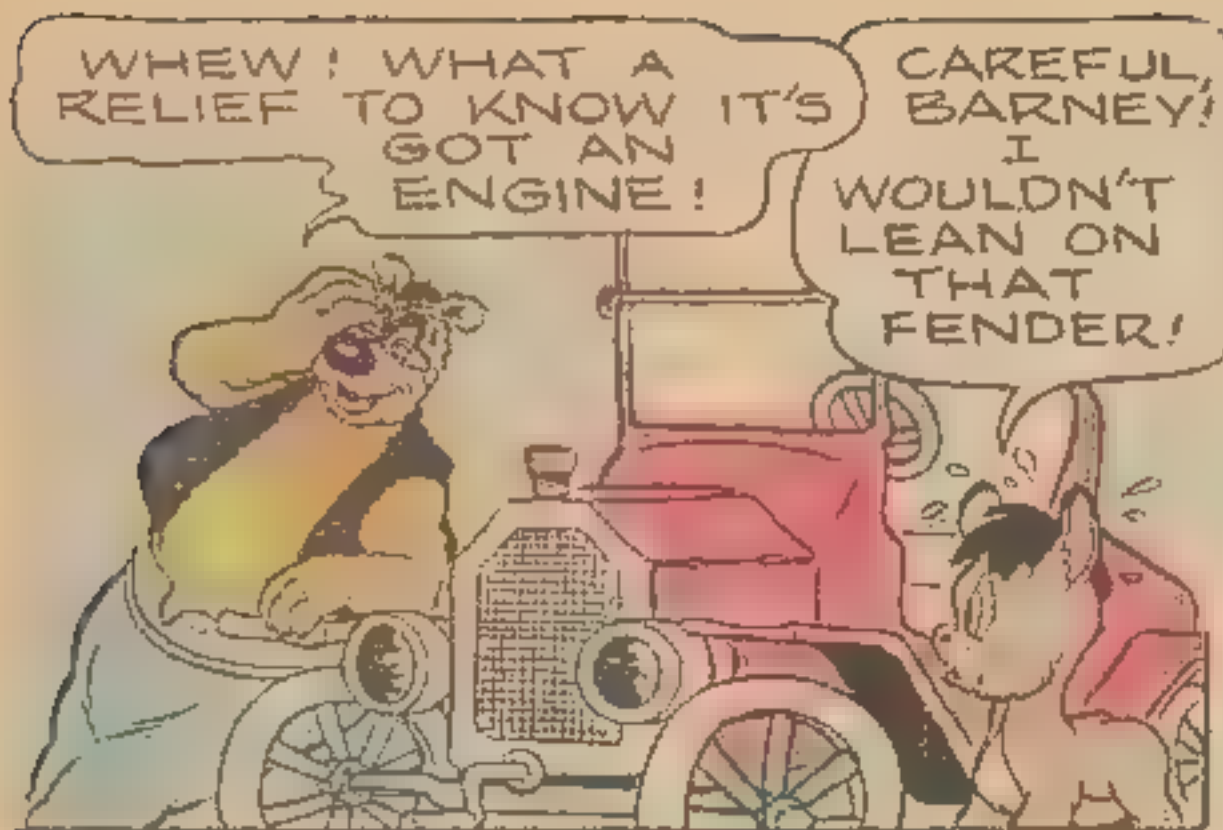


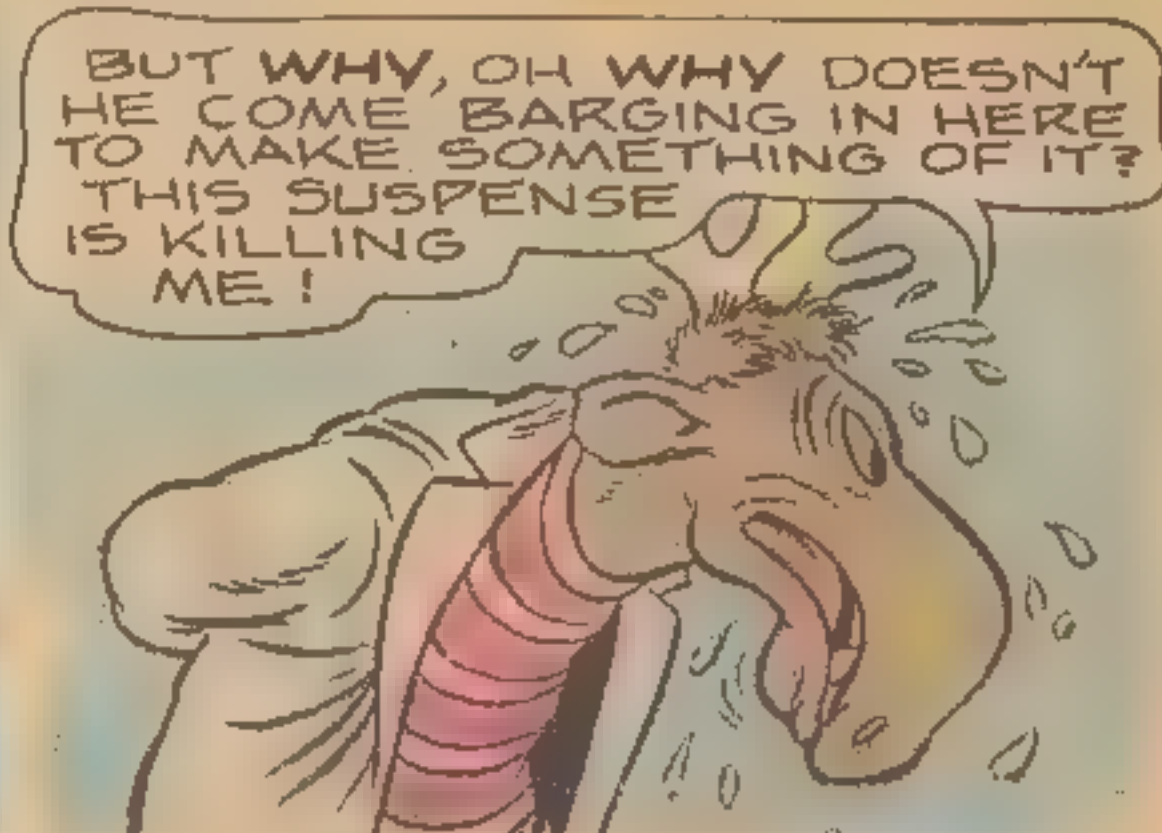
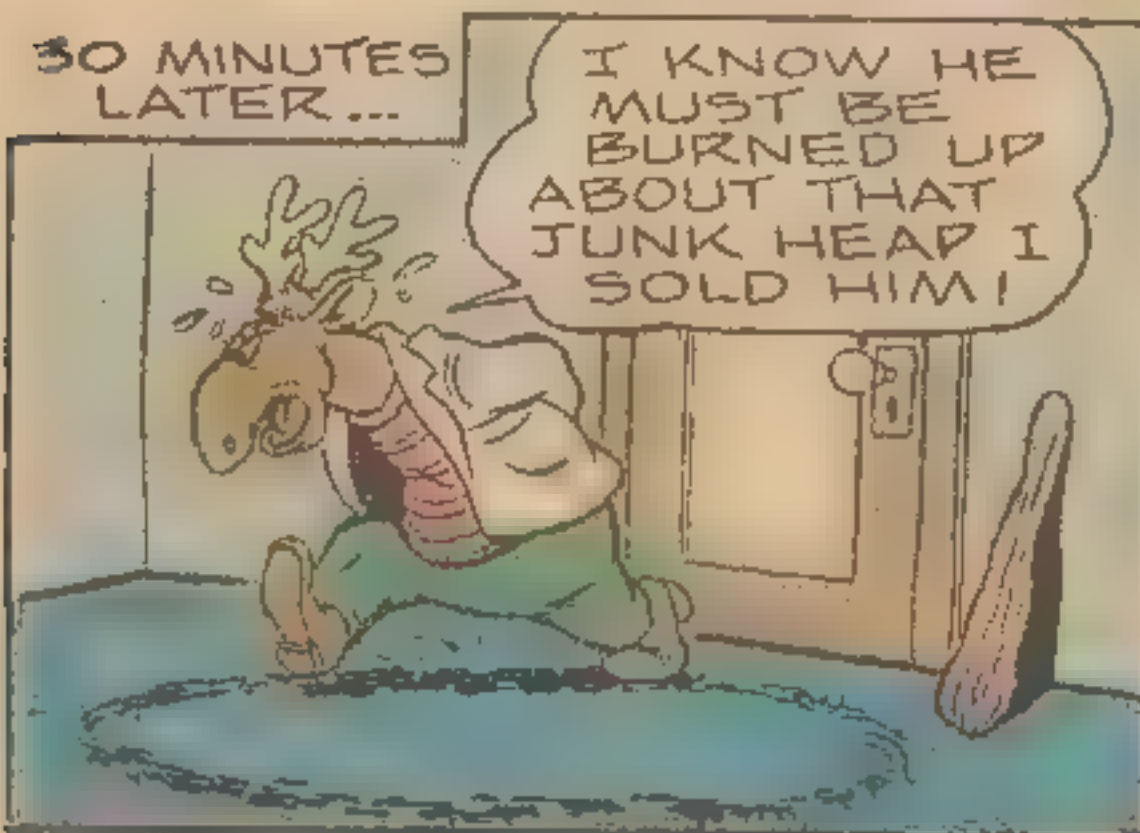
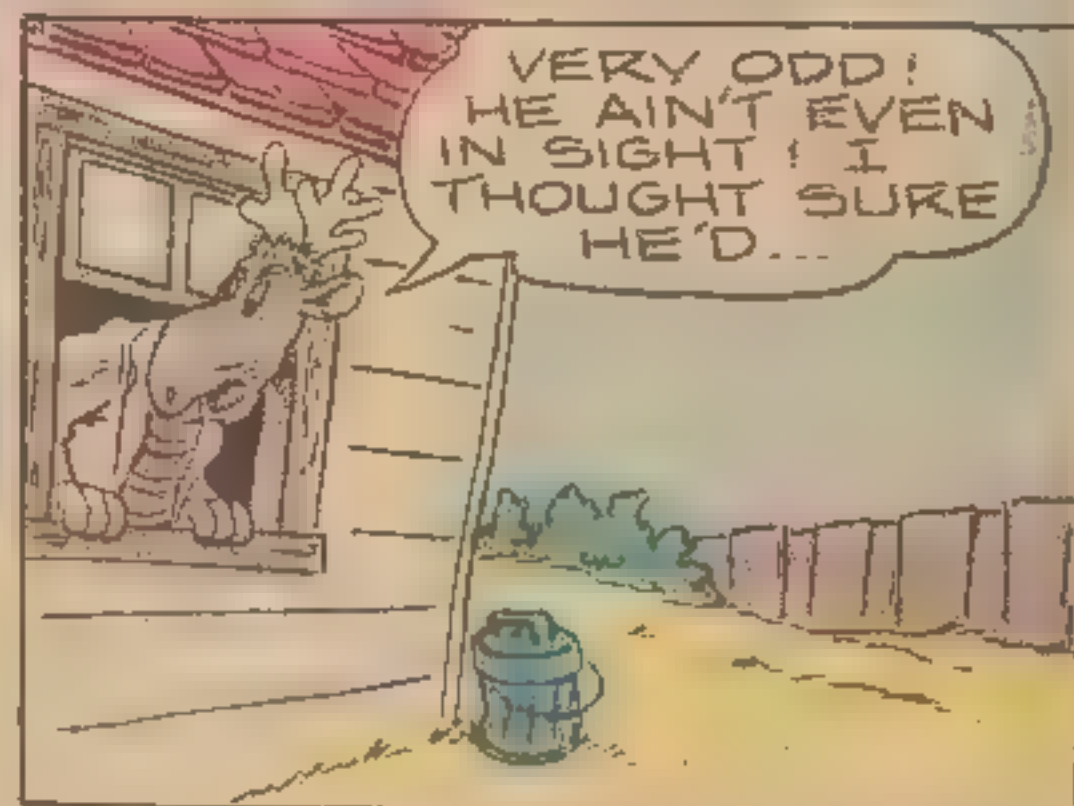
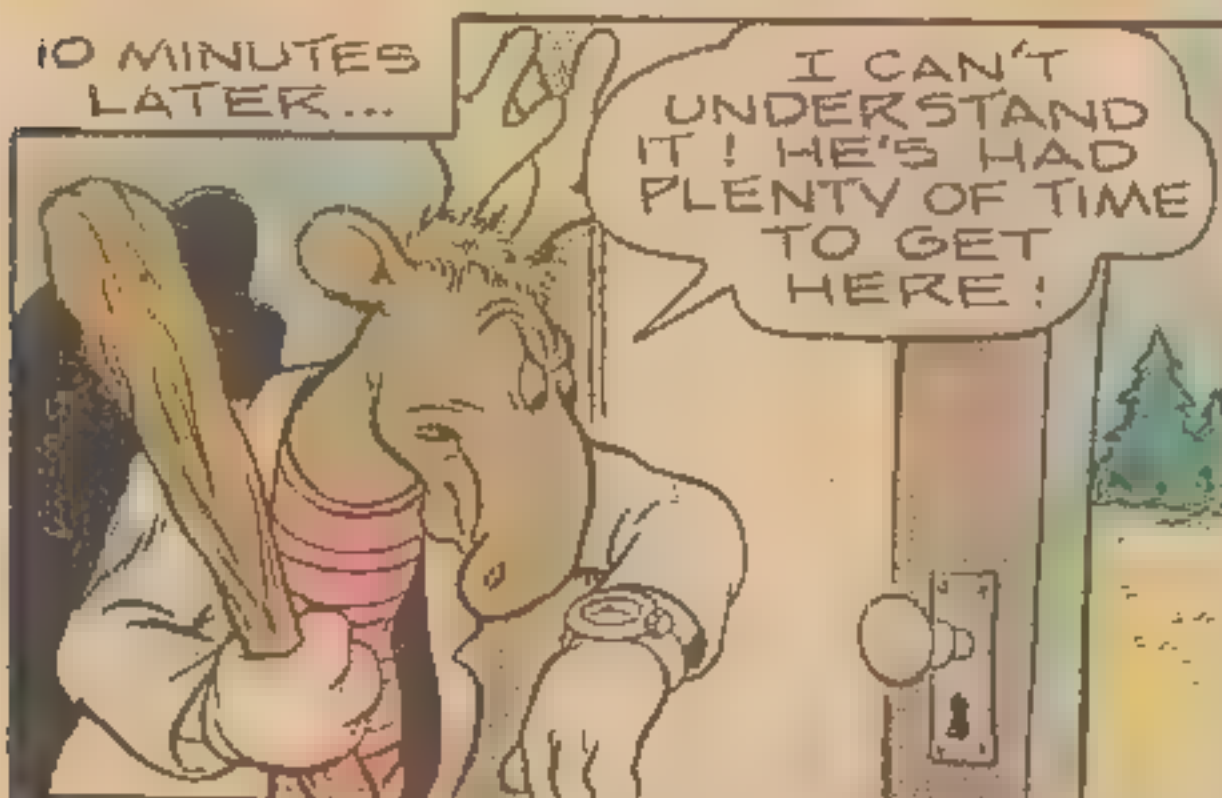
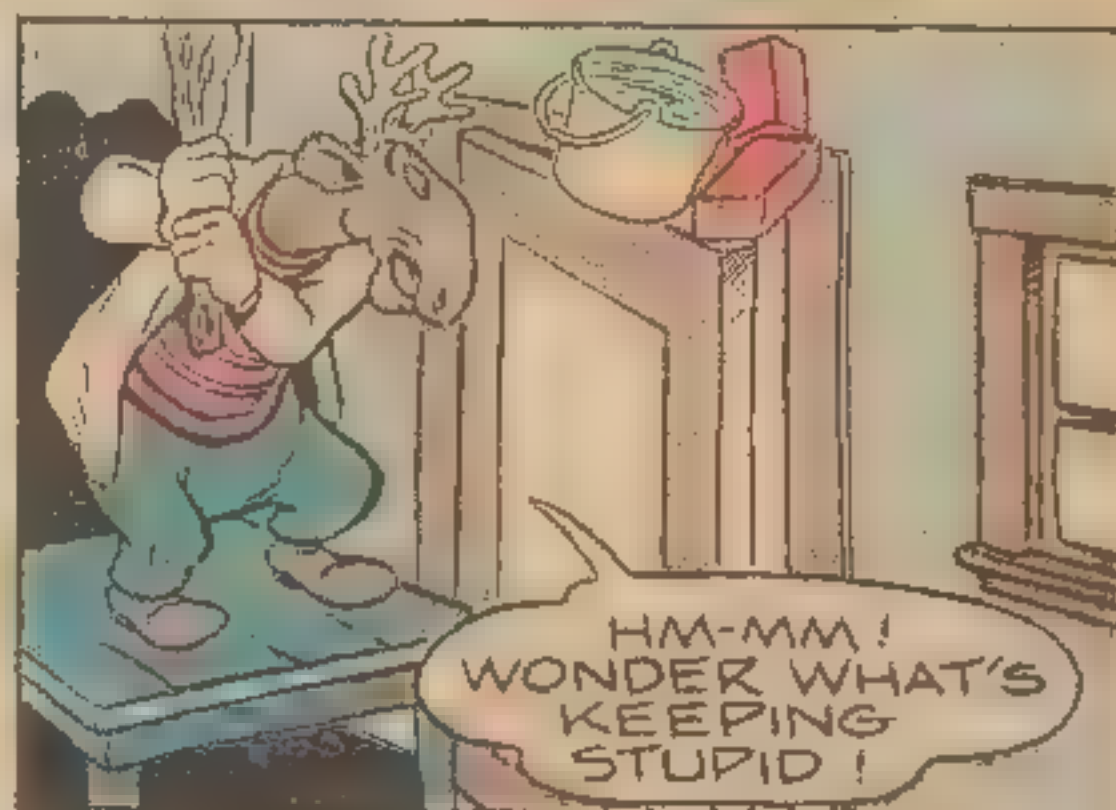
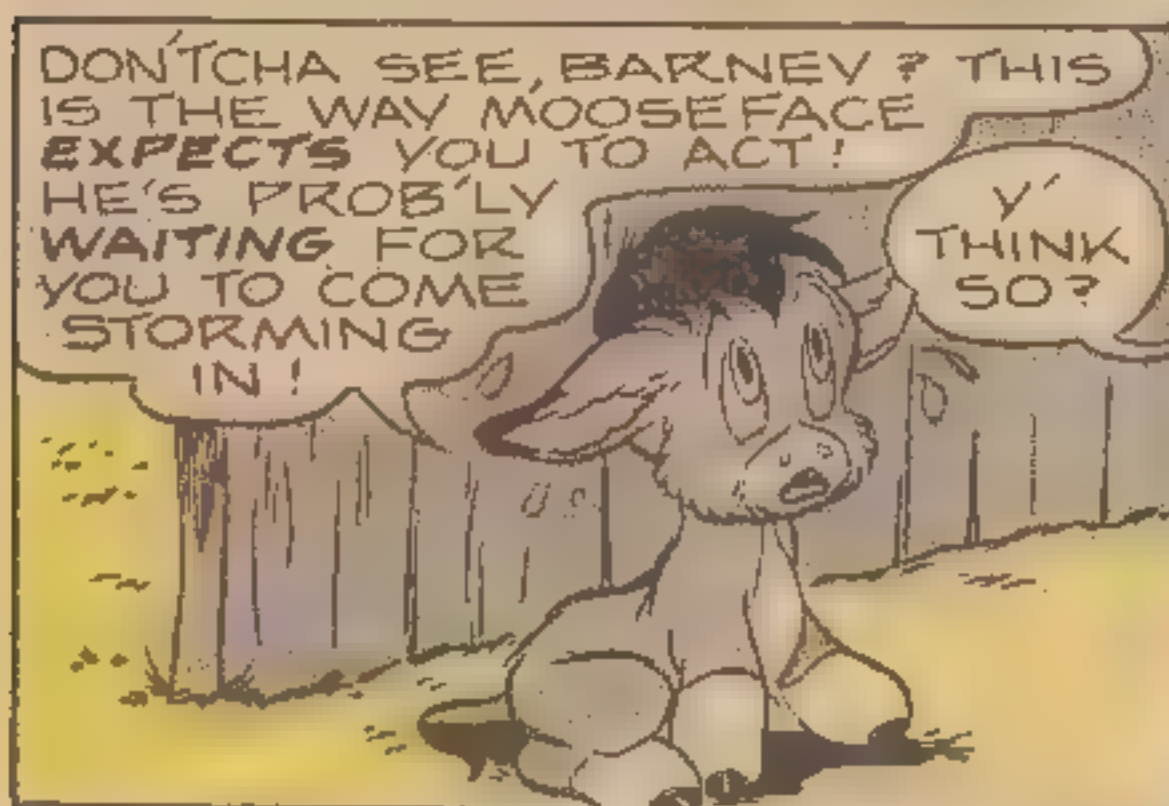
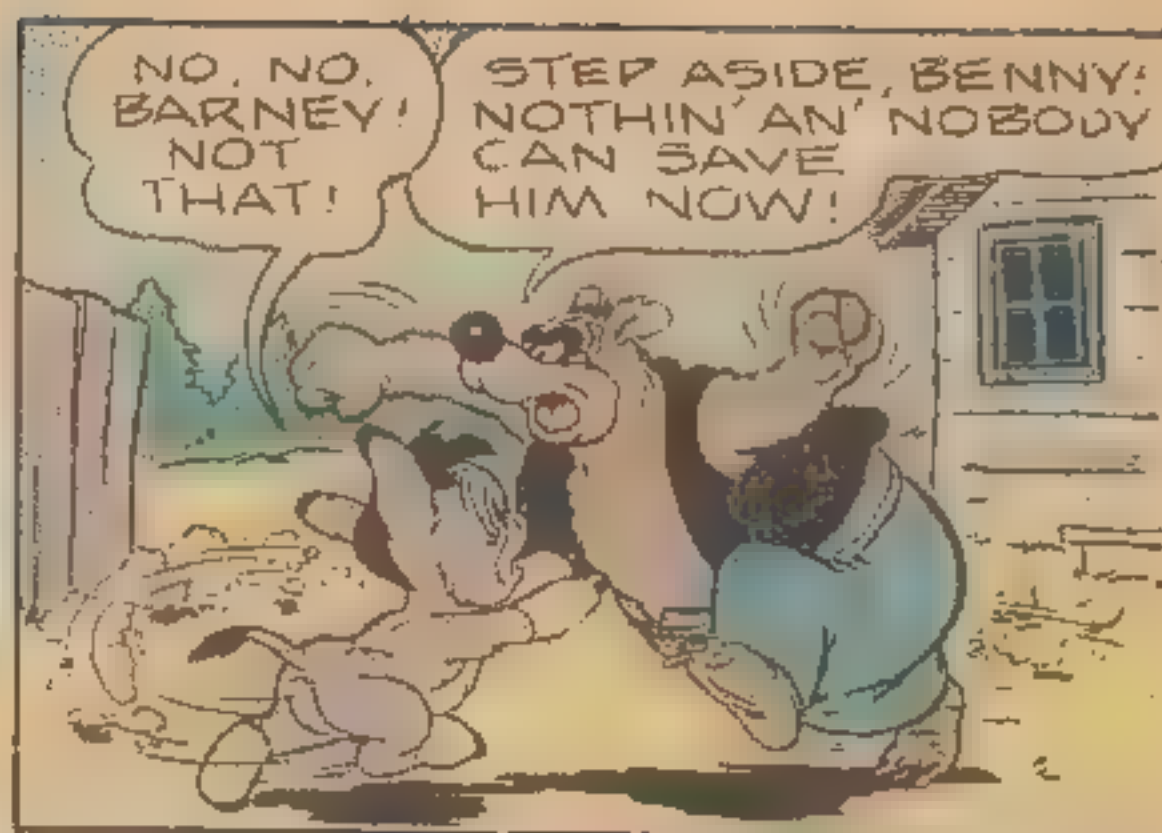
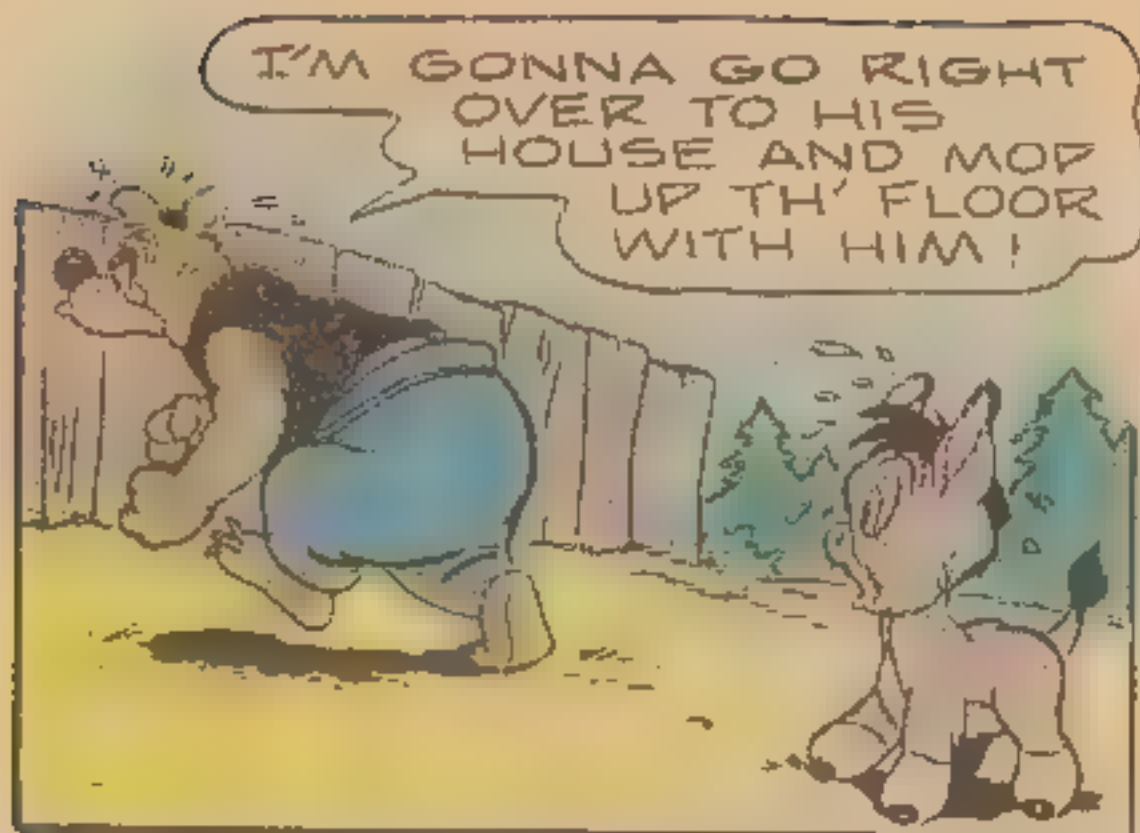
THEN THERE WAS THE TIME I
ASKED TO BORROW A GARDEN HOSE...

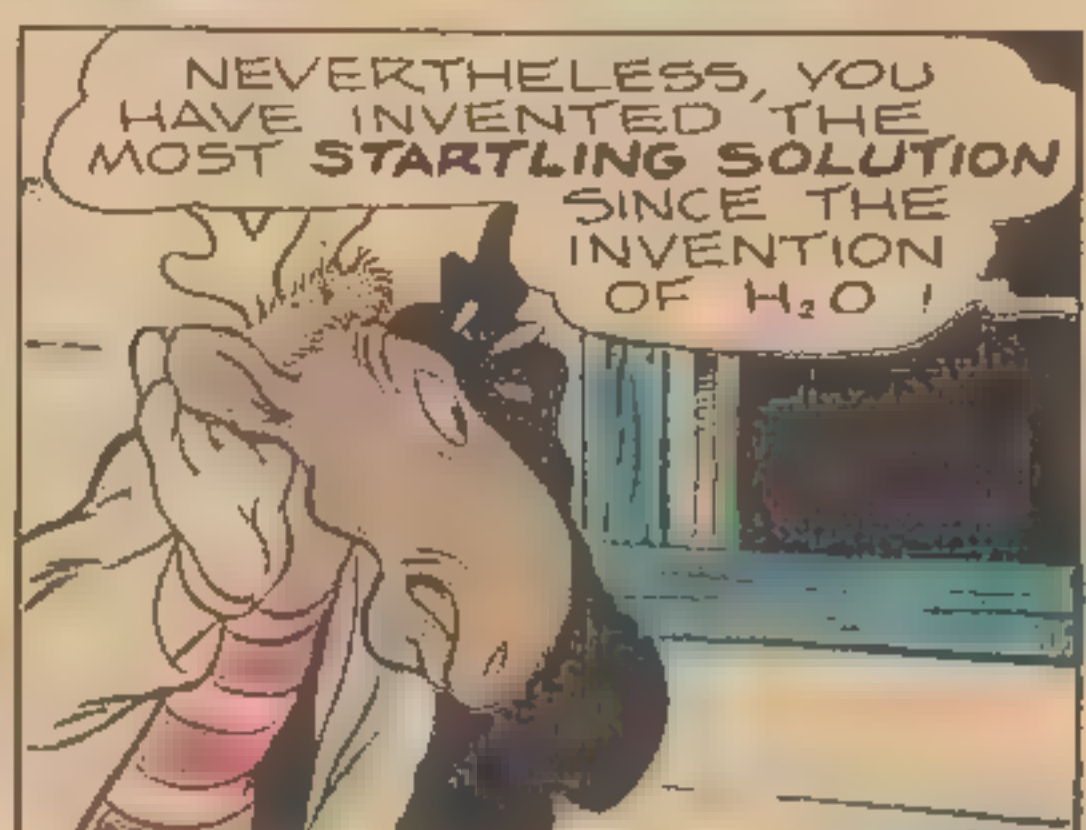
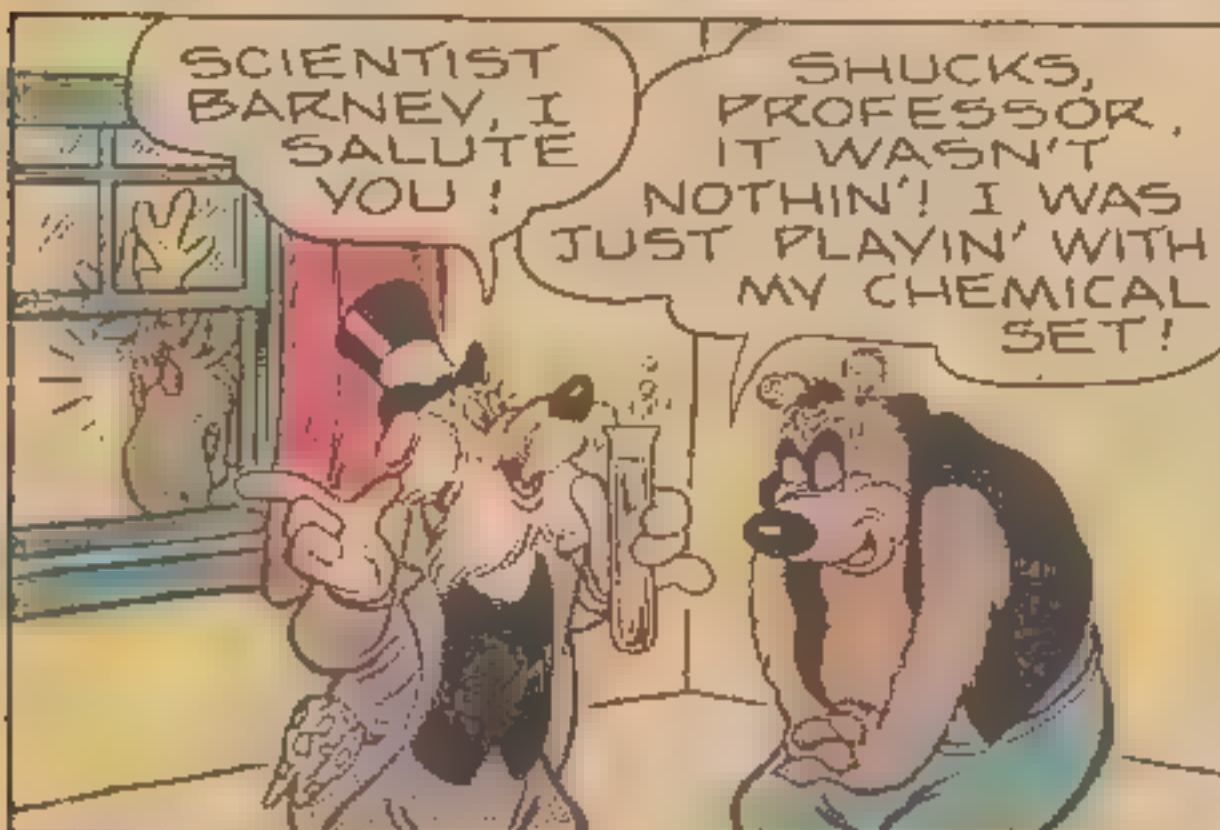
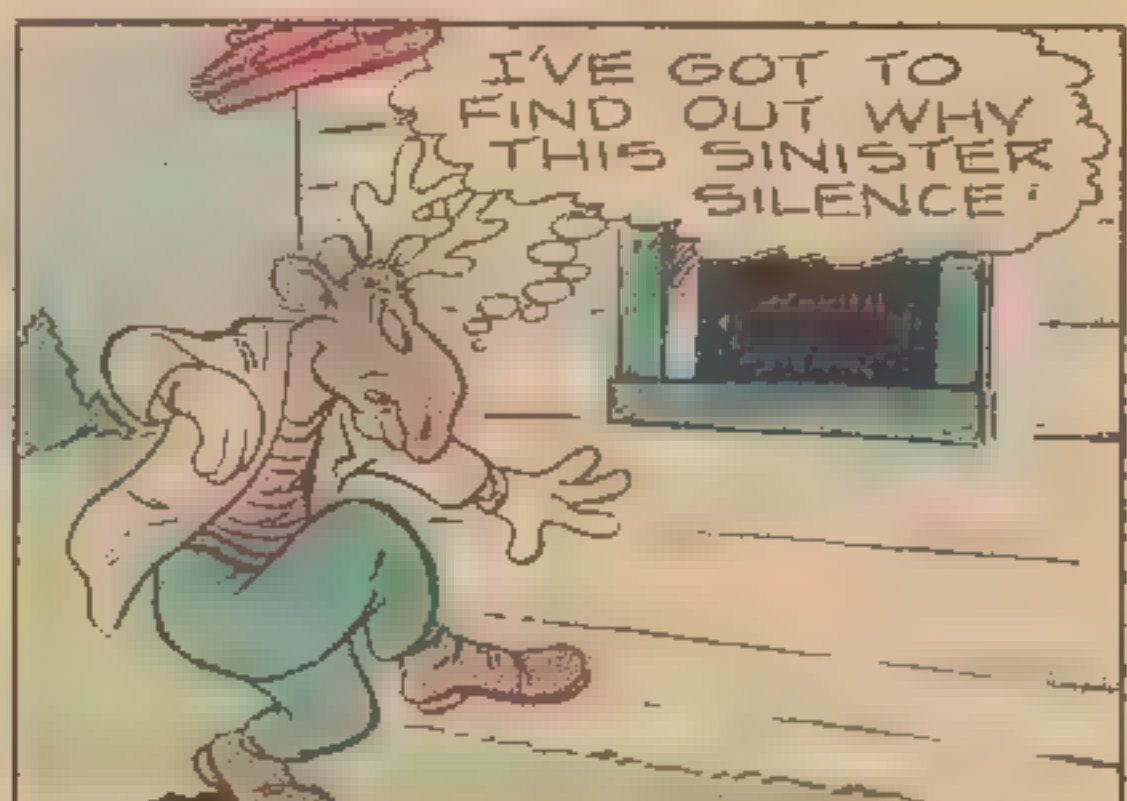
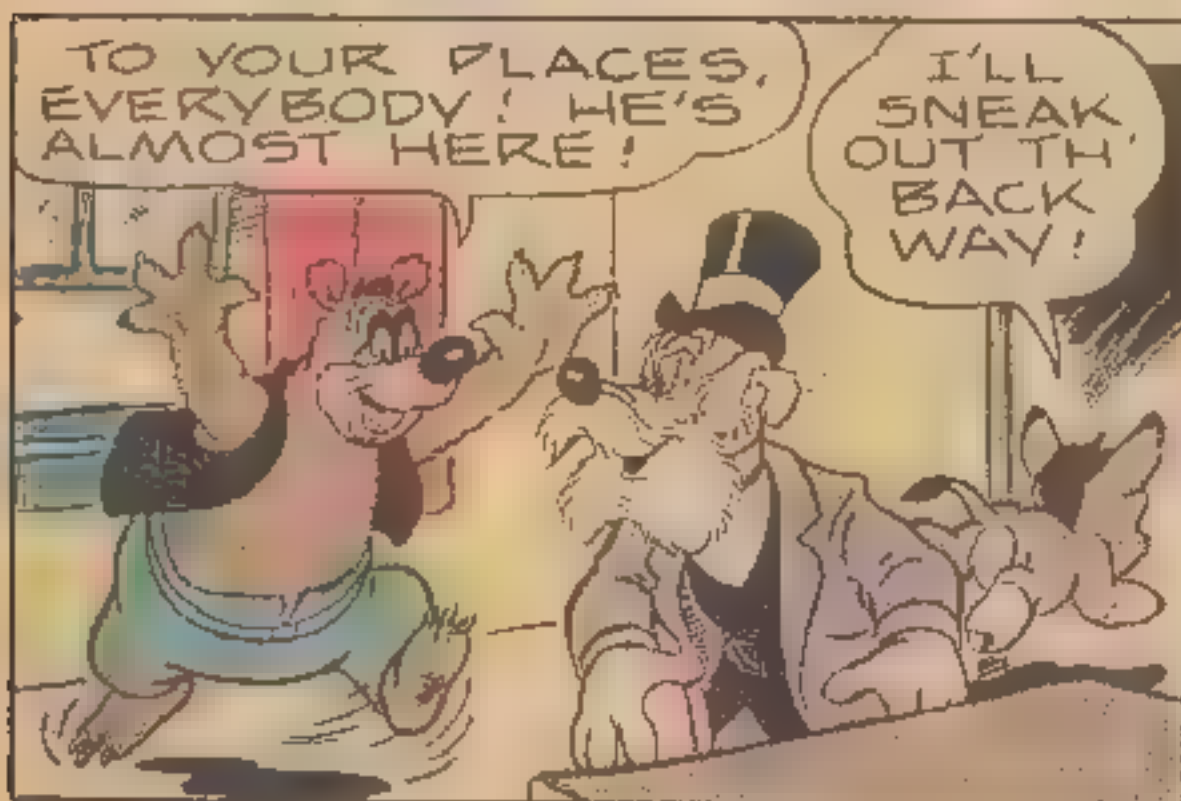
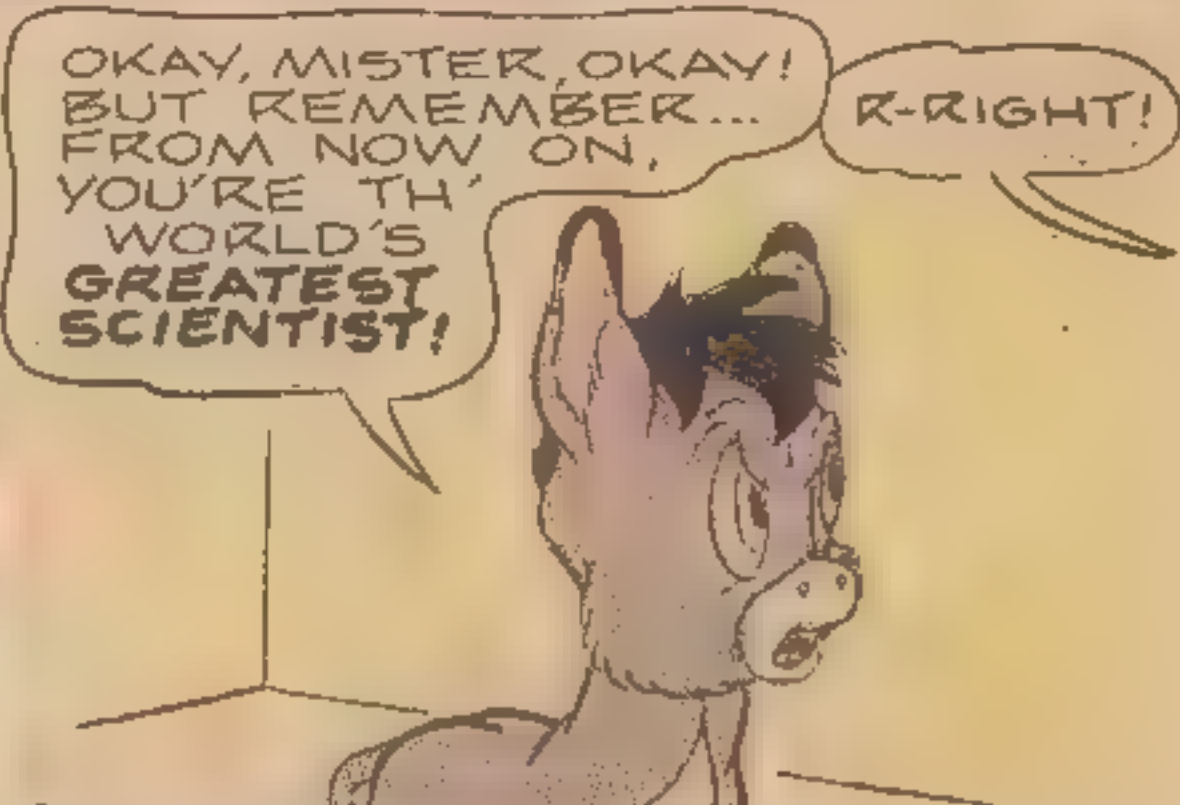
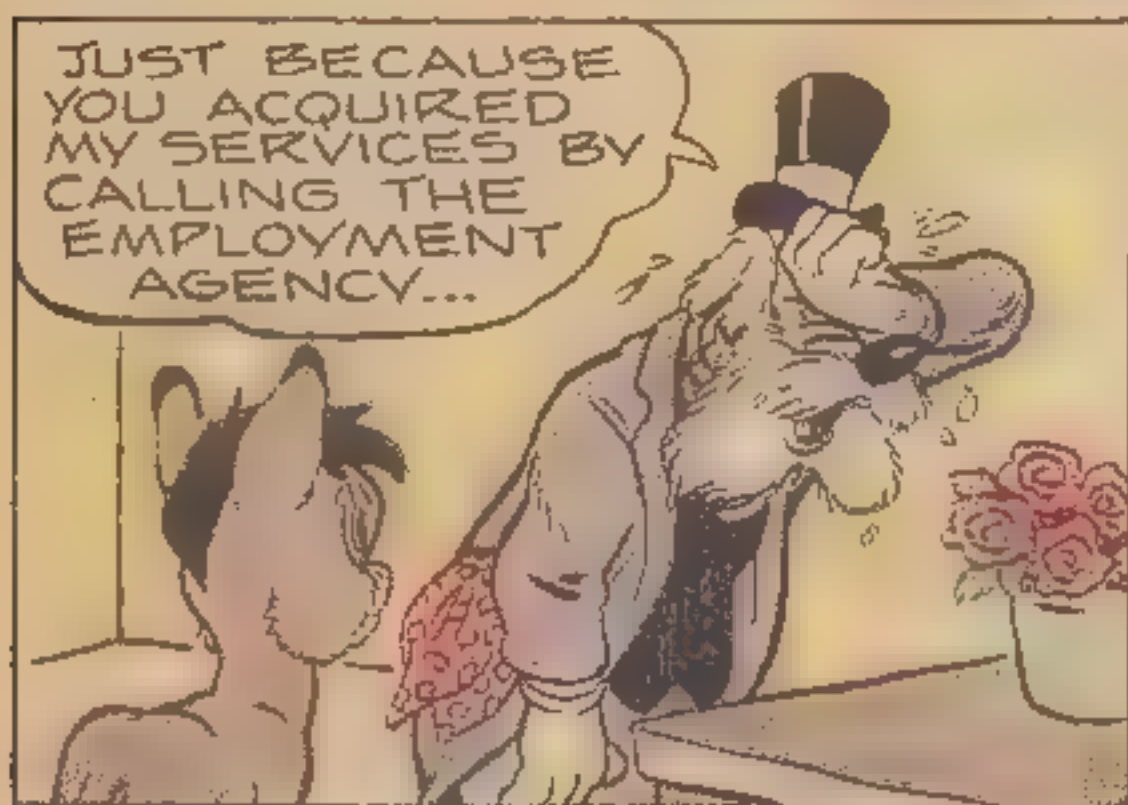
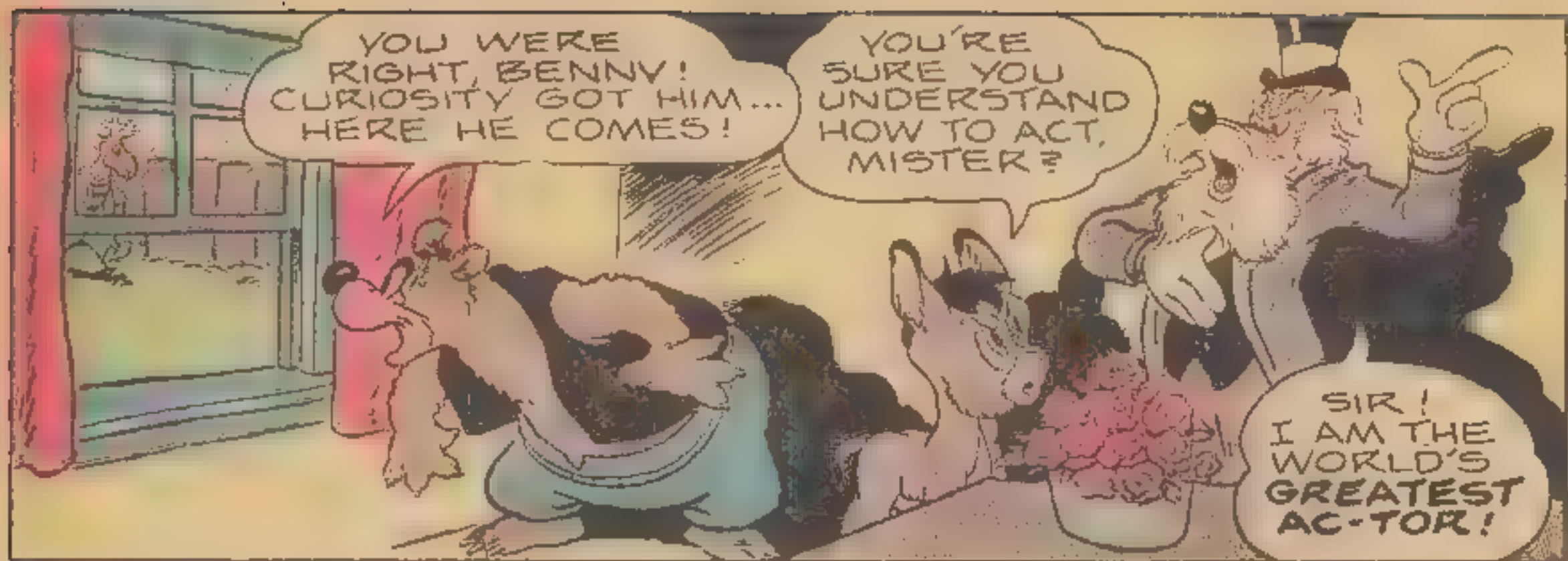


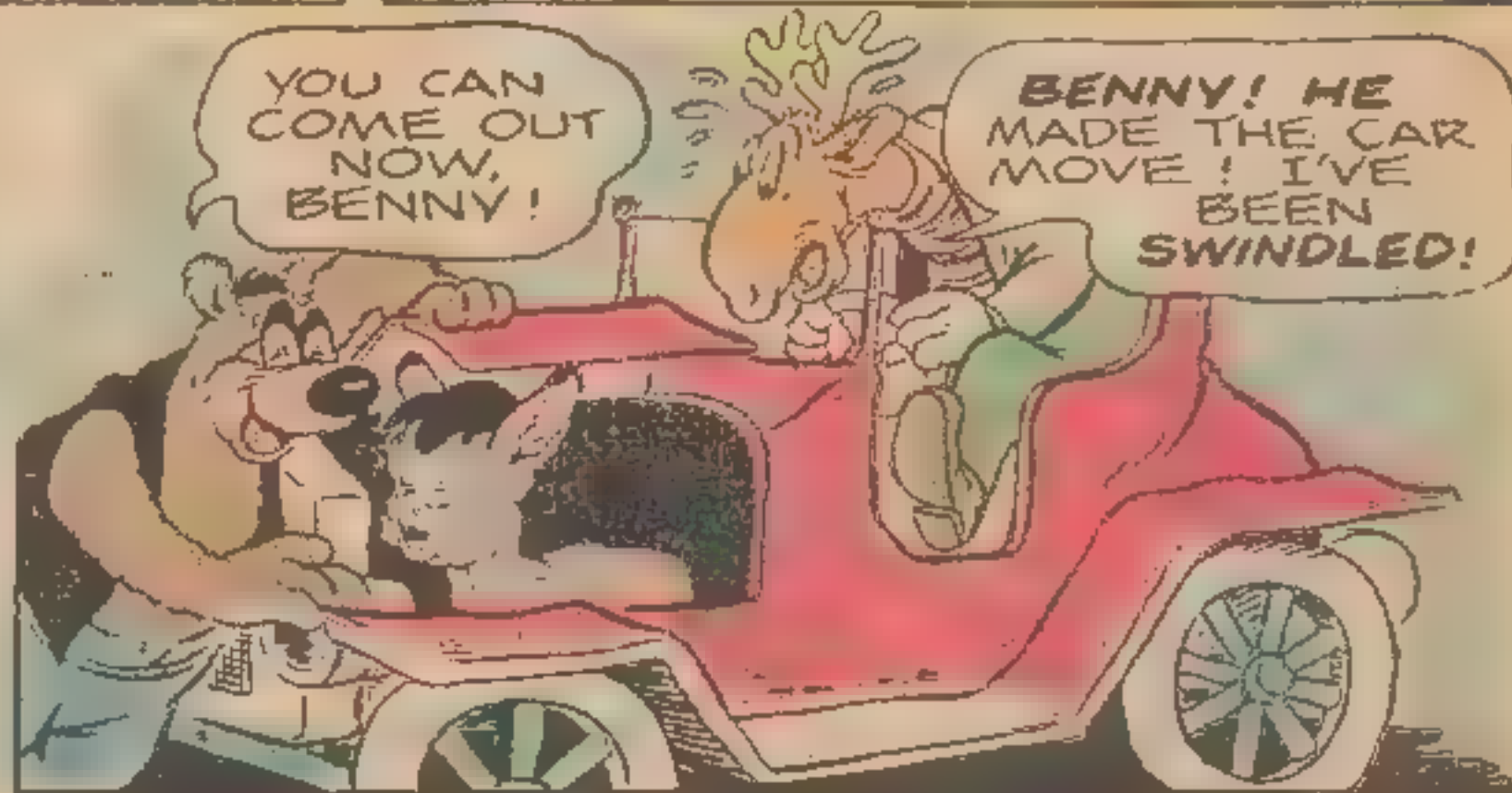
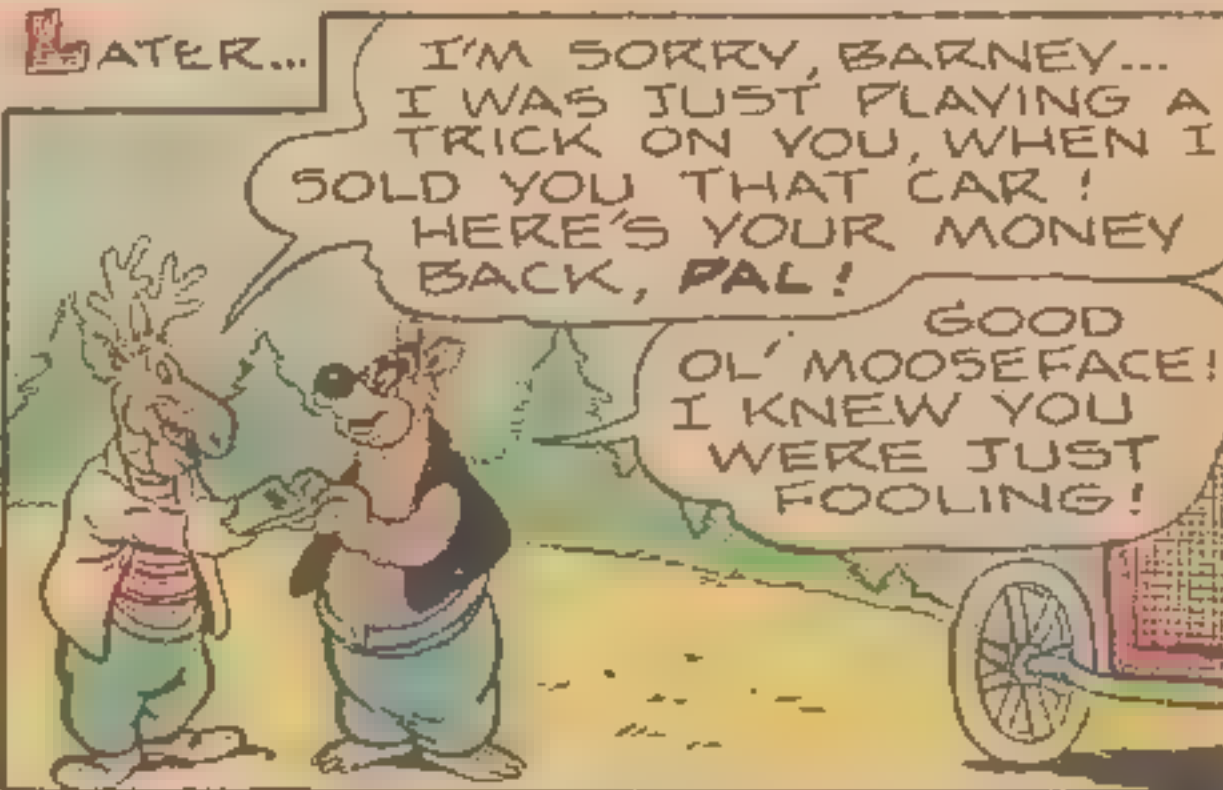
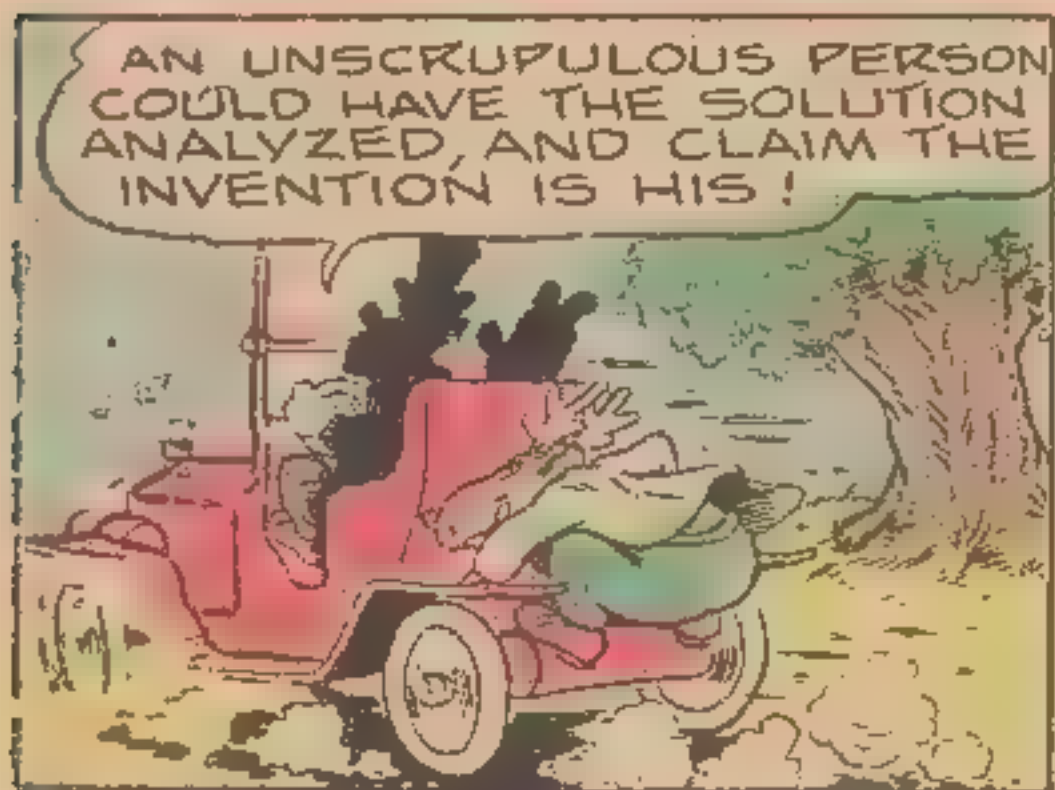
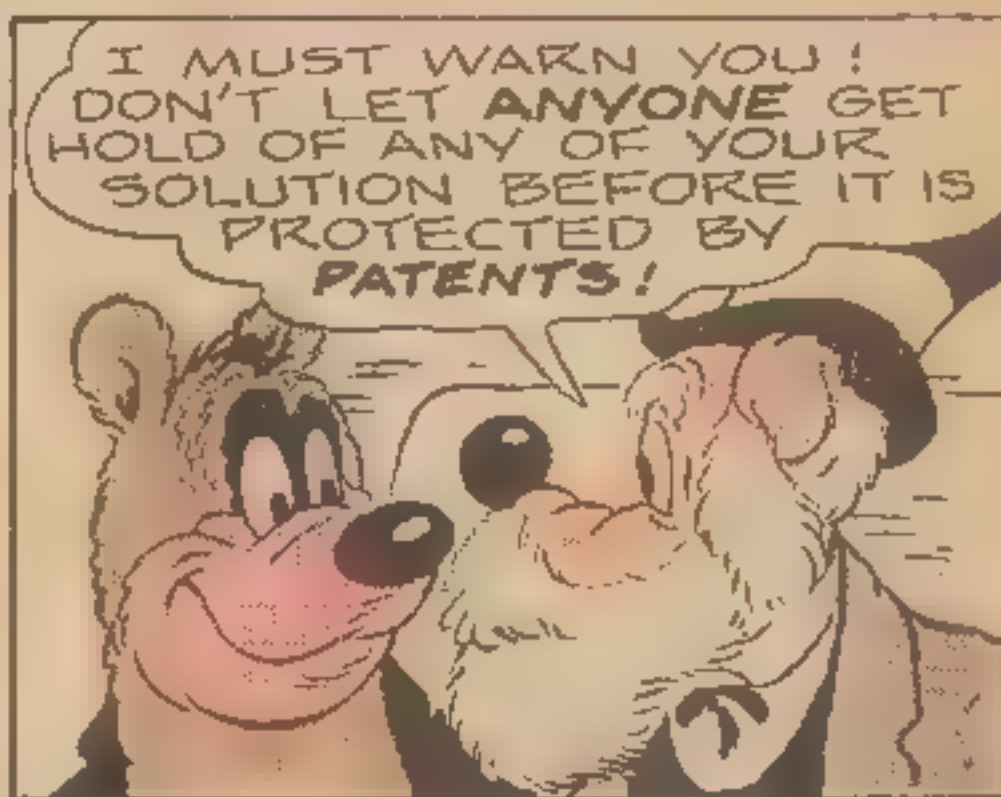
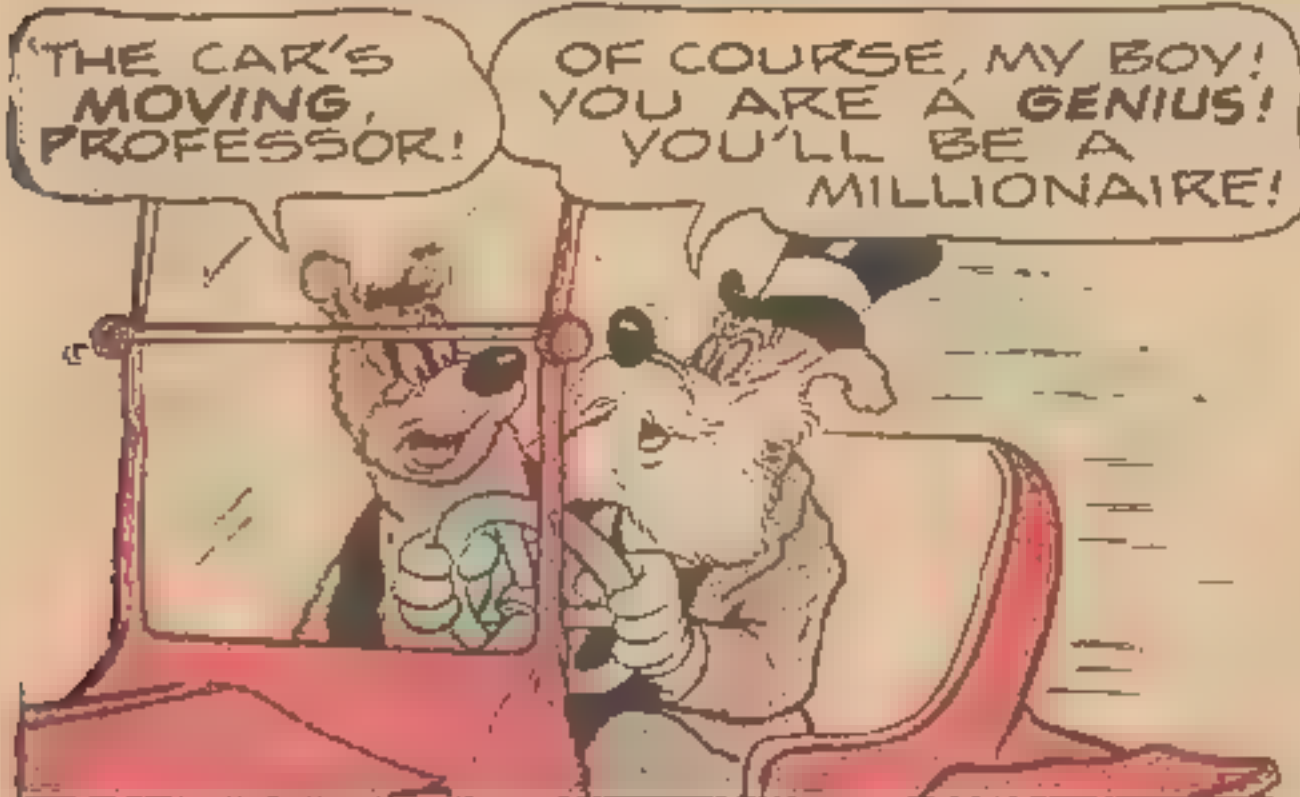
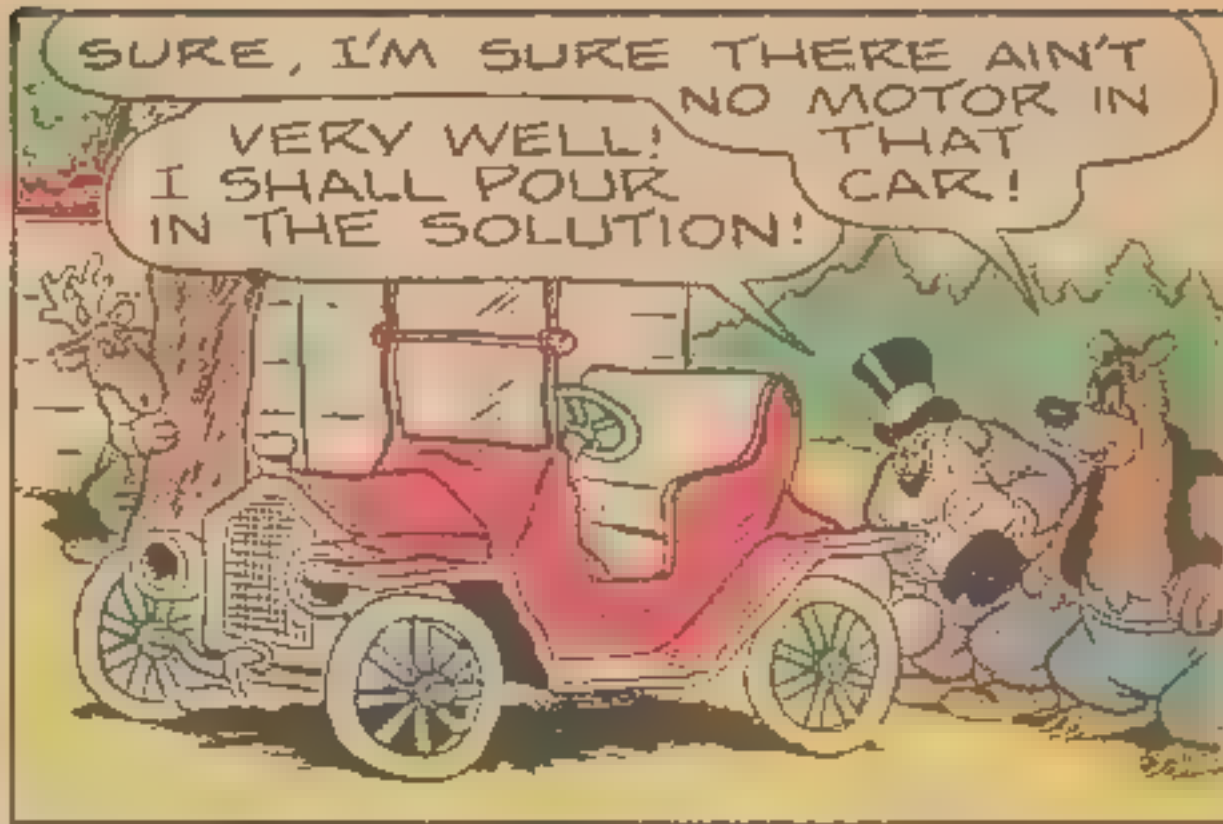
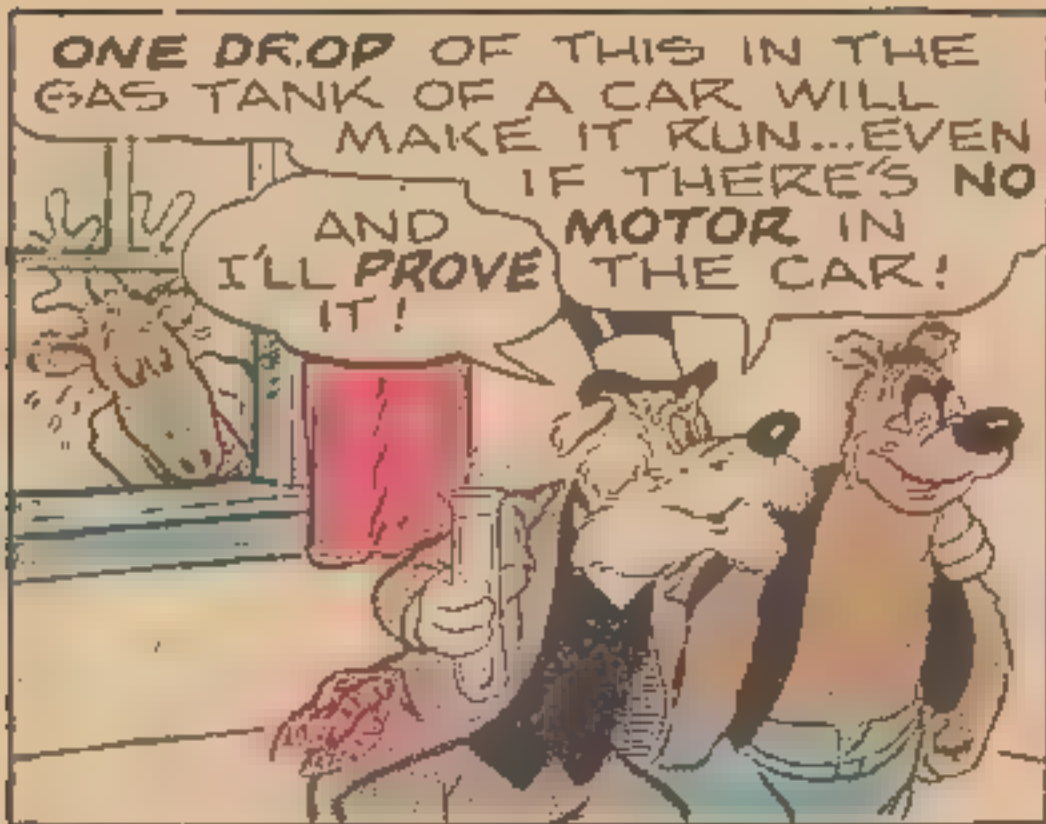












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

MGM presents

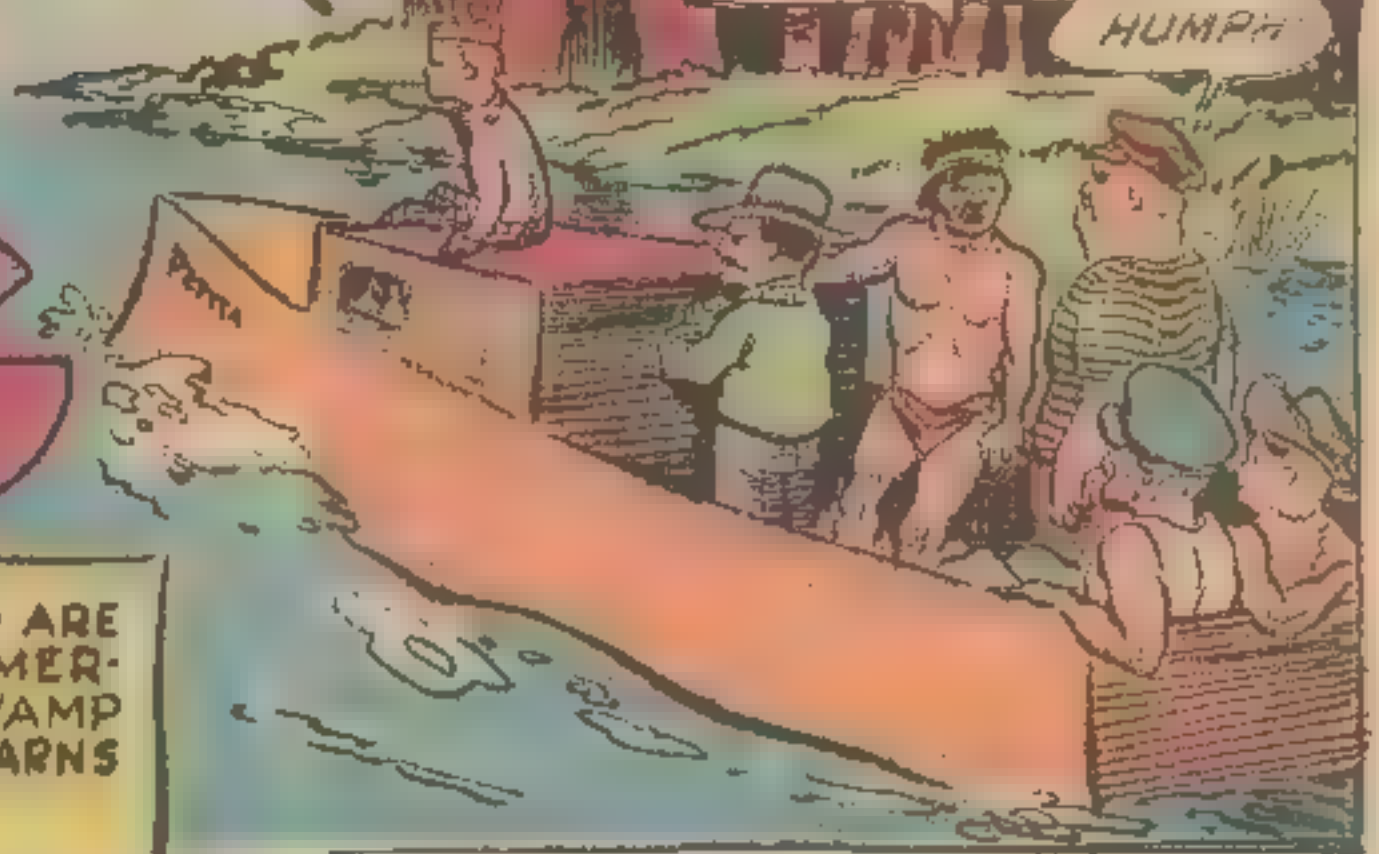
OUR GANG

RED, EGGHEAD, AND TWO-BY-TWO ARE ON A TREASURE HUNT IN LATIN AMERICA. THEY ARE LOOKING FOR SWAMP ISLAND. TOMA, A JACARÉ INDIAN, WARNS THEM ABOUT THE ISLAND.

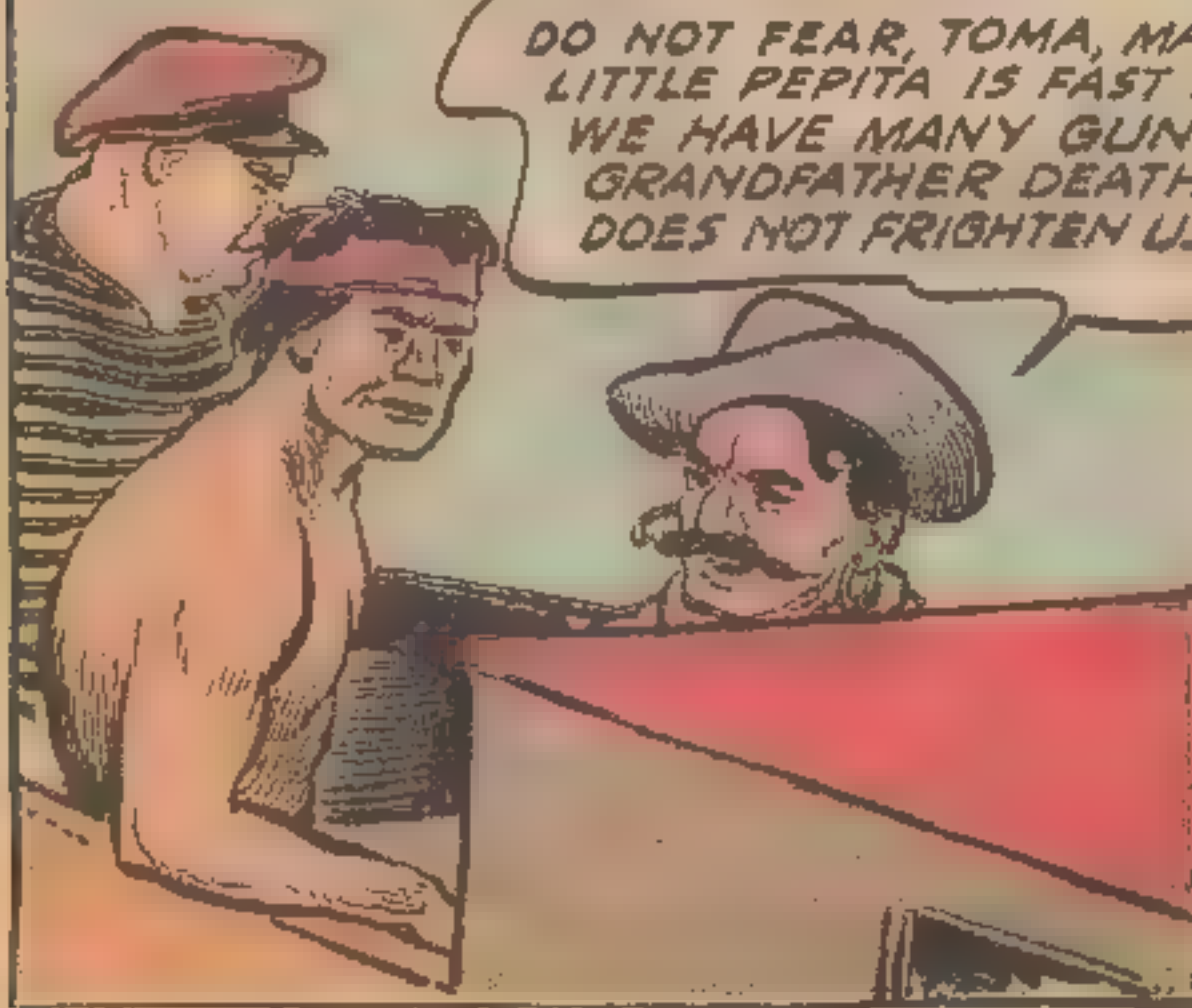
LOOK AHEAD—
IS THAT SWAMP
ISLAND?

SWAMP ISLAND MUCH BAD
CAPITAO HOPPEE—GREAT
GRANDFATHER DEATH
WAIT THERE!

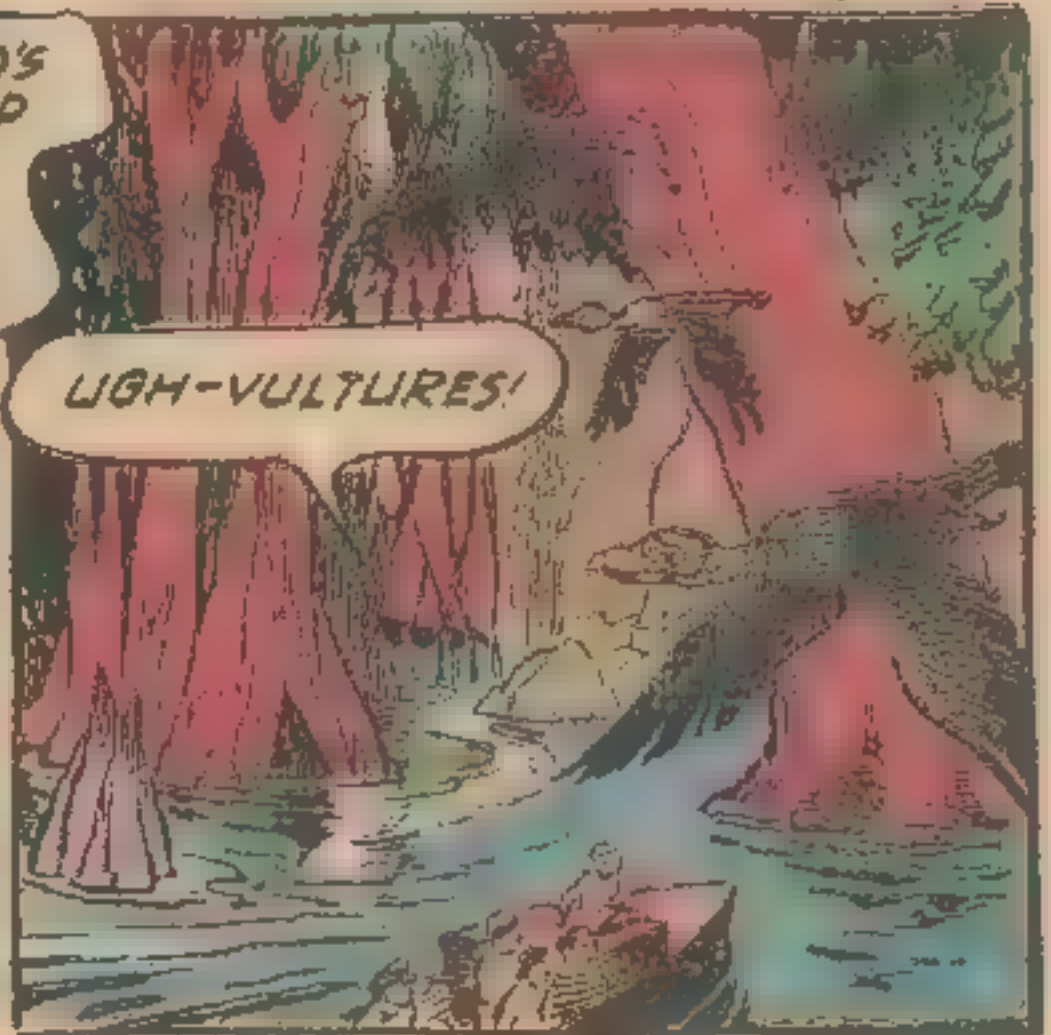
HUMPH



DO NOT FEAR, TOMA, MARIO'S
LITTLE PEPITA IS FAST AND
WE HAVE MANY GUNS.
GRANDFATHER DEATH
DOES NOT FRIGHTEN US.



LIGH-VULTURES!



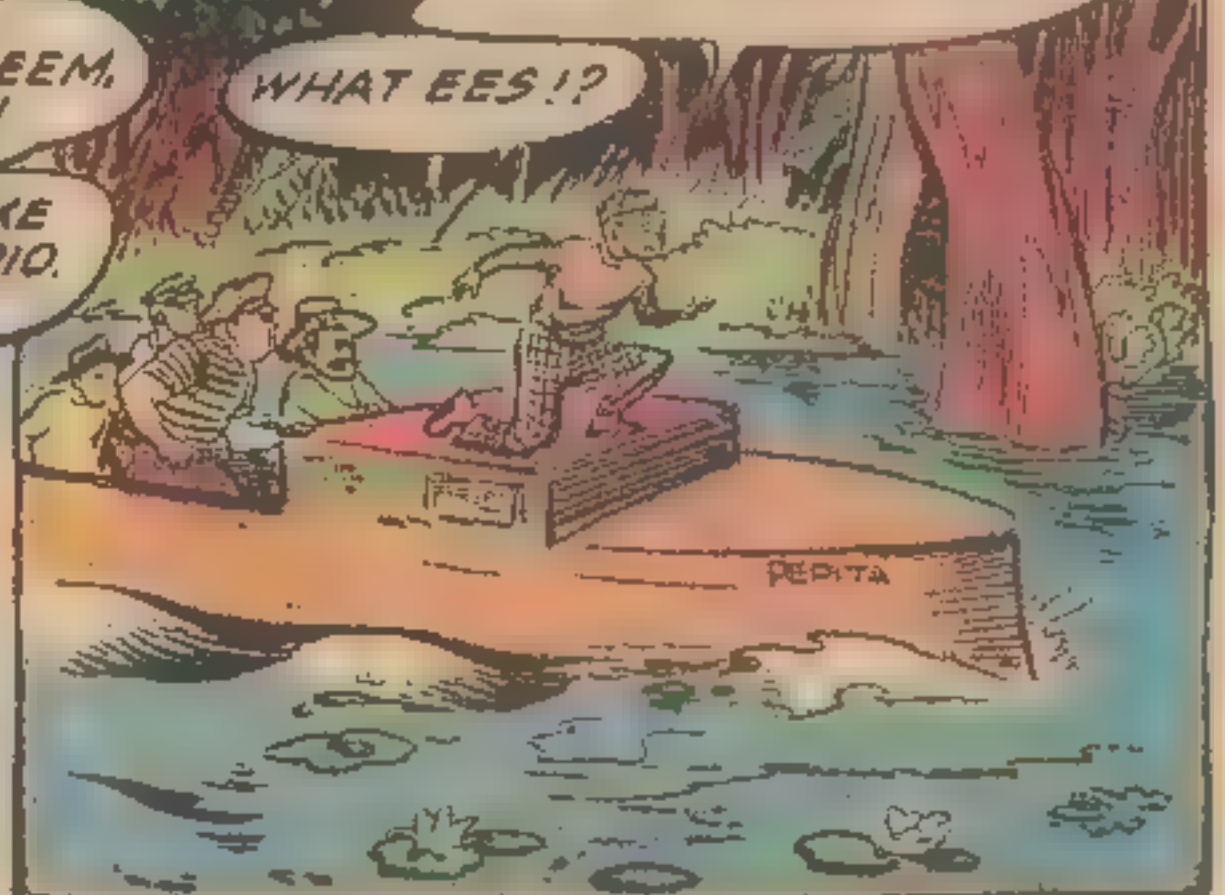
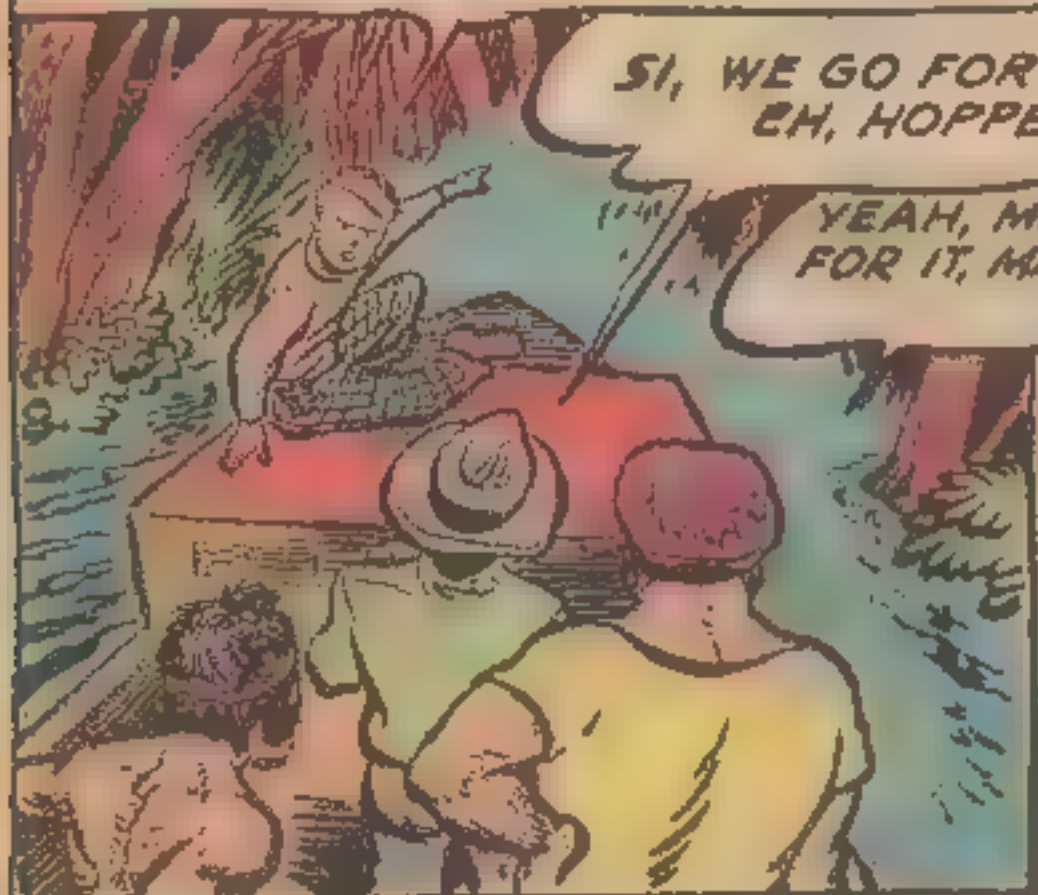
THE BEST OPENING INTO THE
ISLAND SEEMS TO BE THERE, MARIO.

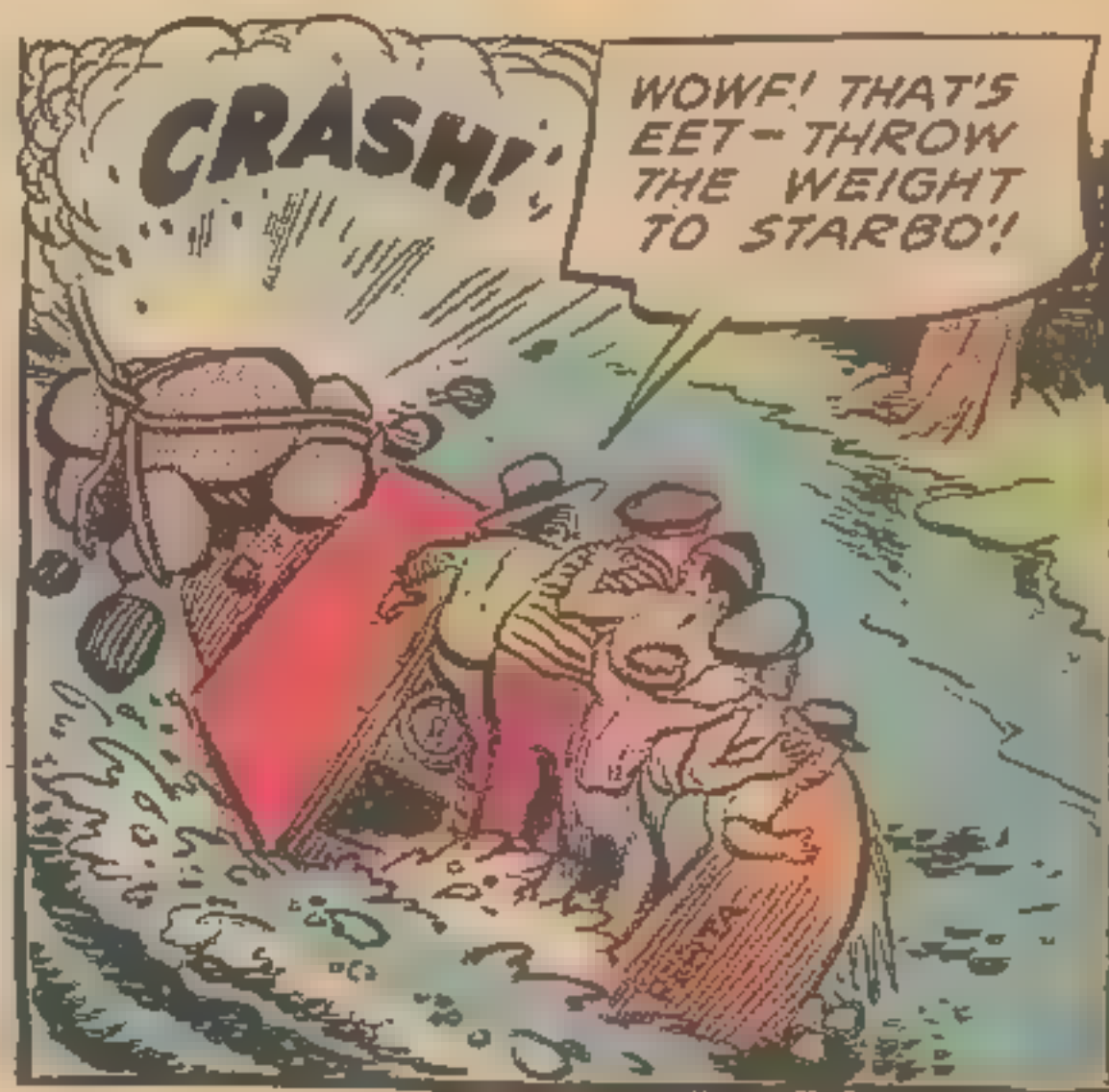
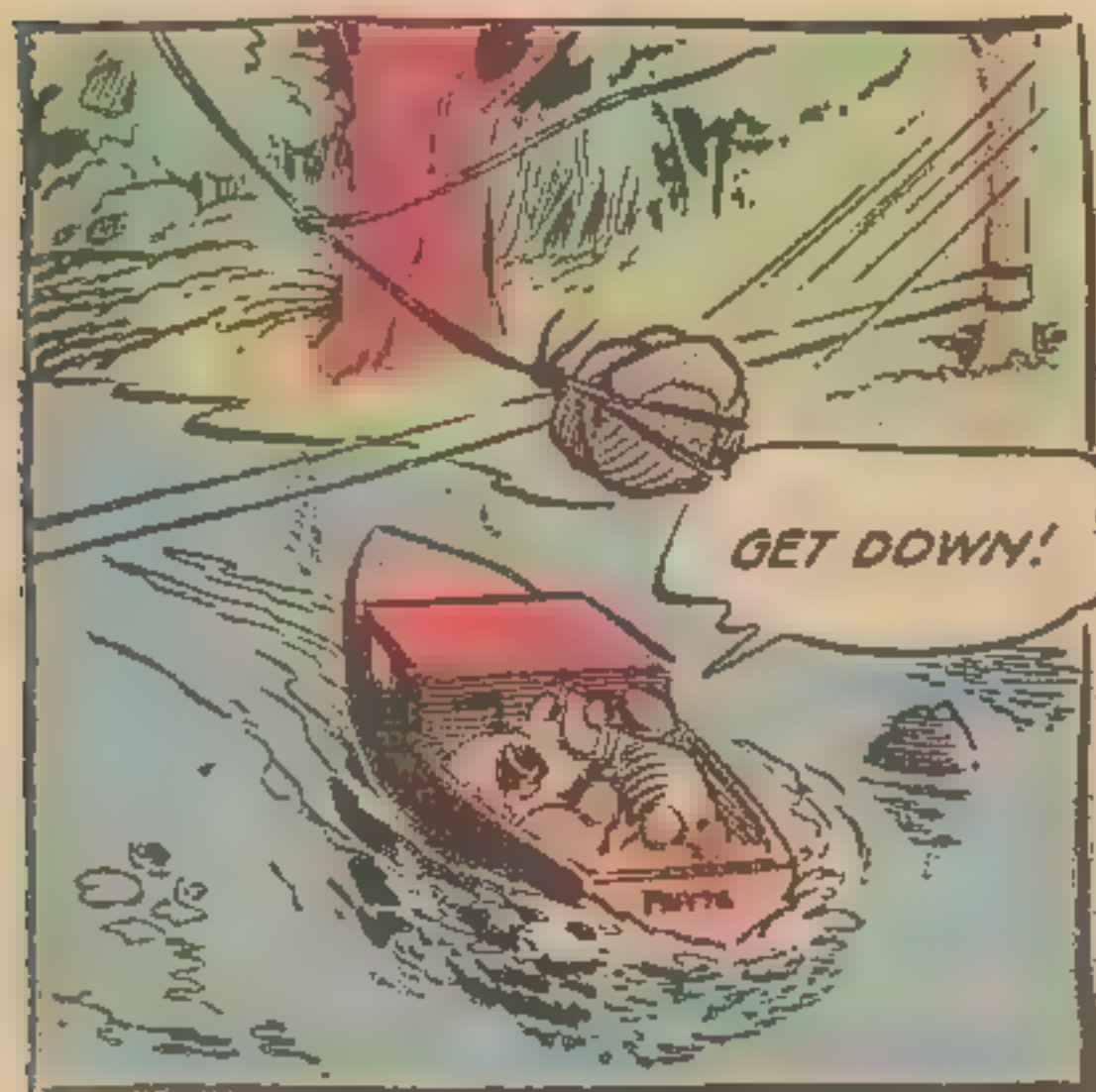
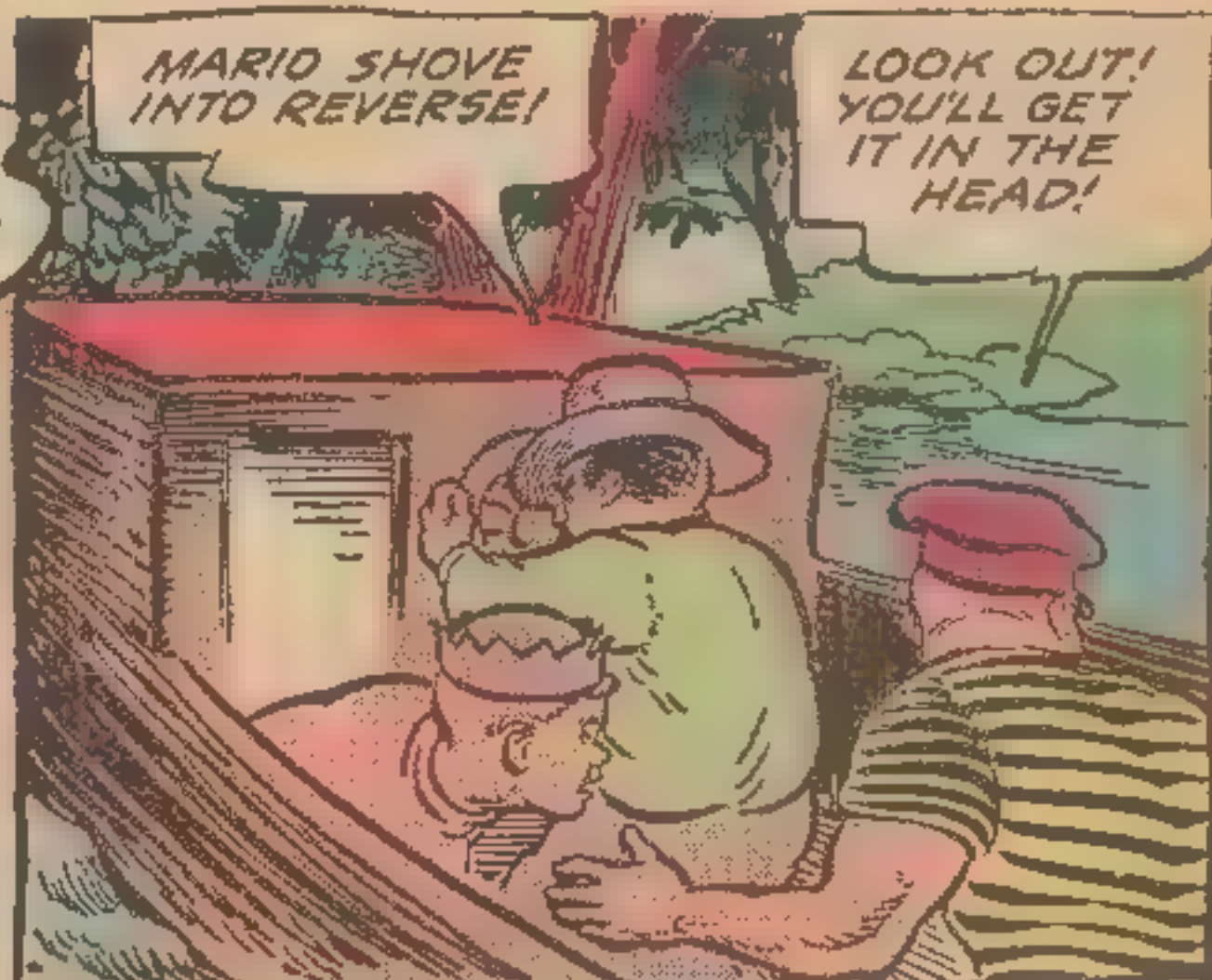
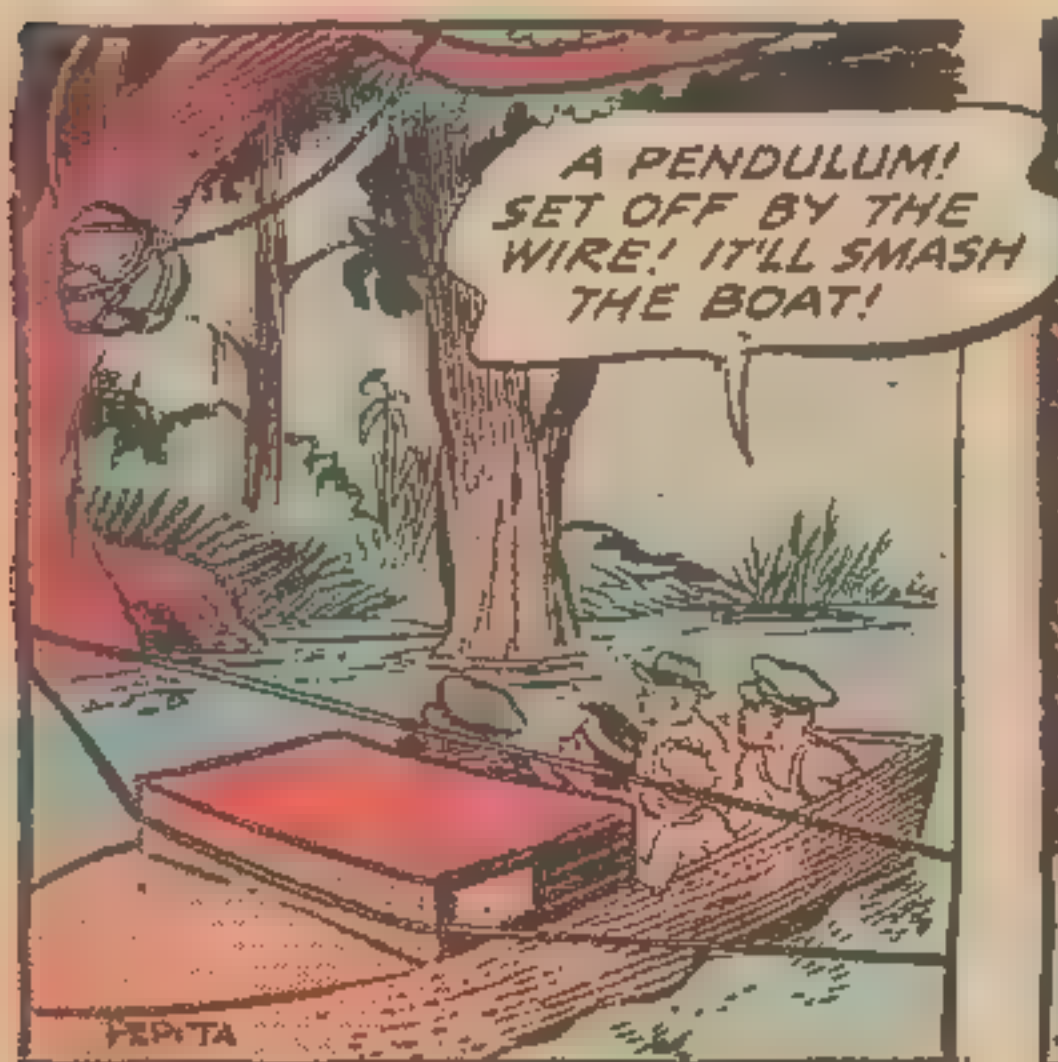
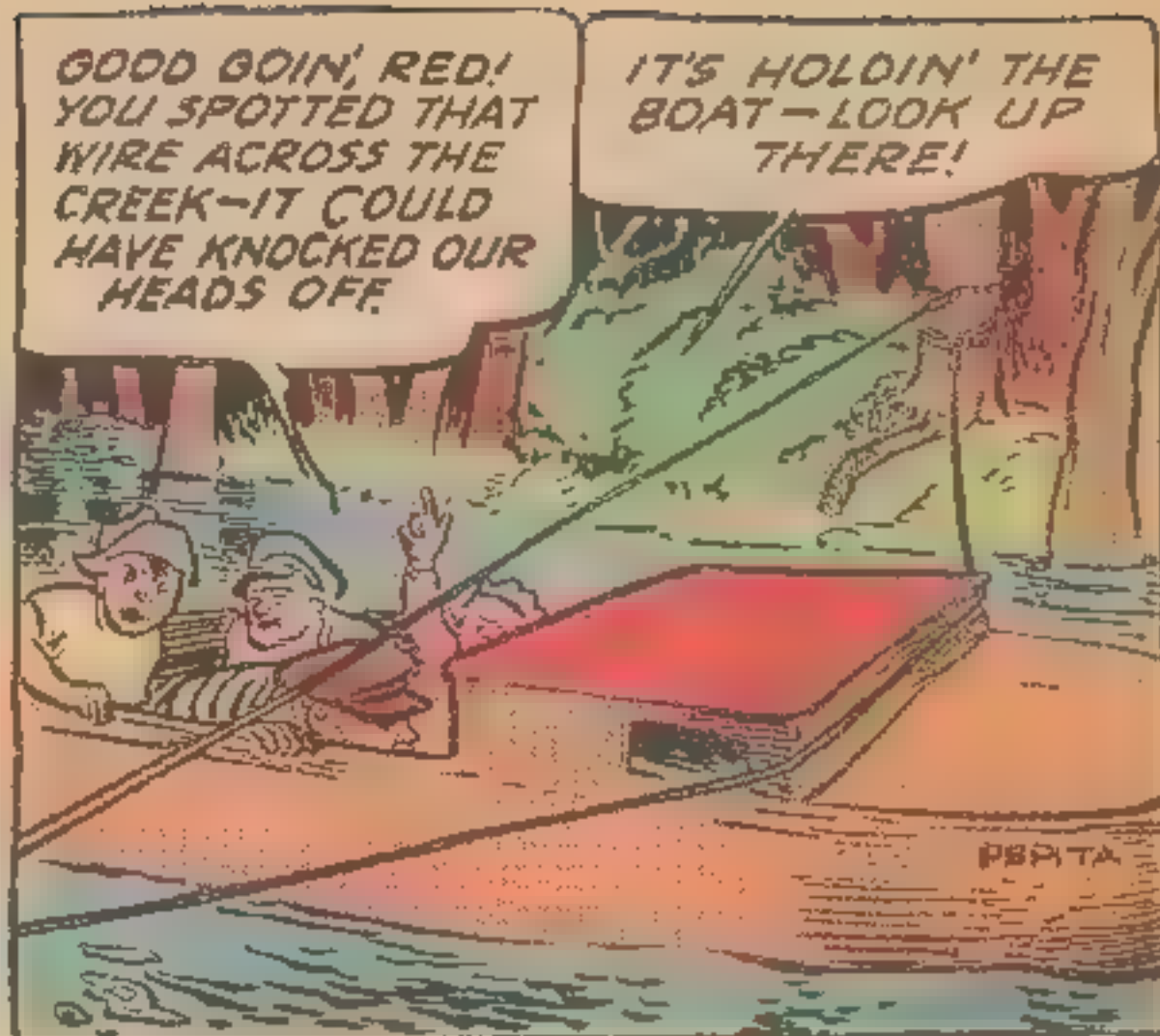
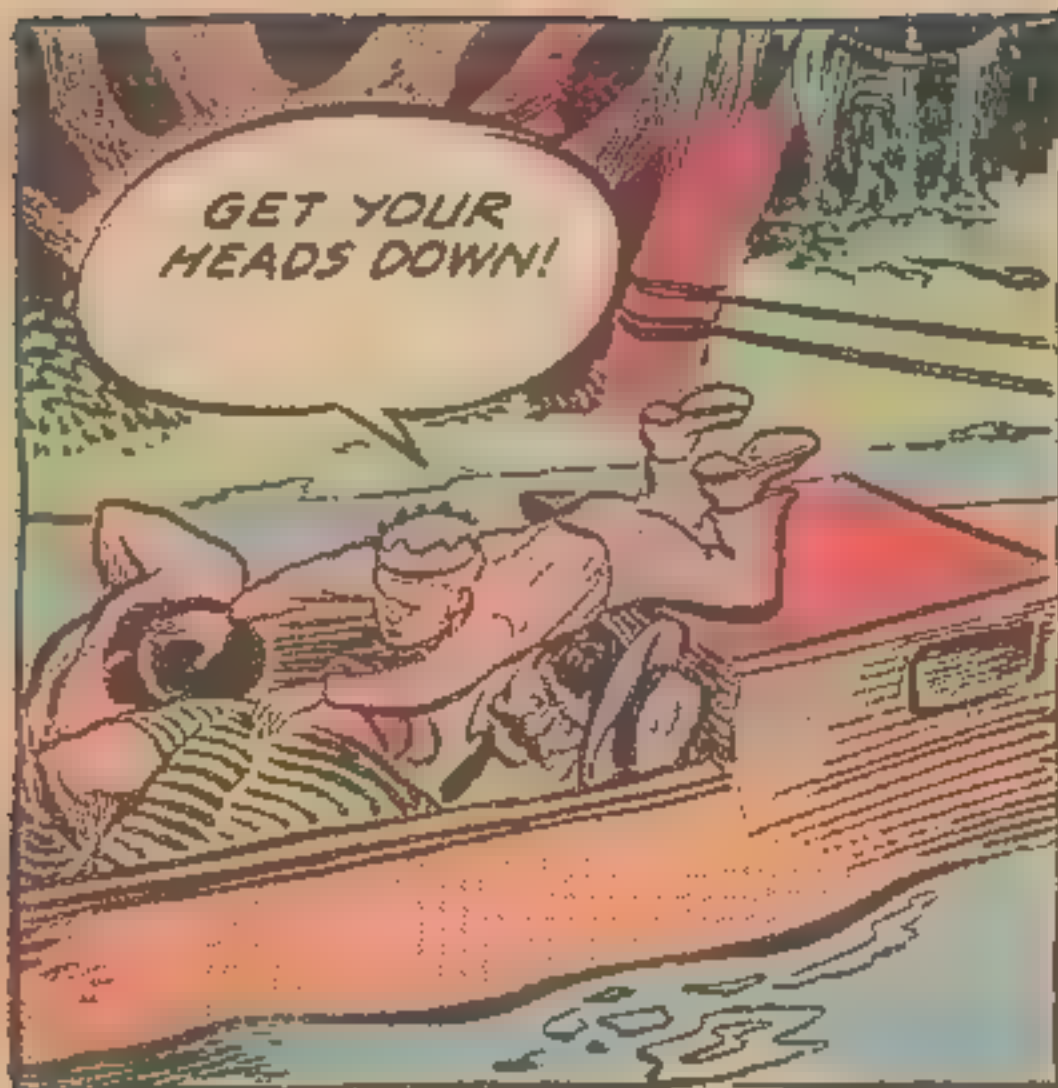
HEY—STOP—WAIT!
DUCK—LOOK OUT!

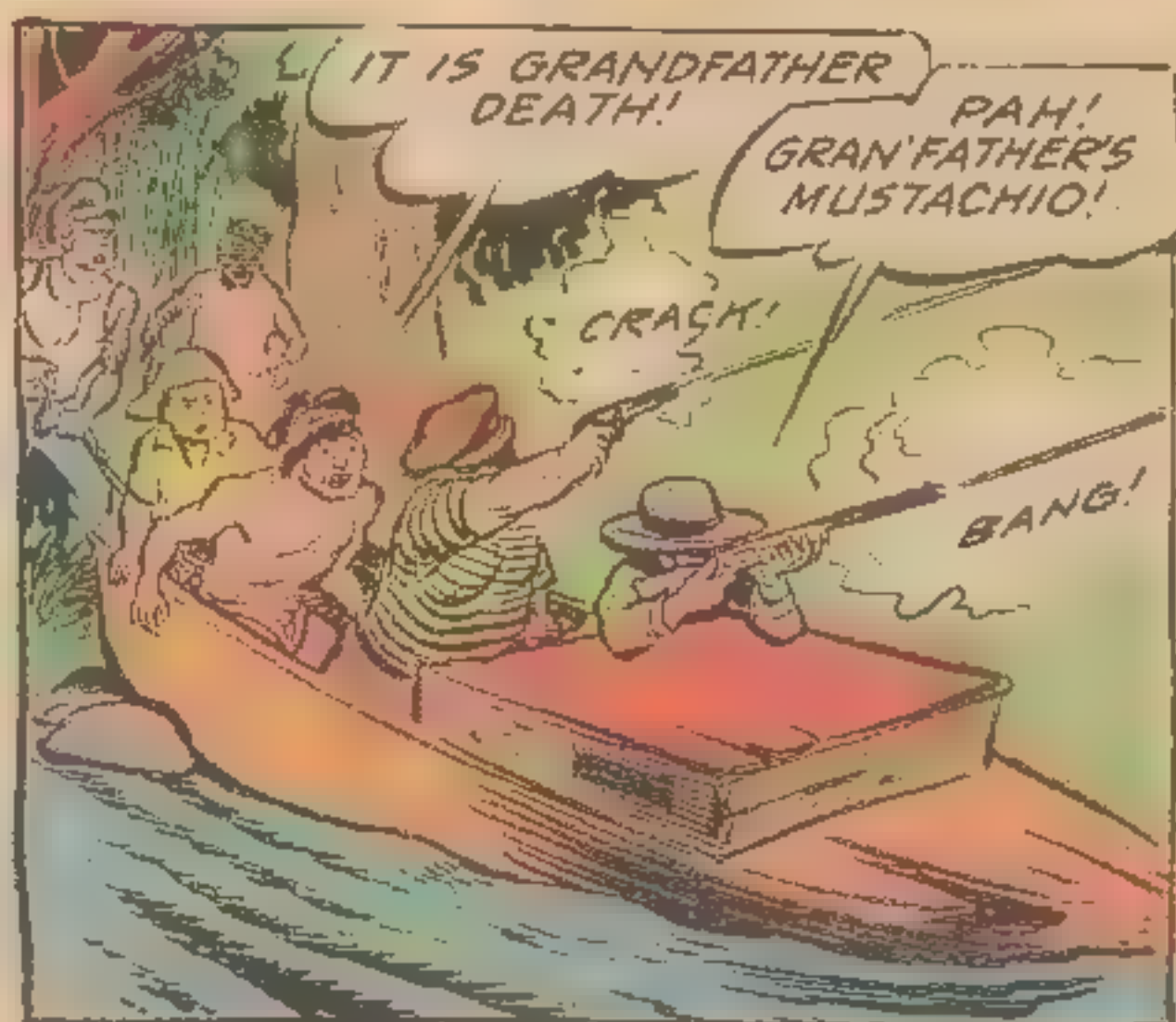
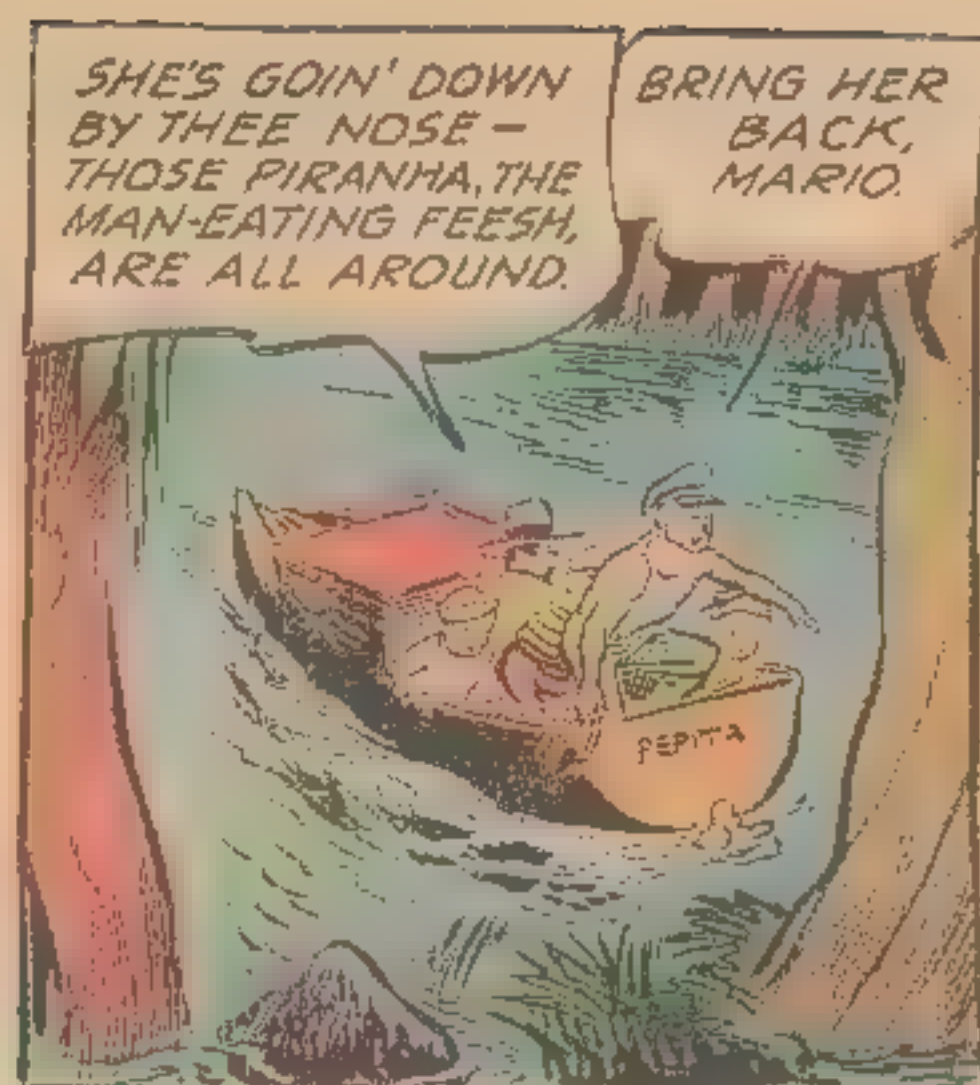
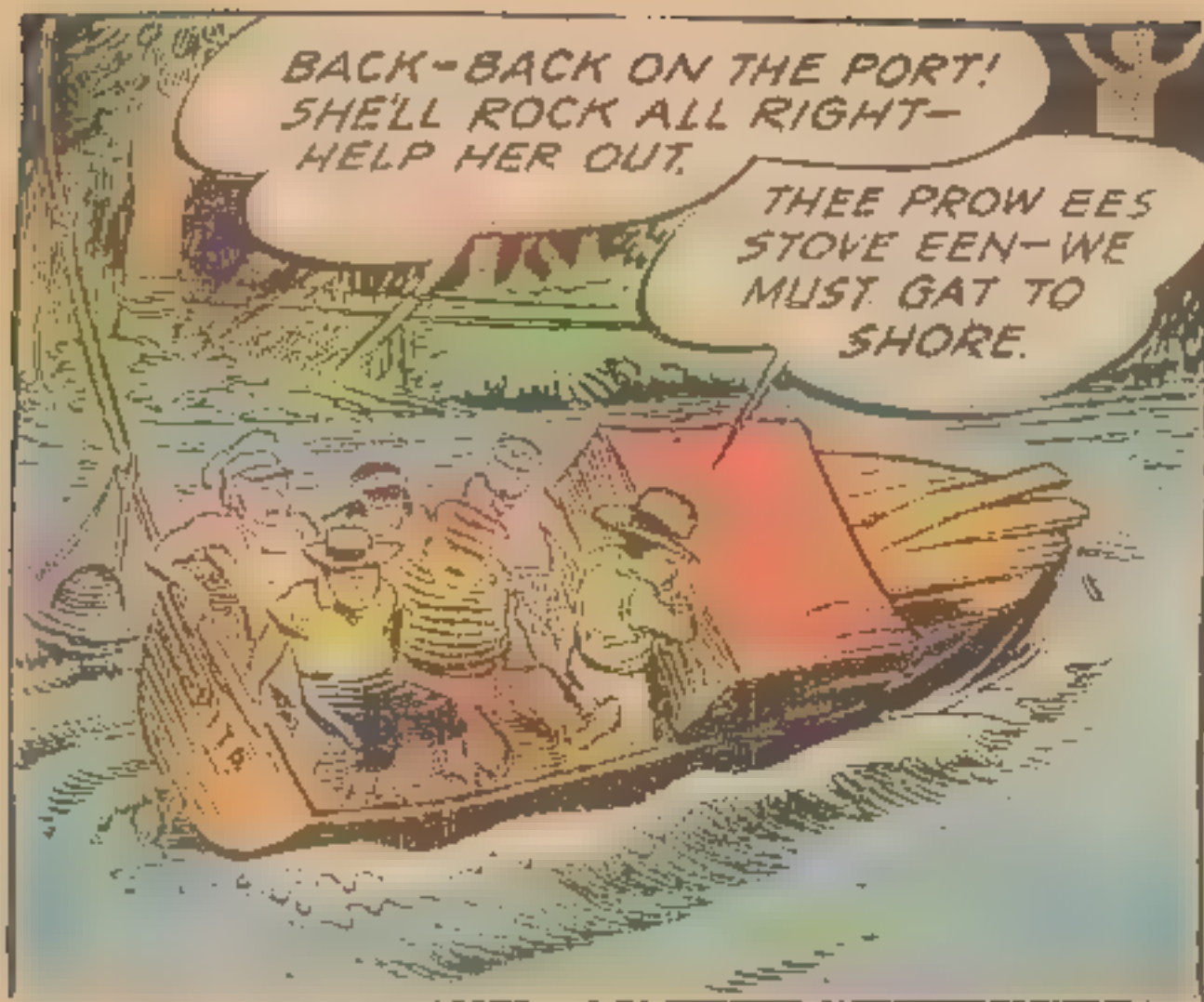
SI, WE GO FOR HEEM,
EH, HOPPEE!

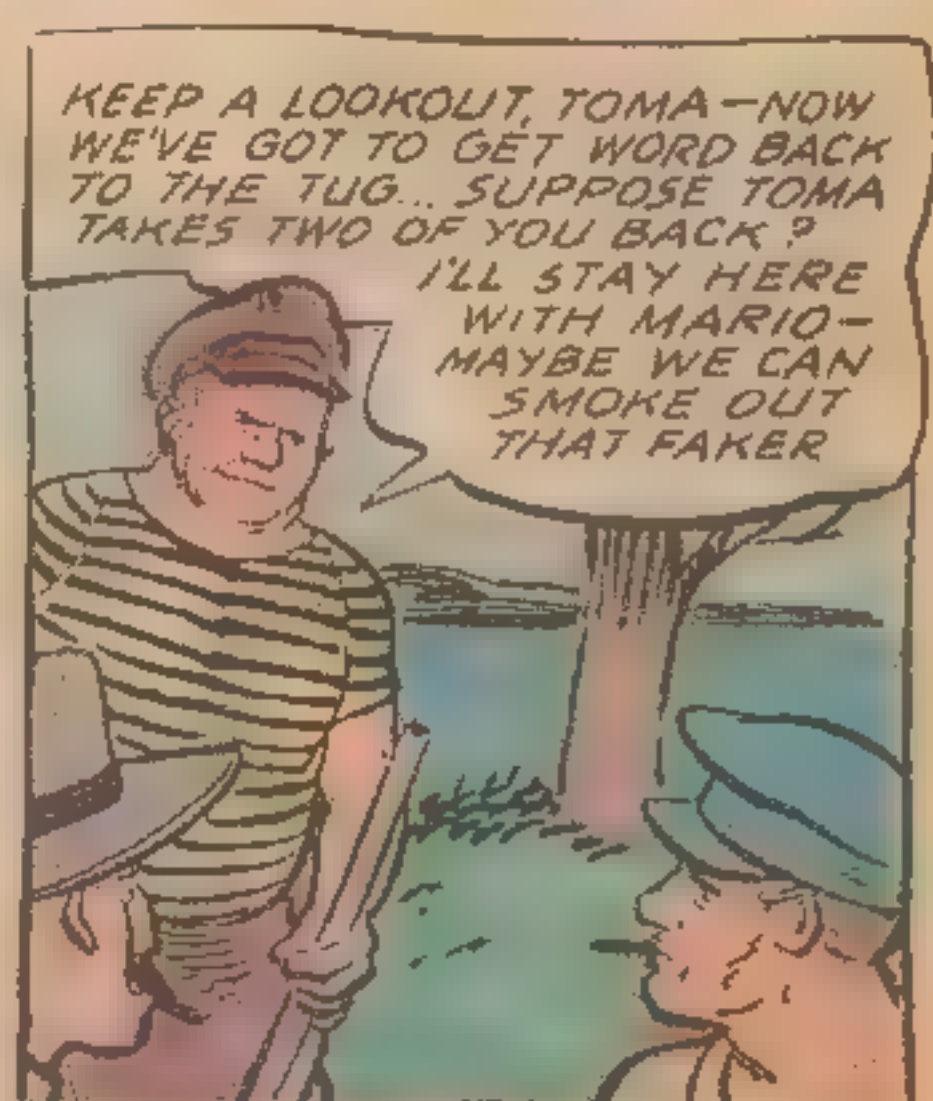
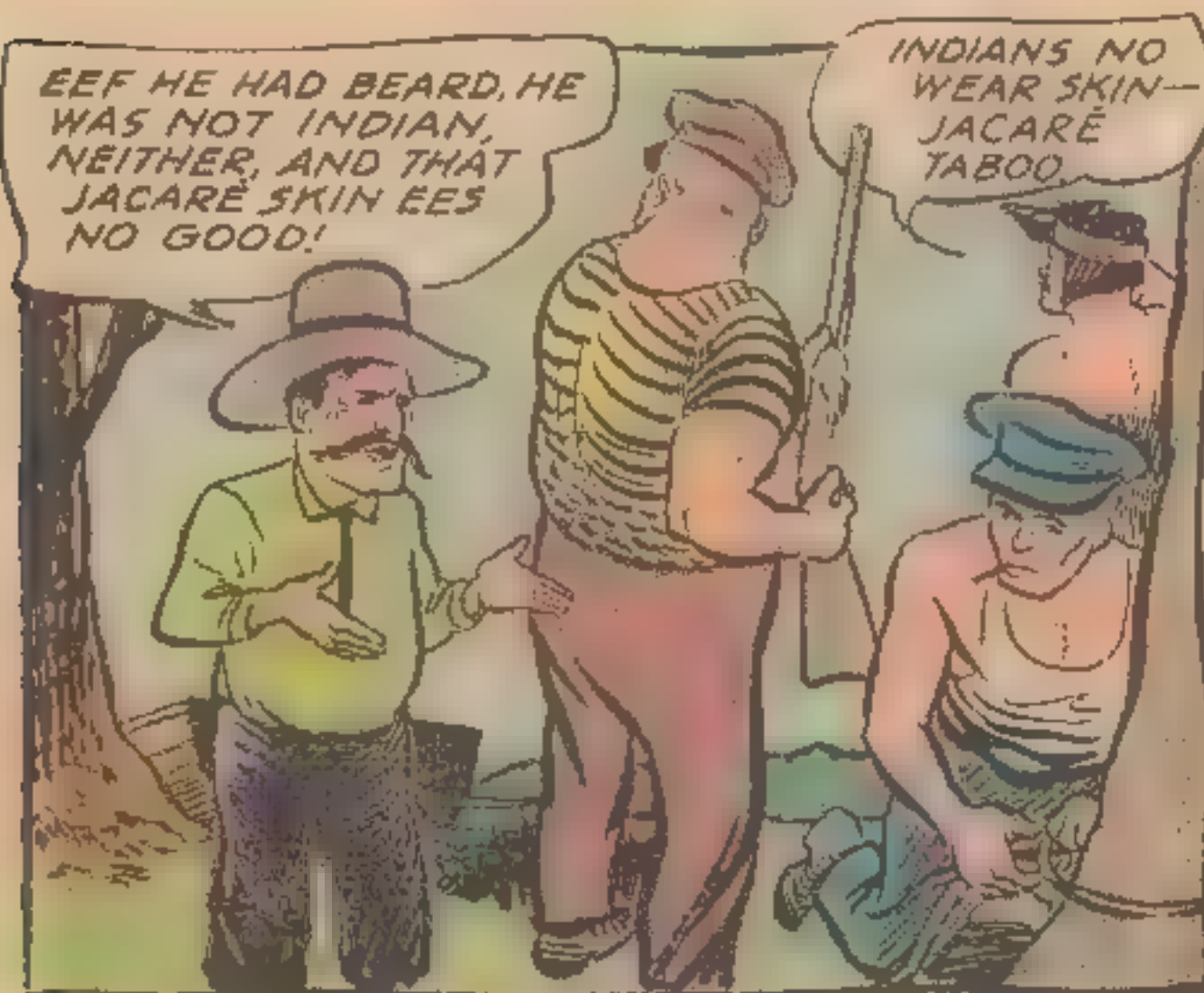
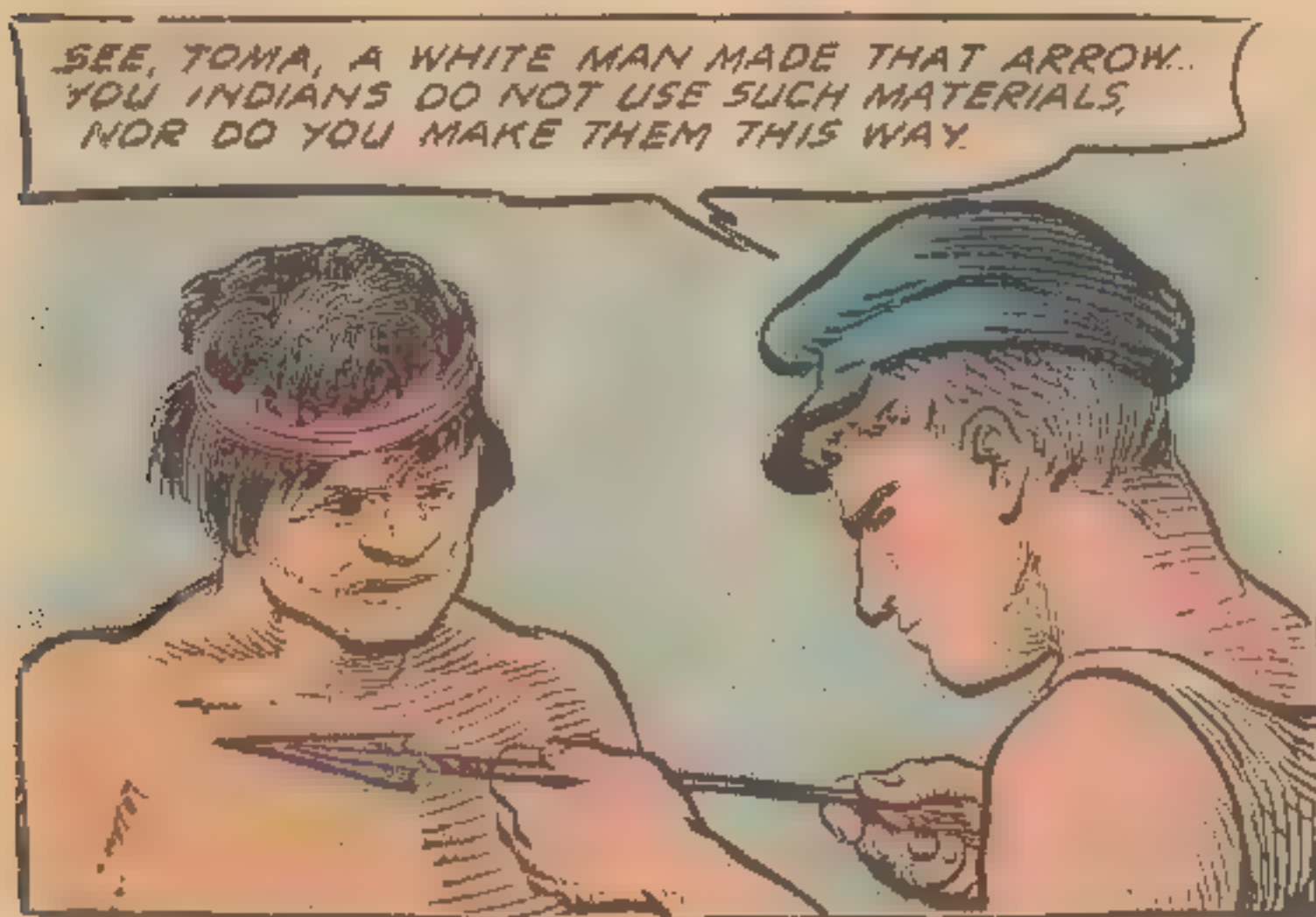
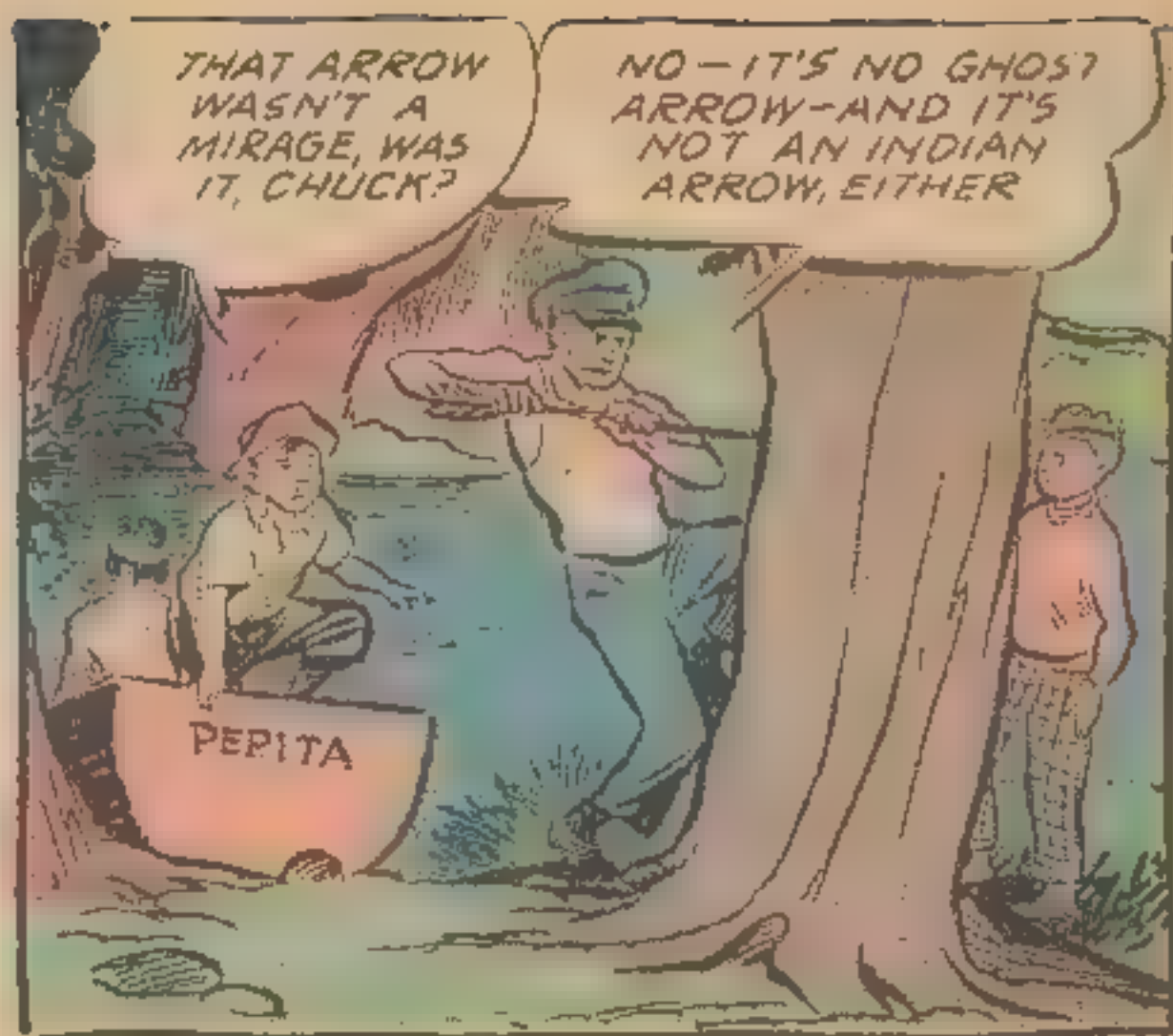
YEAH, MAKE
FOR IT, MARIO.

WHAT EES!?









MEANWHILE SATURN, WHO IS ALSO AFTER THE TREASURE, IS AT WORK TRYING TO SET THE JACARÉ TRIBE AGAINST HAPPY SLADE

O, CHIEF CARAJAS, I'LL SHOW YOU THE TUGBOAT WHICH BEARS THIS CRIMINAL, SLADE... HE IT WAS WHO ONCE HAD A GREAT BLACK BEARD. HE IS THE ONE WHO MURDERED YOUR SONS.

SAVE YOUR BREATH, MR SATURN. THE JACARÉ CHIEF CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT MUCH ENGLISH... MAYBE WE CAN SELL HIM THE IDEA THROUGH TOMA.

UM...

TOMA IS HIS LAST SON! MAYBE WE CAN BRIBE HIM TO CONVINCE HIS FATHER

MAYBE. AT LEAST HE UNDERSTANDS ENOUGH ENGLISH—AND YOU'D BETTER SHAVE TWICE A DAY OR CARAJAS WILL SUSPECT JUST WHO SHAVED OFF A BLACK BEARD

THIS IS THE LEFT CREEK—THEIR TUG SHOULD BE NEAR.

OHEE' TOMA BATOO! SLAMMEE! HEY HOTA WATTOO!

TOMA! ATTOO MOMU?

HE SAYS IT'S TOMA'S CANOE—CARAJAS IS ASKING IF TOMA IS DEAD.

LOOK—ON THESE FRONDS THAT HANG INTO THE WATER. BLOOD! AS IF SOMEBODY WOUNDED DRAGGED HIMSELF HERE.

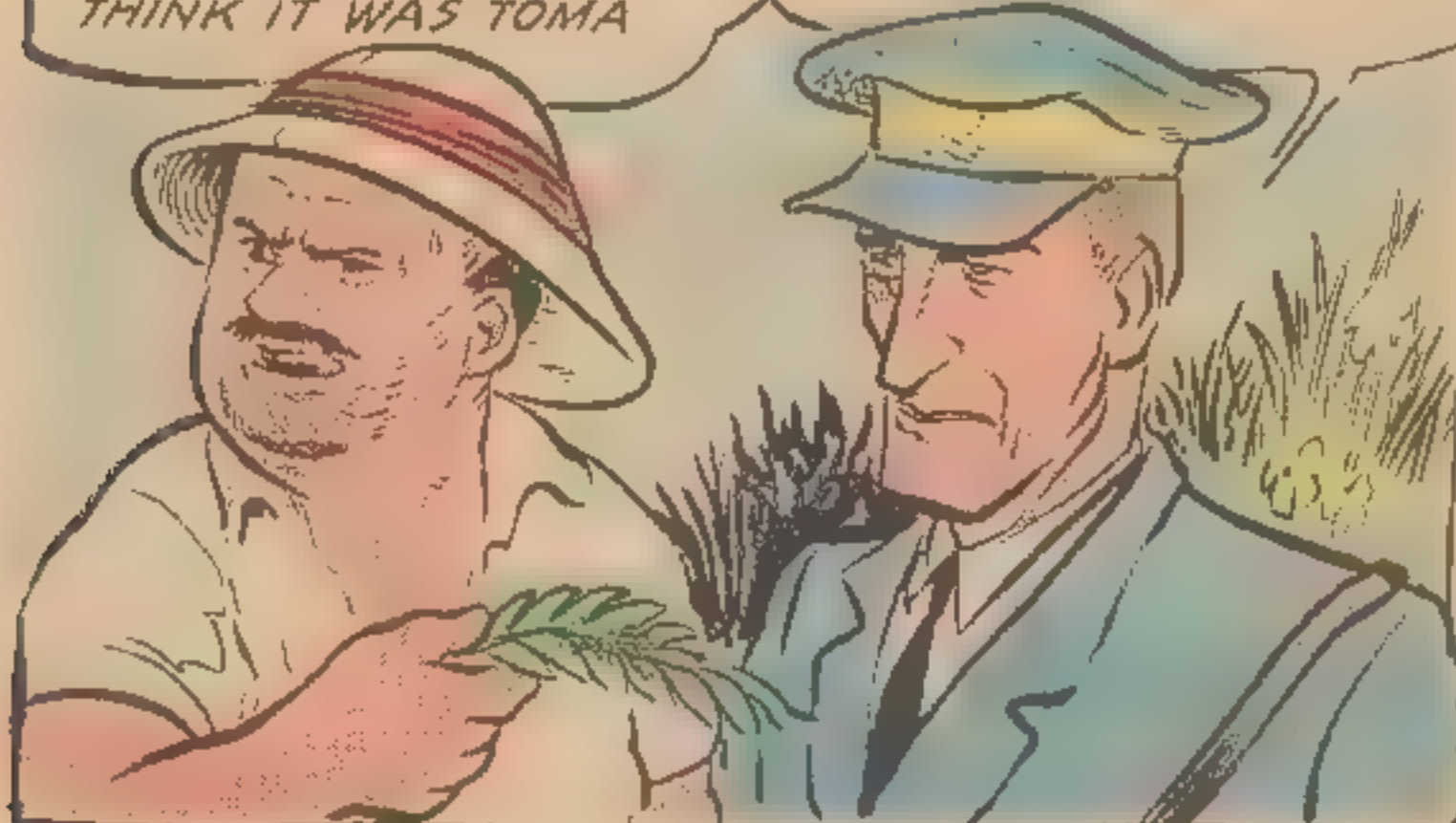
COULD HAVE BEEN A CROC.

SURE, IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE KING OF SAVARIA—WE'VE GOT TO MAKE 'EM THINK IT WAS TOMA

AND THAT SLADE DID IT—LOOK, THEY'RE DRAGGING IN TOMA'S CANOE

BATOO TONTA—TONTA BANG BANG'

AYE—WHITE MAN'S BULLETS!



SEE, CARAJAS! BLOOD! THIS AND THE BULLET HOLES PROVE THE CRIMINAL HAS KILLED YOUR TOMA!

JACARÉ! WHITE MAN MOMU TOMA! BANG BANG TOMA! JACARÉ MOMU WHITE MAN! OHEE!

HE'S CALLING THEM TO KILL SLADE



SO—LITTLE KNOWING THAT SLADE AND HIS PARTY HAVE ACTUALLY SAVED TOMA'S LIFE, THE AGED CHIEF CARAJAS LEADS THE FIERCE JACARÉ IN A CHARGE ON THE HAPLESS TUG, WHICH IS DEFENDED ONLY BY MAC, THE ENGINEER AND CULLY, THE HANDYMAN.





WHAT'S ALL THAT HOOTIN'?

THAT'S INDIANS, AND TROUBLE!



BREAK OUT THE FIRE HOSES, JUST IN CASE WE HAVE CALLERS, MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE A RECEPTION READY.



TURN IT ON, MAC, THEY'RE HERE!

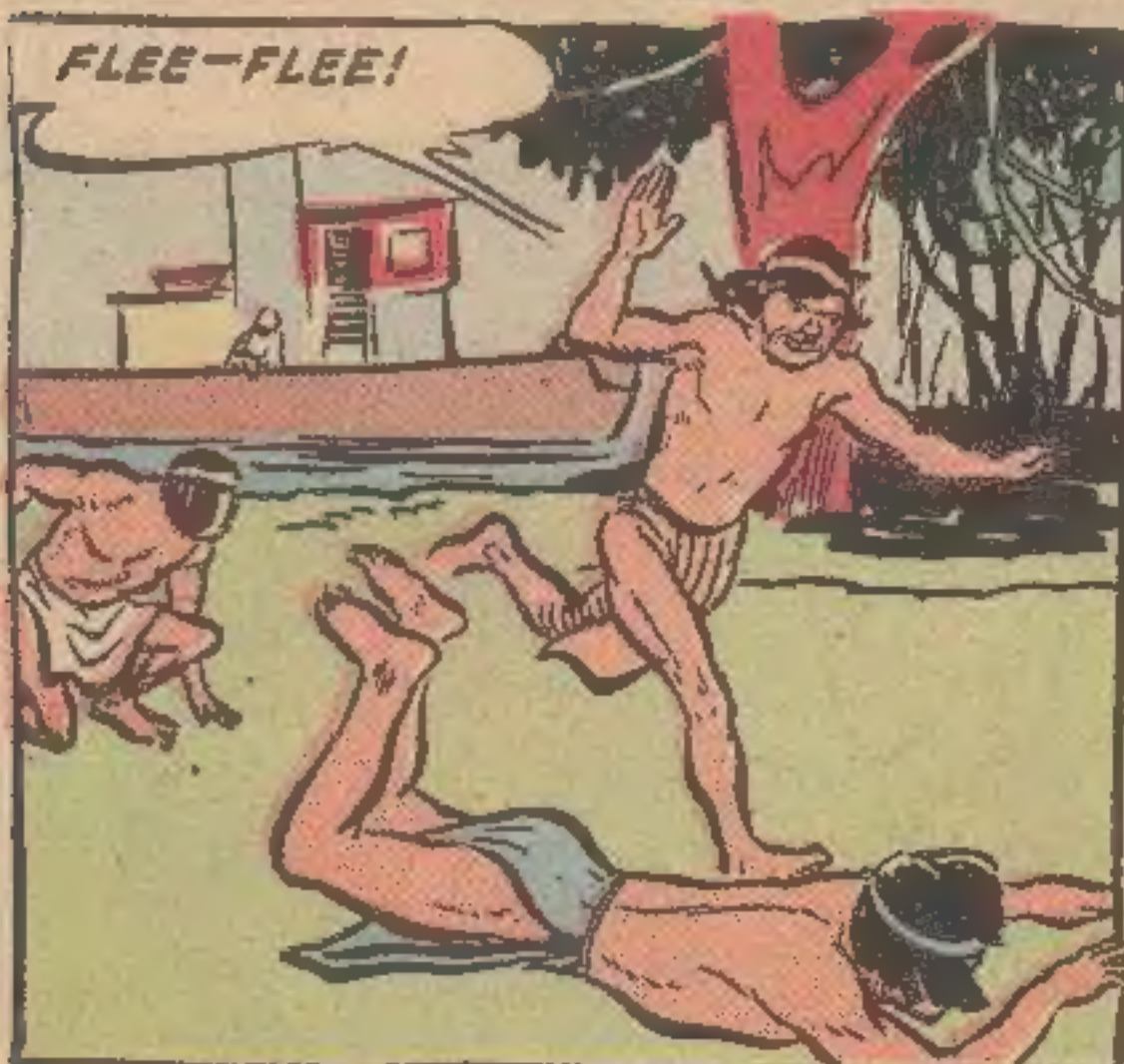
MOMU!



ATTU BAI! MOMU!

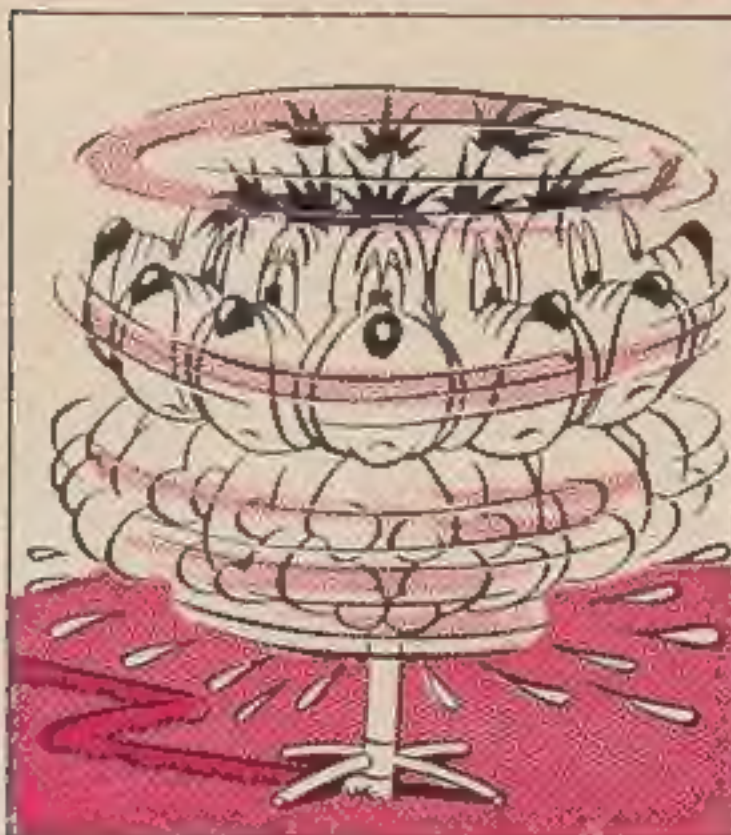
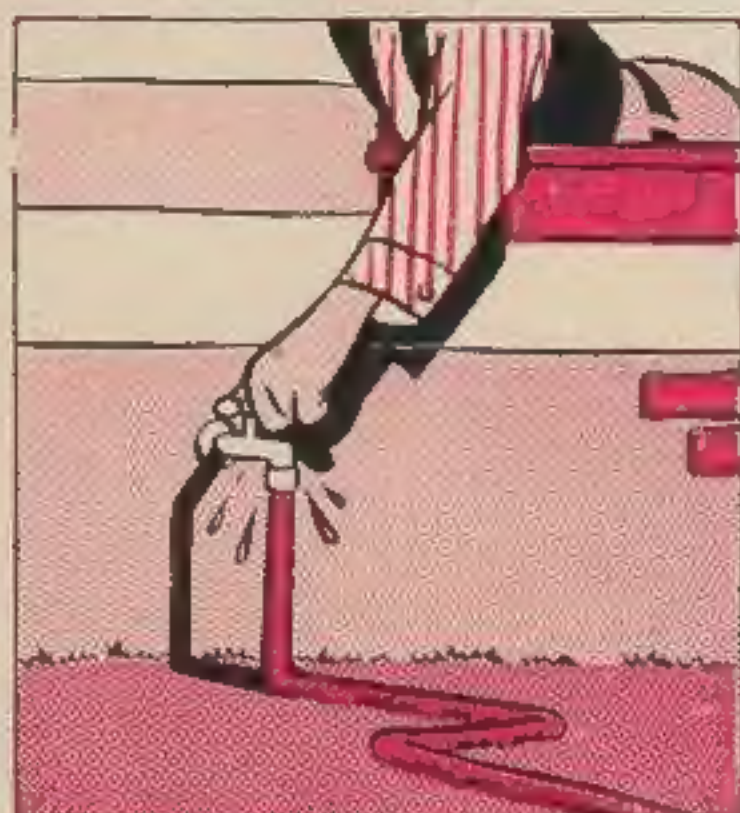
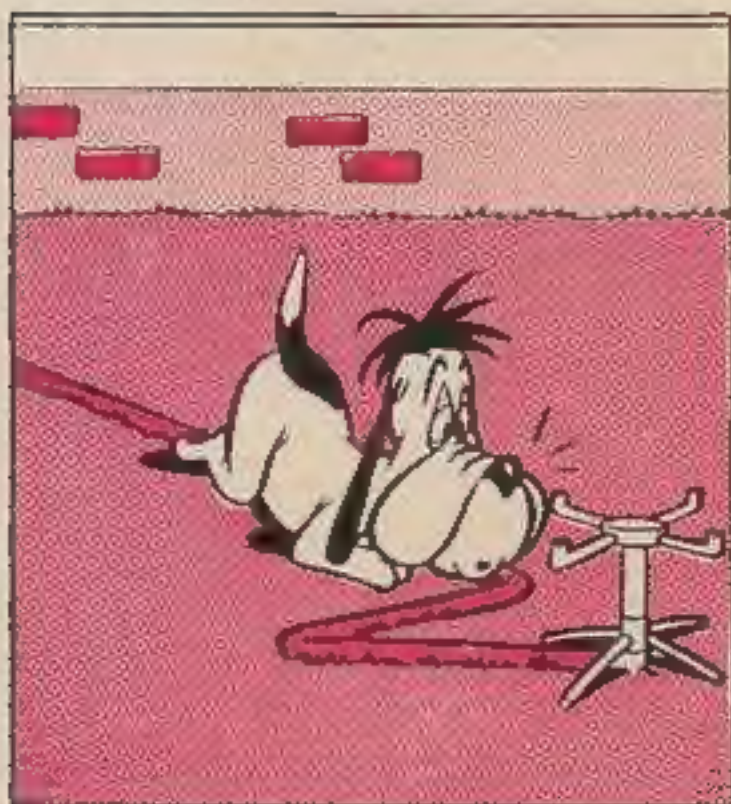
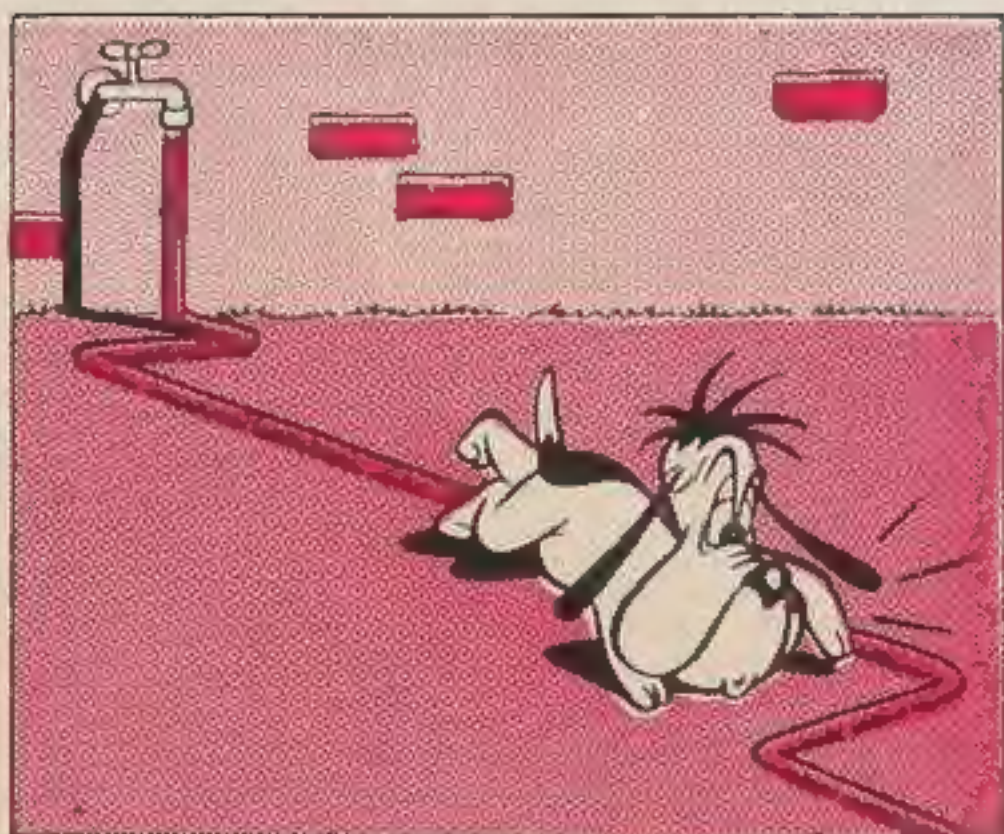
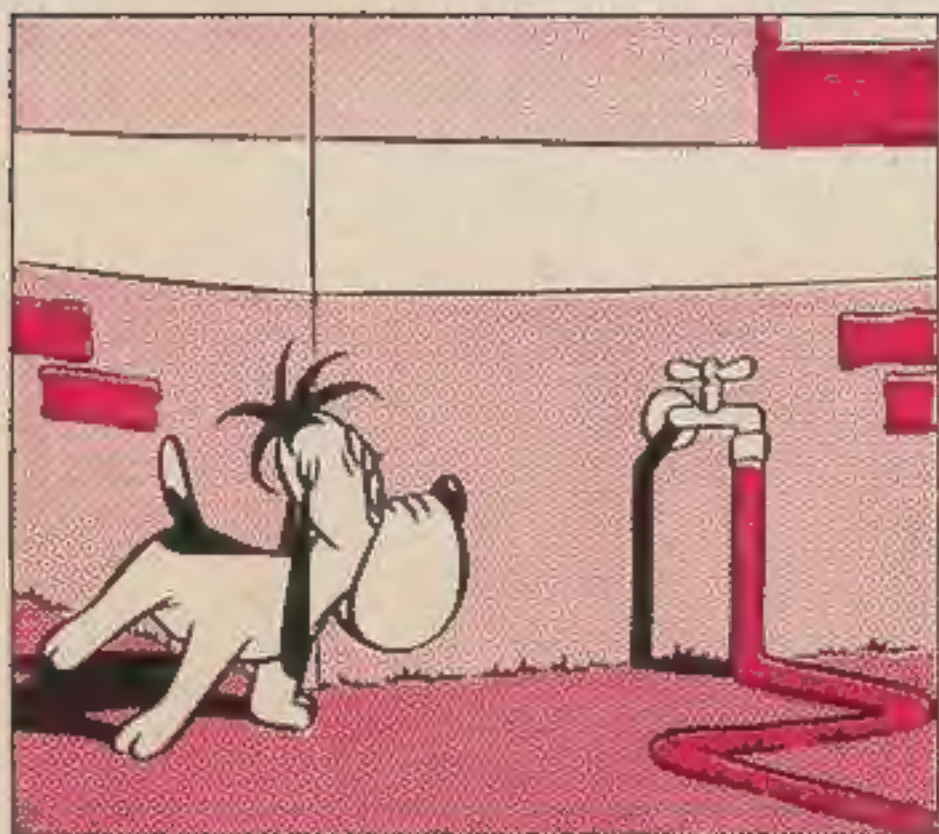


ATTOOBABA YOURSELF!



OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

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